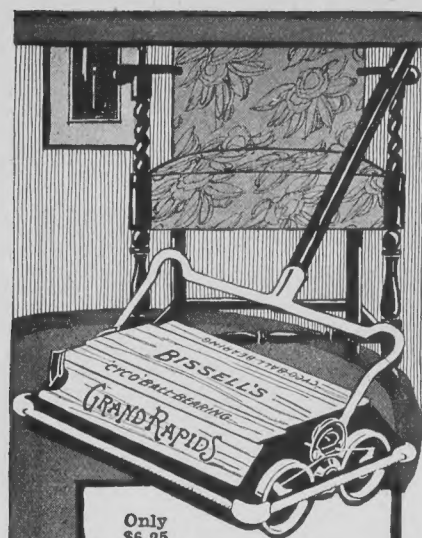


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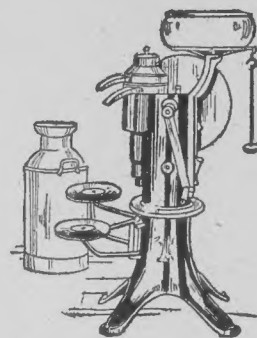
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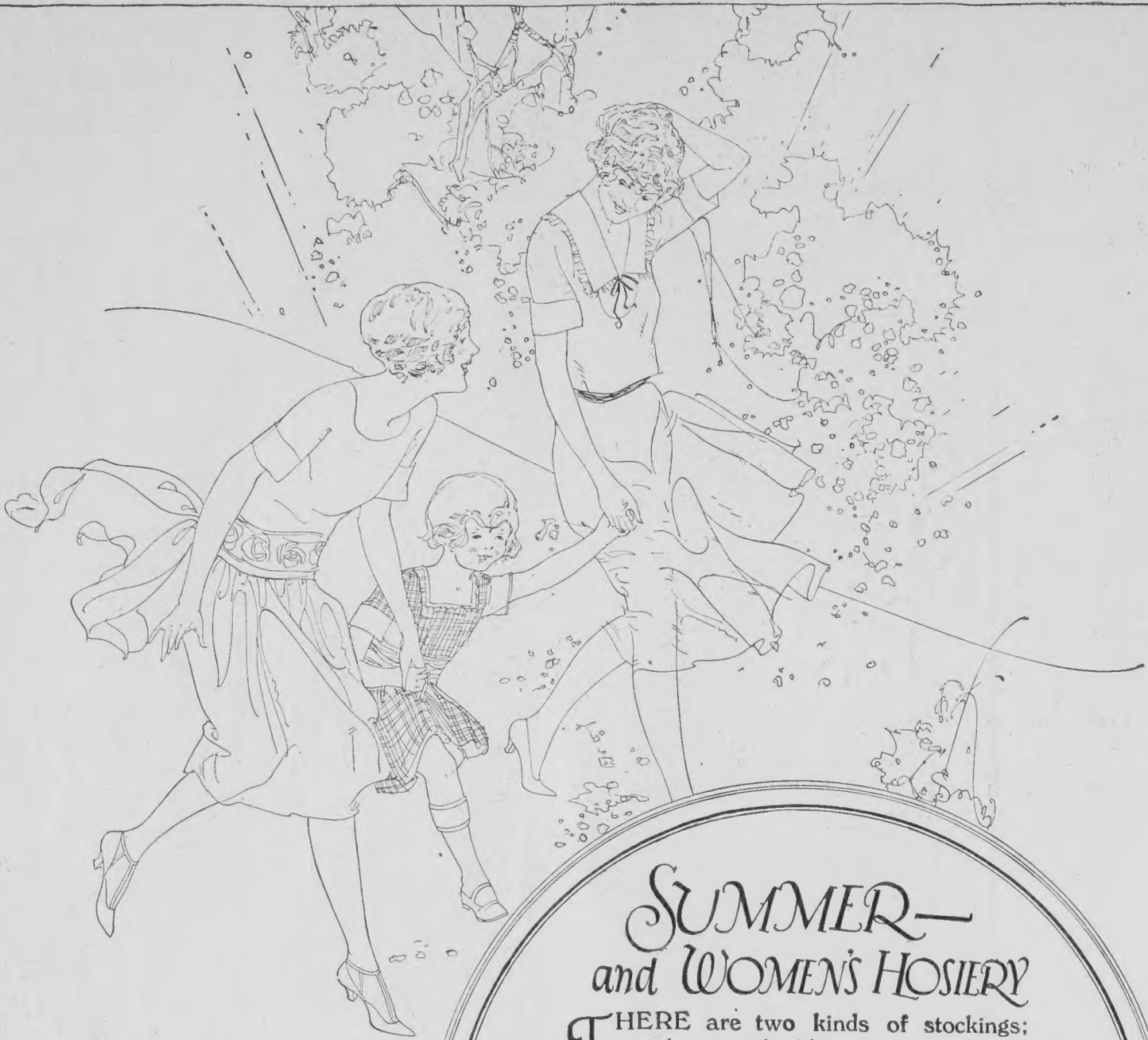
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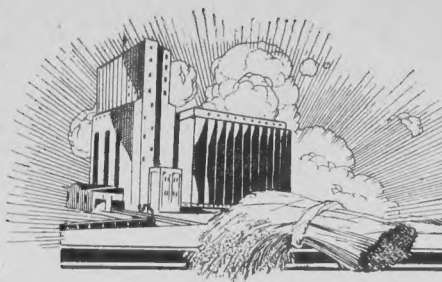
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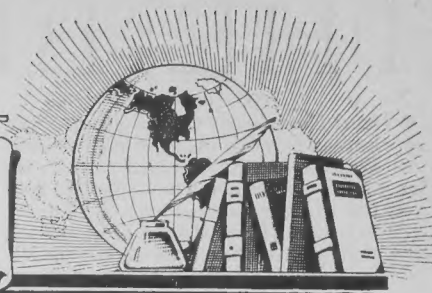
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EDITORIAL



Choosing a Calling

THE choosing of a calling in life is one of the most important problems a young fellow has to solve. Many are victims of circumstance. Grim necessity forces them before their time to begin earning money. They follow the direction of parents or perhaps they enter a low grade industry because it is at the time more remunerative than any other. And so they enter the blind alleys from which they never escape. Others choose more wisely. Either they follow the line of their choice or if they have no strong predilection they throw themselves into something worth while and through intelligence and force of will achieve success or distinction.

There are a few simple rules that it is safe for young fellows to follow. First of all one should get as good an education as possible before entering upon any life work. The education usually means greater earning power, but even if it does not mean this, it certainly does put one in the way to get more out of life. In the next place one should choose a calling that he will not be ashamed of. For instance, one would not in most cases be proud to act as bar keeper, nor as keeper of a gambling den. Apart from occupations such as this in which a man is called upon to minister to the degradation of others, there is no calling which is better or more honorable than any other. In the third place a young man should, whenever possible, follow the line of his choice. If he is not well enough informed to choose wisely he might well spend some time in the visitation of interesting factories, shops, and places of business. Recently a young man in this city adopted that plan, and one day came home with his mind made up. He had found the very thing that appealed to his nature. One does far better work in a chosen calling than in a calling that is abhorred. True, the right kind of man will assert himself in any position and grit will win out, but on the whole there is greater likelihood of success when heart and head are united in an enterprise.

The choosing of a congenial calling is but the beginning. A young lad should choose his employer whenever that is possible. In a very large concern where extreme division of labor is necessary, a workman may easily become but a cog in the wheel. Usually it is better to spend the early years in a smaller place which gives opportunity for a more varied experience. Then the larger concern will give opportunity for specialization. More important than even this is choosing employers of the right type—men who are honorable, business-like, and who consider the welfare of their workmen at all times. There are many employers of this type. On the whole employers average up to as high a level of honor as the men who work for them.

After a young man chooses his calling and his employer he must learn to play the game. Success comes to the fellow who strives and not to the fellow who shirks. Even if an employer gets at times too much of the profit, it pays a young fellow to work hard for his own soul's sake. Apart altogether from question of right and wrong, a man can find himself only by losing himself in his work. And he who works diligently and to good purpose will take a pride in performance. There is no pride equal to this. One of the tragedies of to-day is that men have lost a sense of pride in doing things well. Thank goodness men play even if they do not work, and in play they take pride in doing things well. If as a people we lose the work spirit and then degenerate in play so that we become spectators rather than participants, we are lost hopelessly. The best preventative for disintegration is wholehearted work and joyous play.

And when a man works he will succeed, but there is always danger that he will measure his success by what he is able to earn. Really the great consideration in life is not what a man gets to own as the result of his effort, but what he gets to be. All labor has its effect upon the worker's own soul. It should leave him sweet in disposition, generous, and thoughtful of others. As a man can pass through life but once he should make the most of every minute. He makes the most of life when he builds it for service. And that is no idle say. "He who would save his life must lose it in others."

If You Were There

IN Hutchinson's great novel, "If Winter Comes," dear old Mark Sabre was able to see everything from the other fellow's point of view. It got him into endless trouble but it kept him on the right track. Perhaps if the European nations had a few of his type in their national councils there might be less trouble and it might also prevent the fruitless bickering that has grown to be so exceedingly vexatious.

If you were in France how would you feel? Well,

perhaps pretty much as the French people do. They see their ruthless enemy though impoverished, still making industrial progress, still aiming at world domination, still threatening to crush out the life of her ancient enemy. Are you not ready to understand the fear, the mistrust and the jealousy of the French people? And they were robbed, pillaged, murdered; ravished by demons known as men. Is it any wonder there is hard feeling, and that there is a demand for full retribution? Here is Germany negotiating directly, if not secretly, with a Soviet Russia which, by its defection from the allied cause in 1918, was largely responsible for the loss of thousands of French lives, and which by its economic and political policies has engulfed millions of French francs! Furthermore, there is the spectre of the returning menace of friendly Russian-German co-operation. Such a possibility might in due course of time wipe out the victory of the allied armies and set back the clock of European international relations to those melancholy decades when in the seventies and eighties of the last century France merely existed as a convalescent among the nations. Of what avail is an English alliance if there develop a block of 200,000,000 people in Eastern and Central Europe who may be counted as potential enemies of France? Here are questions which are coursing through French minds to-day. Small wonder if Frenchmen should turn again with renewed fervor to the maintenance of their army as the real and perhaps the only guarantee of their national security. Probably if you were in France you would feel it in that way, but not being there you see another side to it. France can never get on her feet again, nor can any nation in the world for that matter, until there is some approach to universal peace. Each nation, if for no other reason than its own security, must allow all other nations, including its enemies to get once again into working order. Germany perhaps deserves no consideration. Her offence against truth, honor and righteousness yet cries to heaven, but she is still a world factor and though France can never be her friendly neighbor, she must at least be a neighbor, and she might as well work with the other nations of Europe on a reasonable scheme of reconstruction as to nurse her grievances and insist upon impossible demands.

If you were in Germany how would you feel?

Well, pretty much as the Germans do. They had a country too small for their population and so they coveted the wider field. They laid their great plans, they fought with great determination and they lost. Now they have an immense undertaking, one that is almost superhuman. Even though they were to admit their fault, they would still complain that without a mercantile marine, they cannot build up a world trade, and unless they can get world trade they cannot pay their debts. Yet there is another side to it. Germany may be poor, that is, the German Government may be poor, but the German people are wealthy. They have money in abundance in ventures outside of their own country and in banks where it cannot be touched. Here is what a leading American paper says:—

"By selling German marks abroad and by banking the profits outside of Germany it has been feasible for the German financier to dodge taxation at home and to establish his position in the field of international enterprise by his credits abroad. Furthermore, in order to avoid taxation and possible loss due to falling exchange, he is often 'selling his inventory.' In other words, instead of sufficiently replenishing his stock of raw materials, and instead of maintaining his factories in sufficiently good condition, he has unwisely preferred to keep a large part of his profits out of his business and outside of Germany. Under these circumstances we have inside the German frontier the spectacle of a Government that is threatened by bankruptcy and which protests its inability to pay reparations, while outside of Germany there have accumulated private German balances which, according to an official German expert, may amount to the enormous sum of about 6,000,000,000 gold marks.

How large a part of these profits has been made through the selling of German paper it is not easy to say. No one ventures even to guess as to the amount which has been made by selling marks to eager Americans. But it is in this fashion that German private credits have been piled up until it is quite possible for German investors to make a loan to Russia which would furnish the basis for a slow business revival. Furthermore, by a system of revolving credits, by loaning goods as well as money, the amount of actual cash involved in such a loan would be materially decreased. In other words, strange as it may seem, German industrial leaders could themselves probably take care of a loan of one or two hundred million

dollars to Russia. This would be possible mainly because by their banking arrangements they have escaped heavier taxation, or a capital levy, in Germany. By flooding the market with paper marks the German Government has in part made this feasible. Foreigners who gambled on the reputation of German honesty and industry and who were ready in large numbers to risk comparatively small amounts, supplied the market. The result is that the losses of American buyers of German marks now are merged in the funds available for a German loan to Soviet Russia."

So taking all into account one does not have to waste much sympathy on the German people.

If you were in Russia—and a soviet—how would you feel? Probably as they feel. They have espoused a doctrine of Government, and a monstrously unworkable doctrine at that, but it will never do to recede from it. And so they do not want a loan from capitalists, and they adopt the device of disowning obligations. Then they seek friendly alliance with other governments so that they may borrow and still be free from granting liberty to individuals to hold property. Indeed, one hardly does know what Sovietism wants. Of all "isms," that the world has known this is the strangest and the most impossible. And Russia must see sooner or later that government by the proletariat is just as tyrannical as government by any other class. The government of Russia to-day is probably the most tyrannical that the world has ever known. Nor can Russia get on her feet again without help of the other nations of the world. Then why adopt the impossible attitude. Even Germany and Russia in collusion can get nowhere unless the other world nations are agreed to trade and work with them. Yet, one who had to live in Russia under the Czars might well understand the feeling against absolutism, and the continued cry against the rule of the many by the privileged few.

If you were in England how would you feel?

If sane you would probably be behind Lloyd George in his plea for European peace. Nor can one imagine any other side of that question. One may dislike Leninism and lose all patience with the arrogant utterances of a Tchitcherin, but he has to forget it all in thinking of the greater question. The only way to peace and prosperity even for the Empire is to get ordered government and industrial stability in all Europe.

If you were in the United States how would you feel? Probably you would be found among those who are saying "For goodness sake let us have nothing to do with European politics." Yet even America with all its hoarded non-productive gold cannot live to herself. Nor will her barriers against Canadian trade help her. She too must see that sooner or later she can live only in co-operation with the other nations of the world. And she will come to it by and by.

The Genoa Conference may be a failure, but the political genius of Britain is no failure. He has tried honestly to settle the world's unrest. It is too bad that sometimes he was all alone.

Political Wisdom from a Woman

THE first woman elected to the House of Commons in London, Lady Astor, is now on this side of the Atlantic. She has delivered several public addresses at the Pan-American Conference of Women, in Baltimore, and elsewhere; and naturally she has been interviewed for the newspapers. Her utterances show her to be a woman of clear-sighted common sense. "I can conceive of nothing worse," she said in one speech, "than a man-governed world—except a woman-governed world!" This is a piece of sound political wisdom. Another matter upon which Lady Astor has made an enlightening remark is the question whether an elected lawmaker should merely reflect the minds of his constituents, or have a mind of his own. "The Politician," says Lady Astor, "if he is a wise man, will always have an eye on his constituency, and will work to make that constituency so clean, so straight, and so high in its purpose, that the man from home will not dare to take a small, limited view of any question." There is both idealism and sound practicality in Lady Astor's mind. She realizes that the individual citizen must begin with himself, if ever he is to do anything like his share in making general conditions better. He must perfect himself before he can expect that there is going to be a perfect government; he must realize the folly of expecting a government to be better than the electors responsible for creating it, and more perfect than its ingredients. The essential fact about democracy is that the electors can secure the best possible government, provided they are resolute enough and determined enough to have it by first making themselves worthy of it.

THE BLOOD FEUD

By V. W. HORWOOD

I Henri Chatelaine, am an old man and have seen many changes in this Great Western Country. Some you can see for yourselves, ma foi. I have tried to give you the truth in these stories of mine.

I have said, I am old, and now to tell you my friends, that I was a companion of the terrible Buffalo hunter Gabriel Dumont, old Gabriel who has departed to the Happy Hunting Ground in which he believed in spite of Holy Church, and also a friend of Louis Riel. So the things I tell you of those days are true, and not from stories told and added to, as is the custom but of the fact of the inner Councils of Louis Riel.

Now, only the other day a thing happened which brought back the Campaign of '85 strongly to me, and also to others. A disgraceful thing! I look at your faces and see the astonishment. "Disgrace," you say to the Grandson of a French aristocrat and a Chief's daughter. "Never" you would say, but it was so, and I will tell you how disgrace attached itself to me.

In the old days of '85 we did not think imprisonment was a disgrace. No, that was part of what you call it, "The Game." It was this way my friends. I was coming from St. Boniface where I had been visiting a friend, and that good person had given old Henri Chatelaine a bottle of Port Wine, and as I was getting off the car at the Portage and Main Street, a hand came on my shoulder and a voice said "come with me." I turned around angry at the tone, and saw a small man with a what you call a bowler hat on the back of his head. "Come" said he again.

"Why" said I?
"You are under arrest for violation of the Temperance Act," said he.

For a moment I thought of Henri Chatelaine the young scout, and my blood grew hot as he again put his hand on my shoulder, but I knew that in these times the police say "Do" and it is done, so went with this man to the Police Station. A big man was sitting at a desk.

"What is the charge?" he said to my captor.

"Violation of the Temperance Act, Sergeant."

"Proof?"

"Has the goods." And to my disgust this odious man, for I will not conceal I had taken a great dislike to him, pulled my good friend's bottle of wine from my coat pocket.

"Hum," said the sergeant. "Have you a Doctor's prescription?"

I was bewildered. I could see no wrong in carrying a bottle of wine from my friend's house. Since, I find it is not permitted.

"In what way have I offended," said I to the sergeant? "Caught with the goods" said the odious one, who I knew now was a detective, and the old saying of my friend in the Mounted Police came to me even in my distress, for I am an old man now, that "a detective might be a gentleman but a gentlemen never could be a detective" so I silenced him with a look of contempt.

"Sit down old man and give me your name."

"Henri Chatelaine" said I proudly, thinking of the days when the name was famous as a Scout, but he had evidently never heard it before.

"Well Mr. Chatelaine this is a serious offence with which you are accused."

"But, sir," said I, "I know of no wrong doing on my part."

"It's the law and you are caught" broke in the odious one.

"Silence, Raymond!" thundered the sergeant. "Another word and out you go."

"Thank you sir," said I, glad to see this man snubbed.

"Well, I don't know just what to do. You are a pretty old man. Have you any friends?" said he kindly.

"He's guilty" said the detective again.

"Out you go, Raymond and wait until you are called."

THE detective slunk out of the room.

The sergeant kindly explained to me what I had done was against the law, and that he had no power to aid me except in notifying my friends. "It will mean a fine if Raymond pushes hard as he is after convictions, and the law has been so evaded that most likely the innocent will suffer. I will tell the Magistrate your story the first thing, and he may be able to help you."



"The Magistrate," I cried. "The Hawk?", and my friends I forgot my position, forgot the Police Court, and only saw the wide prairies, a wild night and a wild River with wilder passions loosed, with Little Black Devils patrolling at Clarks Crossing, and was brought back by the Sergeant saying in his kindly manner, "You must tell the Magistrate all."

"Tell the Hawk, aye, I will" cried I.

"Who?" said he, astonished at my excitement.

"The Hawk. He who came in '85," and I poured forth my story to him. When I had finished "I will telephone him" he said, "but it's not regular, and if your story is true—I beg your pardon Mr. Chatelaine, I know it is, he should hear it." He used the telephone—

"It's a marvelous story, sir" said he. "Yes an old man, evidently a breed; a shame to detain him but you know sir the feeling on this Temperance Act. You will be down? Thank you sir," he closed the telephone—

"The magistrate is interested in your story" said he, "and if you will go into this inner office, he will soon be here."

THE time went quickly as my thoughts were in the past. Alas my friends, the past is what the old live in. So in this manner I tell you of my youth, sitting here dreaming of my childhood days, of my first communion, of my mother, and then the wild days of my youth as a Scout and hunter on the prairies.

He came. Never had I seen him since the days of '85. Yet I knew him, and standing, I saluted "The Hawk."

"This gentleman seems to have the advantage of me sergeant" smilingly said he, to the big policeman.

"He has a strange story, sir, or I would not have presumed to disturb you."

"It is a pleasure as well as a duty to assist the unfortunate" said he.

The sergeant rang the bell. "Tell Raymond to wait. He may be wanted."

"Be seated" said the Hawk, as I must call him for that was the name I always knew him by.

"So you have been arrested for having liquor in a public place" said he, and the sergeant gave him the circumstance. He nodded gravely, his kind face lighting with a rare smile.

"But this is not what I asked you for sir," said the sergeant. And then my friends I began my story which I now tell you.

ONE day in March '85, Louis Riel called me to his Council. I was a trusted scout in those days and Louis Riel in his usual way addressed me: "Henri Chatelaine you are my good friend." As I have already stated, my blood is of the best, and although Gabriel Dumont would laugh as he did now in his rough way, yet I acted as my grandfather would have, and he an aristocrat of France.

"Henri Chatelaine" continued Louis Riel, "Gabriel Dumont and I have sent to intrust a great mission to you."

"As great as the one of Poundmaker" said Gabriel Dumont.

I have told you that story my friends of my trip to the west—"But," said Louis Riel "Our couriers have brought us news that the Country in the east is aflame. Troops are hurrying from every part. I see my mistake now—too late—too late."

"No, no, no!" cried I, all my devotion to him surging up. "Never, Louis Riel."

His white faced lightened, but old Gabriel Dumont growled. "The cause is desperate, Henri."

"Desperate indeed" repeated Louis Riel. "Never, never!" I cried again. "Our blood brothers the Crees will take up the wampum and hatchet."

"Hush, Henri Chatelaine" said he, holding up his hand. "The tribes will not rise, and we are against the might which has always swept the more primitive peoples from its paths."

"The British" I cried savagely.

"No, the British are only instruments of it. It is progress." Old Gabriel Dumont nodded. "Your scouting and hunting days will be gone soon, Henri. You had better get a farm if," he said in a dry way, "you are living to do so."

"And what are you going to do, Gabriel Dumont," said I in a passion. He looked at me coldly, did this old Buffalo hunter.

"Me" and he shrugged his shoulders, "Me, I am about to die."

I reached over my hand to him, "Forgive me, Gabriel Dumont."

"The end is come, Henri," said he. "We depend on you" said Louis Riel.

IT must be confessed, my friends, that I stared at Louis Riel and Gabriel Dumont with dismay. Although I am the grandson of a French aristocrat and a Chief's daughter, yet as you know my modesty, and how Henri Chatelaine could save a cause which Louis Riel and his chief adviser Gabriel Dumont, gave up—well, I gave it up too.

Old Gabriel Dumont laughed; then became serious. 'Tis true Henri. Modest as you are I believe you might save our hides." It offended me to hear my skin compared to a hide, but Gabriel Dumont was always rough in his language. He roared with laughter again, but, Louis Riel had not smiled. His great luminous eyes were gazing through me—ha—mayhap his soul had begun to travel towards that freedom which it could never have here, frenzied as he had become, often spurning Mother Church. Still one can pity the intellect which in his later day had gone awry in Louis Riel.

He spoke. "Henri Chatelaine, before your time a blood feud began and ended in blood. A great man at the capital was slain and his death meant execution for others. The great chief who rules at Ottawa now, ruled then, and it is against him that the blood oath has been taken. You know Desmond and O'Donnel? I started with disgust. Pah! I knew the two skulking breeds whose thoughts were unspeakable. "You do know them, Henri Chatelaine?"

"I know of them, Louis Riel," said I coldly.

"They have come to me with a daring plan—"

"And it may yet save us" interrupted Gabriel Dumont.

"It may. The plan is this. You are sure we are alone, Gabriel?"

"Our friends are on guard."

Desmond and O'Donnel will capture the great Chief's son who is coming with the troops from Winnipeg."

"For what" demanded I.

"Ah, that is it Henri. Their plan is to capture him and hold him as a hostage for us in case we fail, as the Canadians would never sacrifice the son of their Idol if he could be saved."

"Well, why not let them do so?"

"Our fears for the safety of the Hawk"—and Louis Riel's voice whispered, "We think they are of the society of the blood feud."

"One is. T'other isn't" said Gabriel Dumont.

"This is true, Henri Chatelaine. An unholy alliance has been made between the two as far as we know, between Desmond and O'Donnel. One wishes vengeance on the great chief, the other on me."

"Why not shoot them?" said I.

"Good, Henri" cackled Gabriel Dumont.

"Because" went on Louis Riel "Once I did so—never—never—"

"And besides" interrupted Gabriel, the old buffalo hunter, "they have sworn blood brotherhood with the Crees and you know Henri, that is no small oath."

I nodded. This indeed put a different light on the matter. Huh! Well I know of the scent of the blood feud amongst the Crees.

"So you see O'Donnel has sworn to involve me in danger. He dare not openly as I am also of the Cree blood, but, he well knows if the Hawk is murdered, that I, unhappy that I am, will be the man who is blamed, even as in the Scott death years ago."

"And Desmond would help his blood feud with the death of the Hawk?" Louis Riel nodded. "And what am I to do Louis Riel?" "Capture the Hawk if possible. It is a good plan, but; sacrifice all to save him from harm."

"The world which some people say is round, could not hold us if harm came to him," said Gabriel Dumont.

"The world is round," spoke I to show my knowledge.

"How do you know, Henri?" he grinned.

Continued on page 10

MIKE Murphy, Rawlson's superintendent, with scaling stick in hand, sprang ashore from the boom-stick, and waved his hand to the captain of the tug boat as a signal that all was clear, then he mopped the perspiration from his forehead. He had worked hard to get this boom of logs on its way to market, for he knew that Rawlson was depending on the money from its sale to pay the loggers their wages.

Just as he turned to climb the slope, on his way to the office, Lucy, Rawlson's daughter, came running towards him, her eyes aglow, cheeks flushed, and her voice quivering as she exclaimed:

"Oh, Mike! While I was passing the reading car I heard Dillon asking the men not to go to work."

I hope you're mistaken, for they already have better conditions than any other logging camp in the Province."

Refusing Mike's offer to help her over the old, broken skid road, she walked with him to the office, a log cabin built on a hill, overlooking the bay and the railroad that led from the dumping landing into the woods. Here they parted and Mike stood, watching the only girl who had ever impressed him with a feeling deeper than mere respect, disappear in the bush, on her way home. She had kindled a fire of love in his heart, but his inflexible will to her own liking, but not without returning his love. When she had gone from his sight he crossed the track to the reading car that stood on the spur and, peeping in at the open door, he saw Dillon seated against the edge of the library table and heard him saying:

"We've got to force their hands if we want to change the system here, and that can best be done by exaggerating the conditions under which we live."

Aiming at a cuspidor ten feet away, Jacques, the bull-cook, in other words, the loggers' chambermaid, exclaimed:

"Eet ees crazy you are! You tink I keep des place not enough clean, I would lak to give you wan dam good bath, because ces many of you dat navarie tak wan, unless de rain she wash you!"

Dillon ignored the Canadian's remarks and continued:

"Besides, I find it impossible, on our present wages, to obtain the necessities of life; and therefore I suggest that we make a further demand of twenty-five per cent. increases for all men in the woods, clean linen daily, more ventilation, better lighting, and extra fans."

"Hear! Hear!" responded the voices in a chorus.

"For what you tink le beull-cook she do not need more monee?" asked Jacques, flinging away his broom.

But the sound of the dinner gong put a stop to further remarks.

Meals were served in a specially built car. It was partitioned in the middle, one end being used in which to do the cooking. Its west side was almost a solid pane of glass, through which could be seen the narrow channel with its gradually receding mountains whose white summits glistened in the sun. A large fan kept the place cool and fresh.

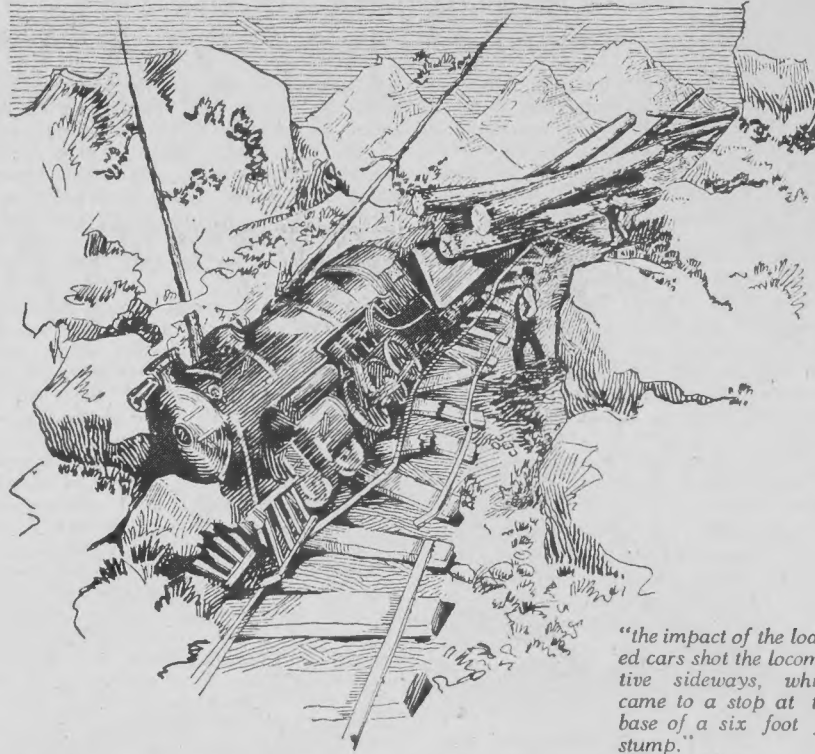
SOLOMON never had such a meal as now lay before these men. Dillon filled a bowl with soup ala Julienne. Having drunk it, he picked at the boiled spring salmon, tasted the lobster salad, made a wry face as someone passed the New England Dinner, but helped himself to roast pork, mashed potatoes and green peas, too liberally. Having crammed himself with this food, he was uncomfortable, but he looked enviously at the pudding, strawberries, and pies. Unable to associate tea, coffee, or milk with his taste acquired before prohibition, he filled a glass with spring water from a crystal carafe, and gulped it down. Then pushing his dishes contemptuously aside, he rose from his seat at the end of the table and announced:

"Comrades, I've a matter of vital importance to discuss with you in the reading room after one o'clock. There'll be no further work until this matter has been fully decided upon."

When all the men had assembled in the reading car and were comfortably settled to hear their leader's proclamation, Mike entered the car. His blue eyes flared like the polished end of a pistol and as he clenched his hands the

DEFEATED

By John Hayes



muscles of his bare arms stood out like knotted ropes. Slowly he approached Dillon and demanded:

"Are you running this camp, or am I running it?"

It was Jacques who answered. "De campe, she run heemself. It is le monee what we want, per twenty-five cents more."

"Twenty-five per cent. increase all around," corrected Dillon.

"There'll be no increase!" hissed Mike as he grabbed Dillon and flung him across the table.

"Then we'll strike!" chimed several voices.

"Do your darnest. And the striker that fails to take the next boat out of here will get a lesson from me."

Just then Rawlson, who had been informed of the threatened strike, came up the steps into the car, his grey eyes smiling. "I've shown a fair amount of faith in you," he said as he approached Dillon, "but this fresh demand is insanity. It is impossible!"

"Vell, if notings you make, for why you don't gif us the camp?" asked someone.

"Let me handle this bunch," said Mike. Rawlson turned, glared steadily at Mike for a few seconds, then commanded:

"You'd better go for a walk. I see you're wanting peace in an Irish way."

When he saw Mike had gone Rawlson said:

"Some one asked for the camp a while ago."

"Yes, Yes," came the answer from many voices.

Rawlson, verile and clear-minded saw possible ruin before him if he indulged his idiosyncrasy, but he was game; and though he were to be the loser, he felt that the object lesson to be gained by the loggers in general would prevent any other camp from attempting a similar coup and that his sacrifice would be a benefit to the community.

Dropping into a large upholstered chair by the table, he drew up a contract in which he agreed, for a remuneration equal to the best paid man in the camp, to turn over the rolling stock and the timber privileges. Within three months the men were to pay off the mortgage of five thousand dollars, or lose everything.

WHEN he had signed the agreement he gave it to Dillon, who read it through carefully and chuckled. Indeed his cunning brain saw already where he could make a quick haul and a clear get-away. So, with two men, he signed two agreements. Rawlson neatly folded the one he kept and put it into his wallet, after which he started for home.

Lucy and Mike, who were sitting on the veranda, watched Rawlson coming up the gravelled path, his hat tilted sideways, his step light and quick, and whistling "The End of a Perfect Day". He was as blithe as a warrior fresh from a victory.

"Did you have to give those horrid men another raise?" asked Lucy, plaintively.

"Yes, I've given them everything, under stipulated conditions," he answered.

The moment was not auspicious, but an encouraging nod from Lucy made Mike plunge into the subject nearest his heart.

"Having won your daughter's love Mr. Rawlson, we would like to get your consent to our marriage."

Rawlson's eyes flashed. "You can't have her, Murphy. You're not suitable to her. And while you're there, I might as well tell you that, unless the men want to keep you on with them, your services won't be needed anymore. I'll discuss the final affairs between us at your cabin to-morrow."

Like an obedient daughter Lucy went into the house, while her father, who had great respect for Mike, accompanied him to the gate.

The next morning at nine o'clock, after Mike had lighted a cigar, Dillon, the perspiration dropping from his forehead, and wet to the waist from having fallen off a log while trying to scale it, entered the office, hoping to learn from the books something about scaling logs.

"What are you up against?" asked Mike.

Without raising his head from the book in which he was looking, Dillon replied.

"Don't know as it concerns you, now that this place has become community property."

Mike did not retort. He left for his shack, where he found Rawlson waiting for him.

"Well," began Rawlson when Mike had become seated, "I'm sorry that I can't pay you up to date; but as soon as I get the money for that boom of logs we shipped, I'll distribute it as far as it will go."

"I don't suppose you have any objection to my using this shack a little longer? I've decided to take a holiday."

"You're welcome to the place as long as you like to occupy it. Besides, this community proposition is liable to need a director before long."

After the interview Rawlson went home, while Mike took a trip into the woods. The entire crew was out. Some of the men applied themselves to the

work with a new vim; but others, well, their nature must account for it—they did anything but useful labor.

The hook-tender, seeing Mike standing upon a log, watching the graceful rhythmic swaying movements of the sawyers felling a Douglas fir tree, bounded over the fallen timber to shake hands with him.

It's a failure, a failure from the start," said the hook-tender.

Mike had dinner with the boys that day and afterwards dropped into the reading car.

"Allon," greeted Jacques as he saw Mike. "You doan't lak to se de loggaire mak good. She show you how to mak le monee. I tell you. You lak to see le loggaire fail?"

"No," replied Mike. "But you're helping to defeat your own aim."

A MONTH later, as the heat of the summer increased in warmth, Dillon, who had been laboring in the sun until two o'clock in the afternoon, without dinner, went into the reading car. His eyes took in the situation at a glance and he mentally summed up the loss to his graft as he saw a large part of the crew lounging. The men, feeling oppressed by the heat of the sun and there being no real boss to dictate to them, had decided not to go to work after dinner. But the sight of these men idle exasperated Dillon, who had begun preparations for his get-away. He had already received the money from the first consignment of logs, but he also desired the money from the boom now almost completed. He was disgusted, however, when hoping to get cool, he turned on the switch and the fan did not revolve.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked snappily, turning to Jacques.

"You lak one nice, cold wind? Burr—eet ees cold already. You make one trip to north pole; may-be you doan't need le fan dere."

Pushing Jacques aside, with an oath, Dillon stamped his way through the car and disappeared into the adjoining one that contained the engine and the dynamo. He opened the gasoline valve and cranked on the fly-wheel, but the mixture in the cylinder would not explode. He tried closing the valve and cranked on the engine until the blood flushed his face and the veins throbbed on both sides of his neck, but not a single explosion could he get.

Fortunately Mike was passing the car and heard Dillon's vain attempt to start the engine. He sprang into the car, and saw at a glance that Dillon had omitted to throw in the switch. Dillon paid no attention to Mike's presence, but went on cranking, so that when Mike put in the switch, he was flung against the side of the car when the engine started.

Hearing loud talking and the whir of fans, the cook, a few seconds later, put his head inside the car.

"Nice—easy—job you pussy-foots got while I worked and sweat my head off for nothing. I guess this place will do me the balance of the day. You fellows can get your own supper," he said.

"What'n h—'s this camp coming to, anyway. Nothing but cold grub and dishwater!" growled the hook-tender, spitting out a mouthful of luke-warm coffee, at supper.

"I tank dat finish me. I vant vun dollar a day more before I work for same wage as swamper," grunted a second fellow.

"Haven't you brains enough to see that you're not getting wages? You're no longer a slave, but part owner in a big going industry?" shouted Dillon.

As usual, Jacques butted in.

"But eef le monee she no come, what ees de good to be une grande business man? I tak myself to see le dollare, and pay day she pass without any. I moshon we mak Murphrau directeur."

"Hear! Hear!" shouted the crew in general and started on the run to inform Mike.

When Mike received the news, he flung the magazine which he was reading onto the table, disgusted, and went to his shack.

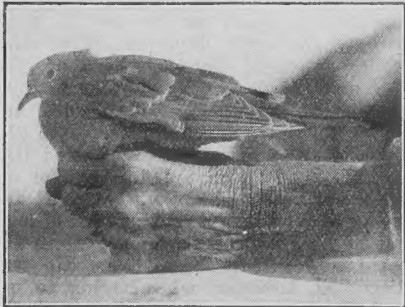
Some of the men called after him, but Dillon's voice rose above the jangling noise.

"If you be men, you'll scorn to submit your difficulties to a superior of the profit-

Continued on page 16

THE WILDFOWL HOSPITAL

I WISH you old-time readers of The Western Home Monthly could see this bright October morning. My window as I look out shows the broad Atlantic fairly calm and unfretted today but capable of great things as the beach stones thrown over the seawall, which the waves themselves have raised during the past centuries, tell me. This mile long high wall is as even on its broad top as if built by man and when the mighty surges race up and over it they fling the stones clattering to within a few steps of this window. The ancient glass is yet unbroken in the window; so even though the high tide storms may rage and roar in the darkness of the night, and the great foghorn blast out its warning all the night long; we sleep as peacefully as if safely perched on a high hill instead of within thirty



Mourning Dove. You have these in Manitoba. If you find the nest there are two white eggs.

feet of Old Oceans safety lines with but a six foot wall to protect us. All morning long we have heard the Cape gunners "pop popping" at the ducks and even Laddie has left me intent on securing a brace of Jack snipe for the evening dinner—and this gives me leisure to write of our Bird hospital. The Game Departments of both Canada and Nova Scotia have given us permits to handle and nurse and try to restore to flying liberty again the many sadly injured shorebirds and wildfowl we meet. You see this far reaching out tip of sand is the last bit of Canada and Nova Scotia over which the migration passes. Commerce must have its wires for the wireless and the telephones and poor birds dash into these at full speed. It is no uncommon thing to pick up a completely severed wing and have to hunt a long time before you can find the trembling, suffering, injured bird.

NOW our hearts are full of sorrow. I want you to look at the picture of the Blackbellied Plover in the "muddy breast" plumage. We had it for quite a time in our netted inclosure and it fed avidly upon the beach and garden worms, Laddie procured for it. I had bound up the broken first joint of the wing and had well treated it with listerine and now it was firmly tied up with a thin soft line which held it well in place. Day after day Laddie watered and fed and cared for the beautiful thing which fluttered off from his approaching hand.

At last we decided that it was nearly well enough cured to let loose, especially as the migration of wicked little pigeon hawks and gone along south.

The day happened to be a very busy one at the bird "hospital" and it was not until late at night that I thought of releasing the little strutting beauty. I stumbled along to its pen under the brilliant stars guided by the revolving beams from the great Cape Sable light which rears its octagon shape right above our wee cot. I took the bird carefully from the pen and set it down on the dew wet grass and it ran freely off into the shadows—and not until I got into our brilliantly lighted cot did I remember the binding splint string of the poor injured wing. This will eventually drop off.

For many a long trip in the bog and wire grass and flags I looked for

Nursing the Migration on Cape Sable Island By Bonnycastle Dale—Photographs By Laddie

the bird with the bound up wing and at last it passed completely out of my mind. And the very morning on which I opened this story—some two weeks later—I was told by the Light Keeper and the Assistant Lightkeeper of a strange bird seen along the edge of the little lagoon behind the great seawall or shingle stoves. So I "Coo-ee-d" to Laddie and he came across from where he was hunting Jacks and we started to find the odd bird, I with my glasses peering behind the boy so that he might not make a mistake and kill a protected bird. It was hard work to find it but we did.

A PAGE from my "Record of Injured Shore Birds and Sea Fowl Book" reads thus:

Sept. 13th. A semi-planted sandpiper. Taken by C. Griffiths, (Laddie). Body injury under wing. Released Sept. 14th, strong and lively.

September 16, Blackbellied plover, wounded in the wing by shot. Digit broken. It ate 30 worms the 17th. Drinks well. Released but by error left tiny bandage on.

Sept. 19th I found an injured semi-palmated plover, wing torn completely off near body by wire contact. It died in my hands.

On September 20th I found semi-palmated sandpiper with throat torn. Skin off so as to show into body cavity. Listerine treatment and careful feeding improved this bird and we let it loose Sept. 20th.

On September 20th Albert Wise, Light Keeper, brought me a semi-palmated sandpiper injured in head by



One of the blackbellied plovers we nursed. This is in the "Muddy Breast" plumage.

striking wire. Stunned only. Released later. And so runs the book.

Today September 29th is very foggy and Laddie is off for the long walk on the outside sand beach off the cape and then he will cross and come down the inside (harbor flats) and many a rare birds or fish or crustacean will he see.

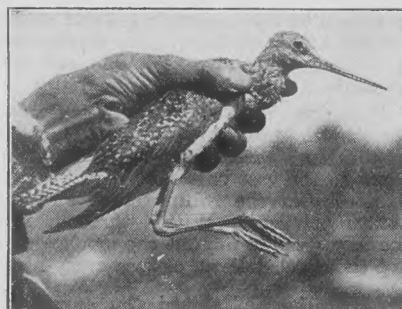
I want to show you the big, awkward Greater Yellowlegs held in Laddie's hand. This bird we found was so badly injured by shot that I asked the boy to take it behind the sand dune and mercifully kill it. The great appealing eye of this long legged wader made the work hard for both the boy and myself. The migration at this date (Sept. 29th) is about three parts passed on. One thing we want especially to call our readers attention to is—The Golden—the most beautiful and sprightly of all the plover and also one of the least wise and wary ones, is almost extinct on this migration route. We have only seen three in our three months' work.

There are numerous flocks of the young of the Blackbellied plover pass-

ing down to the south and resting here. I would say there have been about ten flocks of twenty birds each on the Cape flats lately. These birds are also too unwary for their own good as Laddie can invariably approach them within shot and only the fact that we serve but two at the evening meal saves this flock from our gun alone.

There are a great many wounded birds which we are unable to catch. Two big plump Knots fly along just ahead of our canoe as we work along the inside (flat side) of the beach. (We never put the Rice Lake canoe into the open sea on the outer side.) There are also delayed or injured Blackbellied Plover, Semi-palmated Plover and Semi-Palmated sandpipers, and there is also one little wretch of a Pigeon Hawk remaining which takes a large share of these wounded birds. We note that it is unable to catch the average uninjured plover or sandpiper. The chase lasts about two minutes, up and down in the air and skirting the flats closely in great curves, then the hawk flies away to roost and rest and the pursued bird joins its flock again.

THESE pigeon hawks and American Roughlegged Hawk and the tiny Saw whet owl, are the only birds of prey we ever see on the flats and given clear light and a little warning almost any of the shorebirds which are in full health can escape these birds of prey. To any of my readers of The Western Home Monthly who may come across wounded birds I would say, be sure that the big, roomy box that you put them in has a soft cotton cloth for the roof cover or they will undoubtedly kill themselves, of course water and seed and a sandbath are necessary and if you get attached to it get permission from the Department to keep it until it is cured, AND THE MOMENT IT IS LET IT GO as nearly all captive birds die, I think from lack of necessary exercise and cramped confinement. About any bird will eat out of our hands within a few days, but the wild ducks are slow to learn. Sometimes we have to hold the bird and put water down its throat, as all these seafores act as if they knew fresh water was a bad thing to drink, as indeed the sea water must be. Then we make a low square tin box and half fill it with water. Laddie goes to the reefs below low tide and picks off a box full of tiny shellfish, young mussels, snails, winkles. (As all these shellfish are small when they leave the free swimming stage and attach themselves to the rocks by limy deposits, they actually grow by enlarging their shells). We take a few of these shells and put them between the bills of the ducks and they must needs swallow them, then the rest are thrown into the drinking tin and pretty soon those wild birds are eating out of our hands—Alas! I am



Yellow leg plover (Greater) a severely injured bird mercifully dispatched later.

sorry indeed to say that these are the most difficult bird to cure. If the tip of the wing is the injured part why we just amputate it and let the bird go. If much of the bone is broken, we splint it. If the main wing-

bones are broken it is a very difficult job, almost impossible to cure the duck.

There are times when the broken wings are healed by nature as Mr. Robert MacDonald, of Port Joli killed a wild goose that had a fractured wing which had healed completely even if the process was very large. As this was the Ulna or main bone of the wing it is a wonderful bit of work. We have also had a Hudsonian Plover whose foot while deformed was most wonderfully mended. There is a high growth of wild sword grass all over the tops of the sand dunes which form Cape Sable sands and in under the arching curves of this very strong boyonet pointed grass the poor injured wild fowl, shorebirds and wild ducks hide. Alas! the moment a tiny bit of snow falls they leave a trail into the grasses which while we read it plainly must be a regular advertisement to the hawk and owls and crows, yes and even the gulls, which go in and kill off the poor wounded suffering things. There is also on the three miles long Cape Sable sands one or two mink. Laddie got a permit and set half a dozen traps and day by day we could follow up the track of this cruel, clever little slaughterer. All the way from main shore to The Cape it went, right up along the seashore and into every hide and covert, in under the sword grass, into holes in the sand dunes, seeking, ever seeking with those evil lamps of his the wounded birds. Finally Laddie got him in trap—for just a minute and a strand of hair.

NOW we said, "He will never go near that trap again." He did or at least another trap set in the very same spot—as Laddie had changed his. By making a covered set and dropping floated in sea grasses, grasses even finer than eel grass, and not approaching the set for several days, he was at last able to out-wit this wise old mink, as one morning when he went the trap was no longer there and the savage little black snout and gleaming beady eyes stared out from underneath a glacial rock. Laddie mercifully dispatched him and for a time wounded ducks were safe. Then a mink with a much smaller footmark found that the long white curving sand beach was open for a killer and it took up the work, only to fall into the trap set by Hawkman, so now we think the sands surrounding the hiding places of injured wildfowl are vacant until some other mink, from say ten miles off swings along this way and preempts the runways and hide holes and the track just above the tideline.

Although this outermost bit of Nova Scotia we are working on is surrounded on all sides by the Atlantic even it goes down to just about Zero so then the wounded ones we are unable to find perish. All the feeding places on the flats are frozen over, every drinking hole for the black ducks is sealed and they get very thin from lack of drinking, using snow and brackish water when they can get it. The salt sea water turned into snow by freezing is quite fresh at the top of the sea walls but as the heavier salts precipitate as it congeals the ice further down is brackish and salt to the taste.

YOU ought to see one of Laddie's pets! An old Eider duck with a temper of a fiend. It fairly leaps to attack him the moment he opens its pen and holds onto the mitt or sleeve it seized, all the time he is putting in the fresh water and the shellfish. Luckily it cannot tear the flesh as it nips us furiously. Odd! another one of the same family, a female also, will eat peacefully out of his hand. We have also at times Scoters in the pen, they are usually quiet and feed well.

Right off the sea wall as I write is a huge male Eider—as white as a big pillow—is floating there. He often

Continued on page 21

Boil clothes with FELS-NAPTHA?



Be sure the soap you use has real naptha in it. If you can't smell real naptha, it isn't Fels-Naptha.

Improves every washing-machine

Fels-Naptha makes the washing-machine do even better work. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt before the washing-machine starts its work. Then the Fels-Naptha soapy water churns through and, through the clothes, quickly flushing away all the dirt.

Campers write enthusiastically that Fels-Naptha washes greasy dishes and dish-cloths even in cold spring-water, and washes them clean. Any brook is a laundry with Fels-Naptha Soap.

Boil clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish. After all the years that women have been used to boiling clothes, it seems hard to believe that with Fels-Naptha boiling isn't necessary. Yet Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go in water of any temperature—and makes clothes sanitary.

The real naptha combined with splendid soap in Fels-Naptha does the work, with only a little rubbing; so the temperature of the water is a matter of personal preference. Thousands of housewives tell us of the remarkable results they get with Fels-Naptha and boiling water. But those who wash clothes the Fels-Naptha way—with cool or lukewarm water—are saved the discomfort to hands, and the bother and expense of boiling. They save clothes, too, because Fels-Naptha with cool or lukewarm water does not weaken the fibre. By giving clothes a naptha cleansing and a soap-and-water cleansing Fels-Naptha makes them clean through and through. Thoroughly clean clothes last longer; and they are healthful.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of splendid soap and real naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Begin using Fels-Naptha today! Order it from your grocer.

FREE If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately, send for free sample. Write Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

INDIANS OF PACIFIC COAST FIGHT LOSING BATTLE FOR HISTORICAL RIGHTS

At the little Indian village of Alert Bay on the coast of British Columbia, a village once probably the most picturesque in North America, but now through the presence of the white man rapidly losing much of its individuality, has centred for some months now one of the most unique legal contests in the history of British Columbia, if not the whole of Canada. At Alert Bay various members of the Kwakiutl Indians were recently sentenced to two months' imprisonment for holding a Potlatch. The Indians employed the best legal talent, and although losing in every case, are now trying to get the law repealed through a petition signed by those white men cognizant with the situation, and sympathetic with the Indians' viewpoint.

As a student of Indian affairs for some time on the Pacific Coast, the writer of this was one of the white men to sign the petition to the Governor-General and Council asking a repeal on behalf of the Indians of certain sections dealing with the present existing law.

The Potlatch is one of the least understood ceremonies in the social organization of all the tribes of the British Columbia coast and Alaska; a social organization complicated in the extreme. The stamping out of it, if such is done, will have a wide-reaching effect upon the Indians. Though it has been illegal for some time, it has been continued by the Indians without much interference on the part of the whites, except at Alert Bay, where some forty Indians have been prosecuted in recent times. Early in 1922 a squaw was prosecuted, the first time in the history of British Columbia.

This historic legal situation, at my suggestion, has been fully and most clearly set forth by Mr. E. K. DeBeck, B.A., of Vancouver, and the Indians' view of the white man's law in relation to the native ideas and customs shown, and the possible effect of the Potlatch suppression on the people.

In addition, as giving the added human touch, I have given below a little story, one of many gathered by myself during months of research work spent in the North in company with one of the anthropologists of the Geological Survey of Canada. It may add interest to what follows it, bringing out as it does most clearly the fact that the Potlatch, or "yowk" feast was and still is a ceremony making a form of personal insurance, a guaranteed income against the future.

Story

How Chief Saix Invested Against Old Age and Sickness

ONE day about 150 years ago Saix a chief of the Tsimsyans was walking to his canoe. He slipped and fell. On getting up he noticed his fall had been witnessed by two other chiefs. Though the fall was an unavoidable accident, nevertheless, in the Tsimsyen way of things, Saix had been "subjected to ridicule" by these men seeing his accident. To wipe out this he had to give a feast. This came off a few months later. At it were the two chiefs and all the others and their headmen of the region. They all came to Saix's house at the time appointed, each chief and headman and commoner being seated in order of rank. They were then presented with great quantities of food: dried salmon, cedar boxes filled with oilichan grease, berries, and dried meat.

In the gathering of this food Saix was assisted by his nephews, his brothers and nieces, for among the Coast Indians the descent is through the maternal side of the house, so to an Indian his nephews and nieces are given more attention than his own children. In preparing a feast all a man's maternal relations are in duty bound to help him; he in turn is duty bound to help them at any time if called upon.

Some time after the giving of this food Potlatch, Saix's nephew was old enough

The case for the "Potlatch" set forth from the Indians' point of view by a white student of their customs and the legal aspect of the case as set forth by one of British Columbia's leading legal authorities.

Introduced by Francis Dickie

to receive his name and rank as a member of the house. This necessitated a very great feast, for which Saix and his house had been preparing for three years. At this there were gathered the chiefs and headmen who had appeared at the first feast. At this latter Potlatch Saix gave away three hundred skins, sea otter, mink, marten, two copper shields, two canoes, and an immense quantity of food.

While these two feasts were in progress, the nearest relatives of Saix, that is, the maternal ones, made careful note

he lived in plenty and also his family by very reason of all the food presents they received at the return feasts; also many furs and other presents. When Saix died about two years after the last feast, he still had a lot of property due him; but the vested interest did not lapse, for by the Indian social organization the debts due had to be paid to his nephew, who succeeded to his position.

From this it will be seen that the Indians really had a carefully worked out life insurance, old age pension, or 'en-

dishes, furniture, gramophones, boots and shoes and furs; also the march of the wild dancing men to the great Potlatch house.

Whether or not the Governor-General and Council will repeal the present existing law after receiving the petition, into one more favorable to the Indians as set forth in the following pages, the facts of the case, at this time, when the Indians have fought so hard to retain their ancient historic rights, has seemed to the writer worthy of here setting forth.

THE POTLATCH

Its Legal Aspect and Effect upon the Indians

(By E. K. DeBeck, B. A.)

FORMAL recognition of any important event in the family, or tribe which should be brought to the notice of the people at large, was given by the calling



Scenes and happenings from Indian Potlatches

of the food presents and others given to the various guests. After the feasts were over, Saix and his household would on occasion talk the matter over, by way of keeping fresh in memory all the debts due them, for every present given had to be repaid at other feasts given by those who were guests. If any chief or headman failed to make a return feast and repay, generally double-fold, what Saix had given him in a reasonable length of time, this varying between one and five years, then Saix and his relatives would "subject the person to ridicule"; that is, they would spread abroad stories of that person's poverty, which in Indian ways was the deadliest of insults.

Now it came to pass that soon after the second feast Saix fell ill with rheumatism and could no longer hunt. Yet

dowment scheme, long before the white men thought of it.

After the whiteman came, the Potlatch changed in form considerably. In place of the ancient Indian foods and gifts of furs, copper shields and canoes, the Indians took to giving flour, blankets and rifles and ammunition. As the country grew more advanced, the presents were added to, to a great extent, till today the modern Potlatch presents one of the most unique scenes in the world; sometimes it is a clothes and furs Potlatch, or shoes; at others, sewing machines, gramophones and dressing tables are the main gifts, and at one of these Potlatches a modern Indian may give away as high as ten thousand dollars' worth of assorted things. The six photographs show Potlatches made up of

of a meeting of those interested and a proclamation made of the event. The events calling for such a meeting included the attainment of the various stages in the life of the individual:—

- (a) Birth;
- (b) The age when the infant could first be brought to the meeting, corresponding to our christening.
- (c) The attainment of puberty, or the age of marriage.
- (d) The marriage itself.
- (e) Divorce;
- (f) Death;

And these events the family desired to bring to the recognition of the tribe. In addition to these, there was the transfer of land or hunting rights, agreements between tribes and peace treaties or set-

Continued on page 11



Whiter Teeth

They come in this delightful way

There is a way to whiter teeth which millions are employing. It combats the dingy film-coats. It is a way to cleaner teeth and safer teeth as well. The chief teeth enemies are effectively combated.

It is based on modern research, endorsed by high authorities. Leading dentists everywhere advise it.

This is to offer someone in your home a convincing ten-day test.

How film dims teeth

You feel on your teeth a viscous film, ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

If not removed, it forms the basis of persistent coats. In many ways it threatens serious damage. Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

It makes teeth dim and dingy by absorbing stains. The film is what discolors, not the teeth. And film is the basis of tartar.

It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. It breeds germs by the millions, and they cause many serious troubles, local and internal.

A long, hard fight

The war on film has been a long hard fight. Dental research has for years been seeking ways

to end it. Now two effective film combatants have been found. High authorities have proved their efficiency. Nearly all the world over leading dentists are urging their adoption.

A modern tooth paste has been created, based on some new-day requirements. The name is Pepsodent. Those two effective film combatants are embodied in it.

Now a world-wide effort is being made to demonstrate its benefits to people young and old.

Three other effects

Dental science now needs a tooth paste which will bring some other great effects. And Pepsodent has been equipped to bring them.

Every use multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acid. Pepsodent gives it a much-increased effect.

Each use also multiplies the saliva's alkalinity. That is Nature's neutralizer of acids which cause decay, but it frequently needs this stimulation.

Another factor gives the teeth high polish without harm. Then film-coats will less easily adhere.

Twice a day Pepsodent brings to every user all the desired effects. Now the object is to let you see them, feel them, judge them for yourself. When you do that you will want them always. And that will mean to you and yours a new era in teeth cleaning.

The Way

Just send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Watch the results you see and feel. Note the changes which occur in a week.

Read the reason for each new effect in the little book we send.

You will realize then that those whiter, cleaner teeth mean safer teeth as well. You will have some new conceptions on the proper care of teeth.

One test in a home will be sufficient to prove the results to a family.



Now seen everywhere

The results of Pepsodent are now seen almost everywhere. Millions of teeth now glisten through its use. Careful people of some forty races now employ it daily.

Women gain new beauty by it. Men who smoke combat tobacco stains. Children are gaining new tooth protection when they need it most. Dentists advise the use of Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears.

Now we urge you to learn what it means to you, by making this short, simple and delightful test. Cut out the coupon now.

Made In Canada

Pepsodent CANADA
REG. IN

The New-Day Dentifrice

It fights film, starch and acids in modern and effective ways. Endorsed by authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere.

All druggists supply the large tubes.

The quick effects

The cleaner teeth.

The absence of the viscous film.

The whiter teeth as film-coats disappear.

The better taste, due to normal alkaline conditions in the mouth.

High polish on the teeth.

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TO make an epicurean feast of a plain meat pie, bake it in the new square deep Pyrex casse-
role. The meat will be as tender as butter, every vege-
table will be done to perfection without being mushy,
and the delicate flavor will be preserved and blended as
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The Original Transparent Ovenware

Pyrex oven cookery is so far superior to "top-of-stove" stew-
ing, that it has been adopted by millions of homes and by
the great chefs. Food baked in Pyrex is served most attrac-
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Five of the essential Pyrex dishes (shown below) comprising
a Pie Plate, Utility Dish, Bread Pan, Casserole and Pudding
Dish, are the selection of thousands of women as the right
beginning of a Pyrex equipment—useful every meal,
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Your dealer's stock now comprises 100 shapes and sizes.
Useful dishes for every meal, every day.

This trademark identifies
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CORNING GLASS WORKS, Corning, New York
Originators and Patentees of Oven Glassware

5 of the Essential
Pyrex dishes for
every home



When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

THE BLOOD FEUD

Continued from page 4

As at the time I did not really know, I was silent.

"So Henri Chatelaine, it is to you that we put our lives in your hands to save."

"We are not dead yet" gruffly spoke Gabriel Dumont.

"If we capture him will we bring him here?"

"No take him to—" but that my friends I cannot disclose, as it was to that place of refuge of the Indians that Louis Riel was going when he was captured after his defeat. Many directions were given me, and it will surprise you to know that Riel's council were kept informed of every movement of troops by his system of signalling. I knew it slightly and in times of danger had used it.

With Desmond and O'Donnell came a full blood Blackfoot, Arrow. I had met him on the trail before and knew him as a true man.

My little friend, my horse Cerise was in good trim, and we the four of us were soon on our way Southward to Troy or Qu'Appelle on the line of railroad.

AH! those early days of the year '85, when the chill March winds blew across the prairies. Oh! we boasted, did the four of us that no one but sons of the plains could bear against these bitter frozen winds, but we then knew not the men who were coming against us. If we had there would have been no '85, for the sense which is given to men would have prevailed. That, my friends may be an old man's judgment, for we were hot blooded as youth must always be, where the skyline melts into the plains. We found our mistake. We had laughed at these men, shop men, but found them as we afterwards called them in the fight, Little Black Devils. I did not conceal my contempt for Desmond and O'Donnell, who were always boasting of their bloody deeds, sickening to the ears of myself, and

tate it is because I cannot for the moment translate to myself.

The Indian spoke.

"What did the Chief Riel tell you?"

"To capture the Hawk."

He nodded. "So, so, but what told he these?"

"The same."

"Then why do they plan to kill?"

"Sacre! Because they are scoundrels."

"Huh, huh! and what do we?"

"Stop them," I said tersely.

We several times talked on what to do, to stop these evil men, and yet accomplish our mission. You can understand that villains as they were, yet they were our comrades with the same price on their heads.

WE got to Fort Qu'Appelle as the first of the soldiers of Winnipeg marched in. Our horses were left with Desmond hid in a coulee some miles away and we three were scouting,—and we got our first glimpse of these soldiers in their dark uniforms—we had hidden in some poplar scrub and watched them marching in the distance.

"Soldiers," said Desmond, "toy soldiers. Out to play. We will soon send them back."

"Louis Riel certainly will have easy work if they march in an enemy's country without advance and flank guards" was my thought.

"Hist!" whispered Arrow and in an instant went like a shadow.

"Sacre! We are discovered", cried O'Donnell and before I, even I, Henri Chatelaine, the trusted scout of Louis Riel and the pupil of Gabriel Dumont could move, I was looking into the muzzle of a rifle pointed by one of those pestilent Little Devils in the black uniforms. To resist was useless. I was fully covered.

"Come on boys," he cried. "Here's a breed." And two others like him came



Mt. Assiboine Welcome Home Camp, 1922. A group of members returned from War Service Overseas.

Back Row, left to right. F. C. Bell, Col., C. M. G., C. B. Reynolds (wounded), G. M. Smith, Capt., M. C., Miss A. L. Burwash, (Nurse), Miss E. McPhedron, (Nurse), Miss M. H. Kilmer, (Nurse), E. L. T. Taylor, Capt., A. W. Wakefield, Capt., M. O., F. Trant, (wounded), W. W. Foster, Lieut.-Col., D. S. O.

Front Row, left to right. C. W. Hurlburt, M. O., G. Cameron, Lieut. (wounded), P. S. Thompson, Capt., A. A. C. Cooper, M. O., Rev. A. H. Sovereign, Y. M. C. A., E. O. Wheeler, Major, M. C., Legion of Honor, H. Westmarland, Capt.—Canadian Alpine Journal.

the Arrow, a true warrior spat on them. Arrow was a slender Indian with a fine fierce face and we became good friends. The trail was terrible, and the weather execrable. It is no joke my friends to be awakened while still the Lights are playing in the sky, your little horse's nose nuzzling you for comfort, which you give although needing it yourself. Little Cerise bore her hardships like her master, as a good scout. One day as we were far in the rear of the two others, the Indian pointed to them. My friends you must recollect that in those days we spoke the French or Cree, and what I tell you is as nearly to what happened as I can bring it to my tongue; for you must know that the English is to me not free. My words go to my head in the Cree or French and then come off my tongue in the English, so you can understand that although now I have spoken the English for years, yet, if I hesi-

up and grinned at me, and I was taken into their camp and before their officer. He asked me much, but I gave him little. My heart was sad as I thought of Little Cerise, but I knew if Arrow escaped he would see to her.

I WAS put in a guard tent and soon found that this camp was a rendezvous for the rest of the men from Winnipeg. Ha! it was cold, and I was sorry for these men. We plainsmen were clothed to bear any weather but these men, as I saw them face the cold and snow my heart misgave me. "Surely for men like these it will be difficult to retreat." They were cheerful and always joking and singing, even with hands and feet frozen, and as I understood something about frozen fingers, became somewhat of a favorite, calling me "Jonny"

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Indians of Pacific Coast Fight Losing Battle for Historic Rights

Continued from page 8

lements. In short, such meeting was the formal attestation of these various matters, in default of written deed, or other sign manual. Such meeting was almost always accompanied by singing and dancing and always by speaking and the making of gifts and from this last it has derived its name, "Potlatch", (i.e., giving.) The Potlatch was, therefore, the tribal council; through the Potlatch was determined the social status of the individual and the family, the right to the use of family names and crests; and through the Potlatch was the custom and the law, both civil and criminal, administered. It was completely interwoven in their social life, and it was the sole fabric and bond of the family, the tribe and the nation. The Potlatch was not a ceremony, it was an expression of the law and custom.

THE Potlatch as a system has come down amongst the Kwakiutl Indians, and has been continuously practised until some five or six years ago. It was not deemed advisable to enforce the law in

2. Every Indian who encourages either directly or indirectly, an Indian to get up such a festival, or dance, or the celebration of the same, or who assists in the celebration of the same, is guilty of a like offence and shall be liable to the same punishment.

The term "Potlatch" was not a defined term and the term "Tamanawas" was an Indian word, unknown to many of the Indian languages in British Columbia, although the dance itself was known by other names, hence the amendment in 1897. Observation showing that the sine qua non of the Potlatch was a "giving away" of property, therefore, instead of the vague term previously used, the offence was defined as now appears in Section 149 of the Indian Act. The original enactment was passed at the investigation of the missionaries.

There is good authority that some of the older dances, such as Tamanawas (which was probably the Kla-we-nah-latl of the Kwakiutl or Kwakewlth, known to me) contained inhuman practices against which quite properly legislation was directed. These inhuman ceremonies were practised in connection with the making of warriors, and like all such other events was duly attested by a Potlatch.



Extracting and boiling out oolichan oil

its strictest sense. Up to that time Potlatching was general. About five or six years ago, however, the edict went forth that the Potlatch must stop, and prosecutions have followed, and the nature of the prosecutions has led the Indians to believe that it is the intention to stamp out the Potlatch completely, and such belief has led to a great depression amongst them. It appears to the mind

IT is now many years since there is any record of such inhuman practices. The custom has died of itself, as there is no occasion to make warriors, but we do not for a moment argue that that portion of Section 149 which deals with this matter should be repealed, as the Section was probably justified when enacted.

There is one peculiar phase of the Potlatch, which is worthy of more than pas-



Sun softening oolichans.

of an Indian that if the law means what it says, then the mere giving away of some article makes an otherwise innocent ceremony a crime punishable by six months' imprisonment. On the other hand, if the law is merely a net spread to catch offenders against something else, why not be honest and make the law against the offence.

The first legislation against the Potlatch, as such was in 1884 (47 Victoria Ch. 27, Sec. 3), whereby it was enacted that:

1. Every Indian or person who engages in or assists in celebrating the Indian Festival known as the Potlatch or Indian dance known as "Tamanawas" is guilty of a misdemeanour and liable to imprisonment for a term, etc.

sing comment, namely: That no gift at a Potlatch by an individual, family or tribe, or otherwise, was ever made without the expectation of a return of the gift with interest; and the unwritten law goes so far as to fix definitely the rate of interest. Why this is so, I cannot say, but it is undoubtedly a fact, except, of course, the gifts to dancers, singers or orators, which are really not gifts, but payments for services.

When the original act was made against the Potlatch, the reason advanced was that in many cases Indians gave away their whole worldly possessions, and impoverished themselves. This could not be the case, as the very fact that a man made gifts, whereby a return of the gift with a definite interest was implied, rendered such giving an investment, upon which he was bound to re-



June Joys

Serve them all day long

Puffed Rice and Puffed wheat, in the food way, are summer's, supreme delights.

Millions of children get them now, morning, noon and night — in a dozen enticing forms.

The first dish in mornings, the last dish at night.

Do you realize how these whole-grain dainties have changed summer's food regime?

Flimsy, flavory bubbles

They make whole grains enticing — the foods that children need. Each grain is an airy globule.

The texture is like snowflakes, the flavor is like nuts. So children count them food confections, and they never get enough.

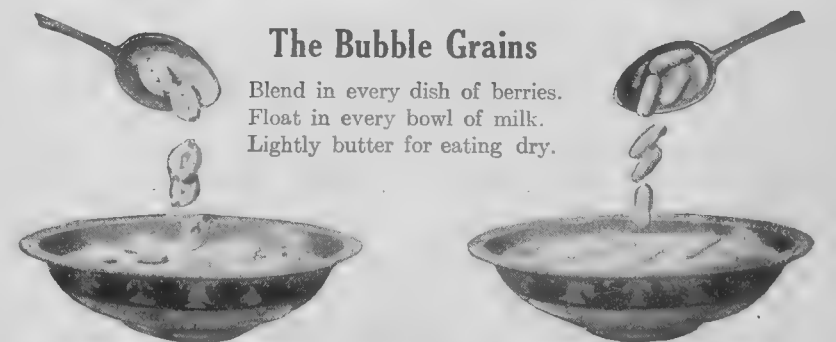
Every food cell blasted

Made by Prof. Anderson's process. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete. Every granule feeds.

Thus one gets the whole-grain nutriment. And that in wheat means 16 needed elements.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice



The Bubble Grains

Blend in every dish of berries.
Float in every bowl of milk.
Lightly butter for eating dry.

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

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WHEN you hold *the world's whitest soap* in your hand there instinctively flashes across your mind the thought that here is a soap which embodies to the uttermost the spirit of *white cleanliness*.

The immaculate whiteness of Fairy Soap is due to the pure ingredients which are cleansing and beneficial to the skin. Fairy, *the whitest soap in the world*, represents soap purity in the highest degree. After using, no heavy perfume lingers to tell its story to the world. Fairy purity needs no hot-house bouquet.

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—will outlast by far the old-fashioned wooden or metal kind.

Eddy's are made of wood pulp, moulded to shape in one single piece under tremendous hydraulic pressure—then baked to flint-hardness under terrific heat.

They have a glazed surface and are strong as steel, light as wood, easy to lift and carry, cannot leak, cannot become dented or battered.

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ceive returns, and it operated as accident and life insurance and old age pension all in one; furthermore, during many years observation of the Potlatch, I have never yet seen a man impoverish himself by his gifts. Potlatches are more often family affairs than individual affairs, and contributions to the gifts is made by all family connections, even to the remote degrees. Quite substantial amounts are involved in the Potlatch. Many of the older men have invested their life savings in the system in the expectation of a return in due course in old age. The coffers similarly represent vested interests. It is difficult to give definite figures, but I have seen as much as \$15,000 refused for the redemption of a coffer. At the same time a buying up of the coffers would by no means dispose of the vested interests. On the other hand, suppression of the Potlatch deprives many Indians, and particularly the older ones, of their right to receive a return of monies invested by them in good faith in the system.

The Indian marriage system presents some difficulties. Marriages were matters of arrangement between families. A Potlatch celebrated the ceremony and the marriage settlements were attested and given effect to buy the Potlatch. Similarly divorces were matters of agreement and likewise celebrated; but a divorce always pre-supposed repayment of marriage settlements with interest. Both marriages and divorces were of considerable solemnity, apart from the fact that they involve property and social and, what we might call heraldic rights. The marriage and divorce customs are pernicious for two reasons. First: Because the contracting parties are often of immature years, and secondly: because divorces are matters of volition, rather than matters of the breach of the "marriage vows" as we know them.

The matter of infant marriage is a matter which might be dealt with in one of several ways, but I shall not consider that here.

The matter of divorces is made infinitely worse by depriving the Indians of the Potlatch, which was the one thing that made a ceremony of both marriage or divorce and gave it any degree of solemnity. Without the Potlatch marriages degenerate into a mere matter of the whim of the parties and becomes but one degree removed from promiscuity. The Indian marriage and marriage ceremony as such, is not recognized by any law as a legal ceremony. The Indian has not yet adopted the white man's system of marriage, and still believes in his own. There is no law preventing a man and woman living together, whether they are Indian or white, and it is impossible to force people to adopt any particular marriage ceremony. The only answer to this is that the Indian ceremony should be recognized; furthermore, the formality of it and the celebration of it by a Potlatch, should be encouraged. The Indian ceremony should also be accompanied by a license for the purpose of record; in this manner, not only would our own records be kept clear but the Indian records would also be kept clear.

THERE have been various arguments advanced against the Potlatch, some of which we shall deal with.

1. It is contended that the Potlatch Houses are unsanitary as also the congregating of various tribes in one village for protracted periods. It seems odd to advance these arguments, as the Indians have been thriving on their own customs and under their own conditions for countless generations, and it is only when the "Whites" come to civilize and advance the Indian that the Indians begin to die out. Now, the Potlatch Houses are not unsanitary; they are large; the floors are well sanded and dry; the walls are sufficiently open to permit of the free passage of air; and the huge fire in the centre keeps the air quite pure and in good circulation and also is used to destroy any debris or litter which might accumulate. I am strongly of the opinion that Potlatch Houses are far more healthy for Indians than the closely built, poorly ventilated frame houses that some of them are building now. Alert Bay twenty years ago was probably the most picturesque village in America. It was essentially Indian, with its huge Potlatch Houses, the fronts of which were grotesquely painted; with its totem

poles gaudily colored and its ornamented burying grounds. Today it is a disreputable looking little village, practically devoid of paint, and such new houses as are being built are depressingly commonplace. The large Potlatch Houses are falling into decay, and are being replaced largely by shacks.

The Indians do congregate in the winter, but the Potlatch is only incidental to this and whether there was a Potlatch or not they would still come together in their villages during the winter months when they are not working, dispersing in due course as the industrial activities of the season call them. No Potlatch interferes with their natural industries of getting staple foods—Oolichan oil and dog salmon. Fishing and lumber are their chief industries as agriculture has never made any headway with them. But both fishing and lumber are slack during the winter months and a return to their villages is inevitable and different tribes do meet and Potlatch. This is quite alright unless unduly protracted. The Indian Agent at Alert Bay previous to the present incumbent objected to the congregating and remaining too long, but recognizing his statutory authority to eject from any reserve all but the members of the particular tribe to whom the reserve belonged, he had no quarrel with the Potlatch. This statutory authority to object is the proper remedy for this evil.

2. It is alleged that the Potlatch fosters greed and an unhealthy rivalry in the acquisition of the property for the purpose of potlatching. Greed and rivalry in this sense are none other than ambition; and, as lack of ambition and pride are the biggest factors contributing to the degeneracy of the civilized Indian, anything which might remove such lack should not only be permitted, but strongly encouraged.

3. It is further argued that the Potlatch involves unwilling members to the tribe and particularly the younger ones. It is true that it involves them, but they are not unwilling. There are rare instances of renegades from the institution, just as there are from any organized societies, but these are either disgruntled members or individuals who through sloth or lack of ambition have no hope of good standing in the community. He who cannot get along with his neighbors does not make a good citizen. The only renegade from the tribal institutions I know are those directly or indirectly in the employ of those who are in antipathy of the Potlatch.

4. It is alleged that the Potlatch excites passion. This is absolutely without foundation. The dances are symbolical and allegorical from the Tsaika, danced by the Hamatsa (Hamatsa is somewhat of the nature of an order or lodge, or secret society), down to the simplest animal dance consisting of a mere parade of an animal masque. There is buffonery, mirth and good-will, but an utter lack of anything suggestive. The dancing is all individual or groups of individuals. The very extreme to which they used to go in olden times was a nude Hamatsa at certain parts of the dance, but this has long since gone out of practice. The Potlatch ceremony is either in the open air or in the large one-roomed Potlatch House with a screen across one corner only, behind which the male dancers retire.

The oratory and singing are clean and stirring, rather than sensuous. The law does not presume to legislate against the dancing or the singing or the speaking.

5. Finally, it is alleged that people other than Indians who have a good word to say for the Potlatch do so because they benefit from the practice. More especially people who trade with the Indians are accused of encouraging the Potlatch with a view of deriving business. This argument necessarily assumes that the Potlatch increases the power to consume, which is absurd; furthermore, this argument is not compatible with the argument that the Potlatch interrupts industrial activities, with the consequent reduction of the Indians' purchasing powers.

There are many reasons why the law against the Potlatch should be repealed, or at least should not be invoked literally. It is only during the last few years that the Indians realize that the Department intends to stamp out the

Potlatch, and they realize it with mixed feelings of consternation and depression. When the original enactment was made, it was against certain pernicious practices accompanying the Potlatch. These practices have disappeared and now, contrary to the spirit of the law, the letter of the law is called in either in a complete ignorance of the basic principles of the institution known as the Potlatch, or to make a scapegoat of the Potlatch a failure to Christianize the Indians or to substitute our institutions and customs for theirs. A stamping out of the Potlatch would alienate from the authorities the good-will and respect of the Indians for all time. What respect can one have for a law which permits Indians to hold a dance, but if at such a dance a box of apples is served by way of refreshment all concerned are thereby made criminals and liable to six months' incarceration? Such is the law; "R.S.C. Cap. 81, S. 149".

THERE is no moral turpitude in making gifts, yet it is punishable. Requests have been made to the Department to define their interpretation of the Section, but the answer is a refusal and the Indians are told that they must take the law as it reads. When we couple with this the fact that Indians are prosecuted for ceremonies where the "giving away" is of the very mildest form, unaccompanied by any of the old pernicious practices, the inference is obvious that the Potlatch is to be stamped out.

The passing of the Potlatch would mean that the Indians would be robbed of their vested interest and coffers that their chief stimulus to ambition is gone; that their elaborate system of

frozen feet marched into that first bivouac, yet joyous, unbeatable. Many of these men and their officers have gone to their rest, who braved the freezing winds and snow on the march to Clarks Crossing. Their memory should always be kept clear to their descendants in this country.

My comrades had kept in touch every day with their smoke signals and I knew that every move we made was signalled across the plains and hills to Riel in his aerie.

THE Hawk I saw several times, a gallant man, and was astonished at the resemblance the Arrow bore to him. It was then the idea came to me. At Clarks Crossing a permanent camp was made and taking advantage of a stormy night I escaped, and next morning found my three companions and my little horse Cerise, who whinnied her love to me as she nuzzled my face with her soft velvet nuzzle. Arrow had taken good care of my little horse. To him I told of the resemblance to the Hawk.

As usual when we camped, Desmond and O'Donnel had a separate fire. We banked the snow high to keep the wind off and as we were watching the glow Arrow spoke—"I am like the Hawk?" I looked at the fierce intelligent face of the brave man.

"Arrow at a distance you are."

He grunted as he poked the fire.

"The Chief Louis Riel does not wish his death."

"No, no, it would mean Louis Riel's death," I cried.

"I will take his place."

"How?" I stared at him as the memory of the thoughts I had at Clarks Crossing came back.

"Put on clothes and let them shoot me."

I shuddered.

Making the Most of Your Hair

How to Make Your Hair Make You More Attractive



Dress Your Hair to Emphasize Your Best Lines Only

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a short nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, full face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features, must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.

perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important.

After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months. Beware of imitations—be sure you get Mulsified. Look for the name Watkins on the package.

Makes Your Hair Beautiful



MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO
MADE IN CANADA

EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

People judge you by its appearance.

It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell when the hair is



Lake Magog—Central Portion of Mt. Assiniboine Park, showing the Assiniboine Group. Site of Camp Assiniboine shown by white cross.—Canadian Alpine Journal.

pedigree including heraldic rights and crests will soon fade and be lost; that their distinctive music, architecture, art, dancing and oratory, each of which is deserving of a paragraph, will pass away; that their marriages and divorces will become most casual; in short, all that goes to make up their scheme of things will be taken from them, leaving life pretty flat and insipid.

Civilizing the Indian by depriving him of his own institutions before he has inculcated in him a desire and readiness for what substitute is offered, is bound to leave him at a loose end, and unless he can at once be assimilated in the new order he is an outcast, a pariah. The Indian in his own environment is a man of dignity, big and venerable; the semi-civilized Indian deprived of his own institutions yet not accepted by the new order is in a most ignominious position.

The Blood Feud

Continued from page 10

and laughed when I endeavoured to tell them my name was Henri, these men of the 90th Regiment whom I was a captive to. And, as I thought of the salt plains and the half frozen creeks and rivers, it was plain to me that they would die before reaching Riel. I had no illusion, they would not retreat, but die, and ma foi, I was sorry for these gallant young men.

Several other troops marched into camp and one morning the tents were struck and we took the long trail north. Oh! my friends the bitter cold of that first night. The young fellows started singing their songs, and down came the sleet and snow. We were ice men, yet they sang. It is hearts such as these that have laid the foundation of this West. Frozen hands,

"It will save Louis Riel," said he.

Although I sickened at the idea, yet I could see no way out. If we killed the two, what story would we have for Louis Riel to tell his men; and the plains were full of eyes. All about us were the Indians quietly watching. That was one amazement to me, that these troops could march through a hostile country and against all Nature's barriers and yet be light hearted.

"It's death Arrow."

"I die for my friend Louis Riel," said he simply.

We talked, oh, how we talked but could see no other way, and Arrow stole out of our camp into theirs one night. We had become familiar with all positions of the outposts and knew the officers who visited them. The two dared not act when Arrow and I were with them, but they were worked up to the deed on the night Arrow had said "I go." He had cut off the scalp lock and handing it to me said, "Give it to the great Chief Louis Riel."

The two villains were cleaning up their rifles and from their sullen glances I knew were ready for mischief.

"To-night we will capture the Hawk," spoke Desmond.

"All right," said I coldly.

We took up a position close to where an outpost was stationed and just as the beautiful twilight came a man approached an officer with a fierce hawk face, and at that moment the two men threw themselves on me and bound me and gagged me.

"The Hawk will take his last flight," said Desmond grimly down at me. I could see against the evening sky the figure of my friend and dully horribly knew that the devoted Arrow was coming to his death.

Ha! How I suffered. How I cursed my indecision, in not slaying those two de-

Continued on page 56

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Violet
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Natural

Colorite HAT FINISH

The Turning Point

By A. H. Hooper

NIGHT closed in about the young man, as the road he was following, quit the open hillside, turned abruptly south and dipped into the great forest. An oppressive silence settled down upon the scene—not a stir of leaf—not a breath of life. Gaunt shadows lay death-like across the path that stretched away into caverns of darkness. He plunged ahead boldly in his effort to shake off the feeling of terror which weighed upon him, but he had not gone far, when the last rays of twilight were suddenly cut off as if a lid had closed over the forest. Stumbling from side to side of the road, he groped his way forward in an effort to reach an open place where the light would enable him to find shelter. A few minutes passed, and a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a terrific clap of thunder, scattered the gloom around him, searing to life the tenants of the underbrush, and revealing to his eyes, a fallen cedar lying some twenty feet off the road. Thither, he felt his way, climbed over the huge log, lit a fire, and made himself a bed of bark and moss well under the shelter of the prostrate tree.

He pulled at his pipe a few moments; then, lying down tried to lose himself in slumber; but sleep would not come. The hard day's tramp, and the sense of failure with which he had set out upon it, had sapped his strength and left him a victim to the terrors of the storm. Flash after flash of lightning followed by ear splitting thunder, kept his nerves on edge. At last, when the storm had abated, he dozed off into a troubled dream and lay all unconscious of his surroundings till the break of morning, when he was awakened by the thud of a galloping horse tearing up the road towards him. Before it came opposite his retreat, there was a pause, followed by an agonizing scream. The galloping continued and died away in the distance. Paralyzed by this new terror, the young man lay motionless, gazing fearfully into leagues of shadows until the sun lit up the tree-tops. Then shouldering his pack, he stepped out into the road to continue his journey. He had hardly turned the first bend when he came upon something lying ahead of him. It was a woman—that much he saw at a glance. She wore a dark brown suit soiled with the mud of the road. Her head of brown hair was sadly disarrayed like one who had encountered a wind storm. As she lay there, huddled in a heap, she appeared to be dead, but when the young man touched her she turned and gave him a terrified look.

"Who are you?" she gasped.
"I'm—I'm—Eric Richards," he stammered awkwardly, "What's wrong?"
"Where am I?" she asked, unintentionally ignoring his question.

"You're in the Pickering Forest, twenty miles from Silverhorn," he returned with an effort to speak naturally. "Tell me who you are and what are you doing here. Are you hurt?"

"I think my left arm is broken," she answered pathetically, as she attempted to rise.

"Broken!" he exclaimed in a tone of surprise. "How in the duce did you do that?"

"I fell from my horse," she moaned.
"Fell from your horse! My God! was it you I heard scream an hour ago?" There was genuine concern in Eric's voice as he spoke.

"I suppose so," she muttered. "I don't know how long I've been here."

"Good God!" he burst out vehemently. "Just think, I've let you lie here all this time." Then gently examining the injured arm, he said, "I'm afraid it's broken, but I'll get some splints and bind it up for you and you'll soon be all right if we can get you to the hospital."

Ten minutes of busy work and the girl was comfortable on a mossy bank on the roadside.

"There," said Eric, as he placed his raincoat under her head. "All we need now is some means of getting you back to Silverhorn."

"Silverhorn," she cried, "Oh please don't take me there. You don't understand. I ran away from there last night to escape my people. They had arranged to have me married to-day to a man I

hate. Oh, I would rather die than have them find me. Take me anywhere but to Silverhorn." As she finished speaking, she lifted to Eric such pleading eyes that the young man's heart was touched to the quick.

What a strange thing life is. Yesterday, he was crushed with the sense of his own failure and haunted with the desire to escape into some noisy corner of the city where he would find solace amid those wrecks of humanity who, yearly, drift into the metropolis. Now he found himself confronted with a new problem—that of another soul who, rather than submit to the demands of unreasonable parents, was taking desperate chances to cling to her thread of freedom. And strange as it seemed to him afterwards, his own trouble disappeared and but one problem centred itself in his mind—how to assist this girl to escape.

Hardly had he set his mind to work on this problem when the silence was broken by the screech of a motor horn. The girl turned ghastly white. "That's father's search party out for me," she shuddered. "Hide me—hide me—quick!"

WITH almost intuitive discretion, he seized his raincoat and said, "Here, get into this." Then taking a towel from his pack, he bound up her head. "There, he encouraged, 'nobody would know you now. Just keep silent and I'll see that you get away safe.'"

A moment later a car swung around the bend into view. Richards stepped into the middle of the road and halted it. A huge black visaged man, somewhat beyond middle age glowered down at him savagely. Beside the fellow, sat a tall, thin, well-dressed young man whose shifty eyes surveyed Richards uneasily.

"Pardon me, Sir," Richards began, "My wife has had a serious accident. Would you mind taking us back to Silverhorn to a hospital?"

"Damn your wife," thundered he of the savage countenance. "We're looking for a young lady who passed this way last night. Have you seen anything of her?"

"No," returned Richards emphatically. "We've been on the road since yesterday morning and no woman's passed us, either riding or walking."

"Where are you from?" demanded the fellow gruffly.

"This side of the Barriere."

"And you mean you've seen no one in all that distance?"

"No one, Sir."

Turning to his companion at the wheels he remarked, "She's taken the West Fork Road." Then looking down at Richards he ordered, "jump in and we'll take you back to Silverhorn."

The young man threw his small pack to the rear seat and lifting the girl tenderly, carried her into the car and held her in his arms while the machine rumbled on down the road. The men in the front seat said nothing that could be heard until they entered the main street of the city; then shooting a glance back at Richards the older one asked, "General Hospital?"

"Please Sir," said Richards absently. His mind was busily employed on the immediate problem of getting the girl safely lodged in hospital, but he had reached no satisfactory solution when they pulled up in front of the stone entrance to the great building. An orderly stepped down and helped him alight with the girl.

"My wife has had a bad fall," Richards said excitedly.

"This way," the fellow ordered. "Do you want a private ward?"

"I think it would be better," Richards answered. He was beginning to see a possibility of keeping the girl's identity a secret. Leaving her in charge of a nurse, he went to the office and had her registered as Mrs. Eric Richards, aged twenty-four, three years married. Before leaving the building he had a few words with her in private when he told her of what he had done.

"Of course, you know," he hastened to add, "you will be perfectly free to do what you like when you get out of here."

"It's good of you," she said sadly as

she took his hand in hers—it's good of you to run all this risk for me."

"It's no risk," he faltered. "Anyway, if it is I enjoy it."

WITH a promise to return the following evening, he hurried off to look up work of some sort. His search carried him into every part of the city, but even in Silverhorn he discovered there were more men looking for jobs than jobs looking for men. As the afternoon wore on he began to despair of being able to find work where he could earn even enough for his own board. In the face of this, how was he to pay the hospital dues that he was responsible for. With these unhappy reflections for company, he sauntered down to the river's edge where he came upon a crew of tough looking men digging drains. He stopped and gazed down on those mud smeared, weary looking laborers with a feeling akin to pity. The foreman noticing him standing there came up and asked, "Want a job Bob?"

"You bet." The words leapt from the young fellow as if uttered by some unseen presence.

"Four dollars for eight hours. You can begin to-morrow morning," the foreman added as he hastened off down the trench.

"I'll be here," Richards called after him, and swinging about set his face towards the city.

Next evening he made his promised visit to the hospital and told the girl of his success.

"But," she admonished, "you mustn't do such hard work for my sake."

"But I like it," he insisted. "If you hadn't come along when you did, I might have committed suicide or done something worse." He paused while the girl searched his face for a meaning so his words. She said nothing so he continued, "My life had been nothing

"I would rather take in washing than be shut up inside those walls again."

"Then I hope you won't have to go back," he said in accents full of meaning.

Each evening she brought the talk around to the ranch on the Barriere.

"Could you go back there any time you wanted to?" she asked.

"Yes," he explained, "the house is empty and it's all my own."

"Do you think I'd be any good out there?" she laughed while she traced figures on the arm of her chair.

"I should say you would be!" he exclaimed eagerly, "but I'm sure you would be very lonely."

"What do you think I should do then, I can't go home again," she questioned.

Knowing what luxuries she had been accustomed to, he hadn't it in his heart to ask her to fling herself on his protection and let him take care of her future, so he simply said, "Why don't you become a nurse?"

This reply, both disappointed and startled her. "Oh," she cried, "I'm quite sure I could never be a nurse. I really don't know what I could do. You see, I was never trained to be useful."

He was at a loss for something to say, and seeing his embarrassment she laid a hand on his knee, concluding, "We'll see."

Next night he fairly danced into her room, his face beaming with joy. The first enquiries for her health over, he burst out with the news, "I've had great luck to-day. The boss has made me foreman of one of his gangs and raised my pay to thirty-five a week. I guess that pretty well ends my financial troubles for the time being."

"Oh, I'm so glad," she said with a caressing smile.

He looked at her fondly for a few moments and then pulling the evening paper from his pocket he ventured.



The Camp at Mt. Assiniboine—Canadian Alpine Journal.

but failure. I guess it's because I've had no one to think of or work for. I started out to be a lawyer but two years in an office so sickened me that I quit the work and went north as a timber cruiser. A few months of that and I felt dissatisfied as ever. Then I drifted from one job to another till finally I took up sheep ranching. Things went fairly well till last winter when the severe weather killed off most of my stock. I got discouraged and tried to sell out, but no one would buy. So the day before I met you I dropped everything and set out to find refuge in the glare and noise of the city."

The girl who had kept her eyes on the young man as he spoke smiled and said, "It's strange that my misfortune should be the means of averting a worse one for you."

"But that's life, isn't it?" he added. "We never know what a friend means till we're in trouble, do we?" she asked.

"No," he replied, "I suppose trouble is good for us."

Every evening he came and sat beside her and talked as he had never talked before. She, too, opened her heart under the glow of his genial sympathy and told him of her unhappy existence in her father's very conventional home.

"I'm afraid you'll miss your very conventional home when you get out into the world."

"Indeed, I won't," she flung back.

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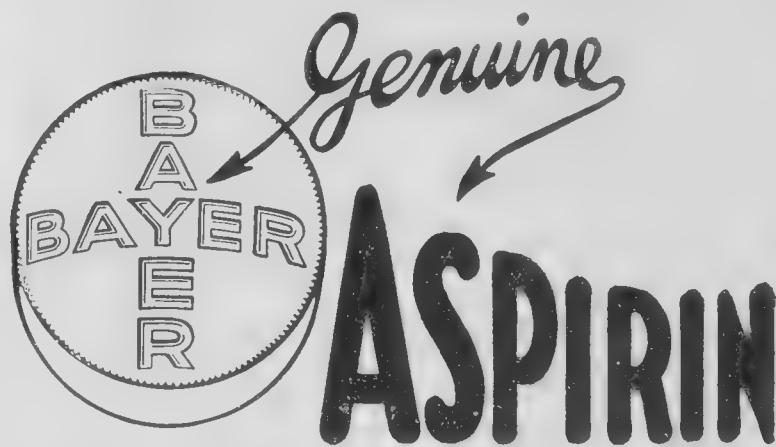
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Continued on page 56

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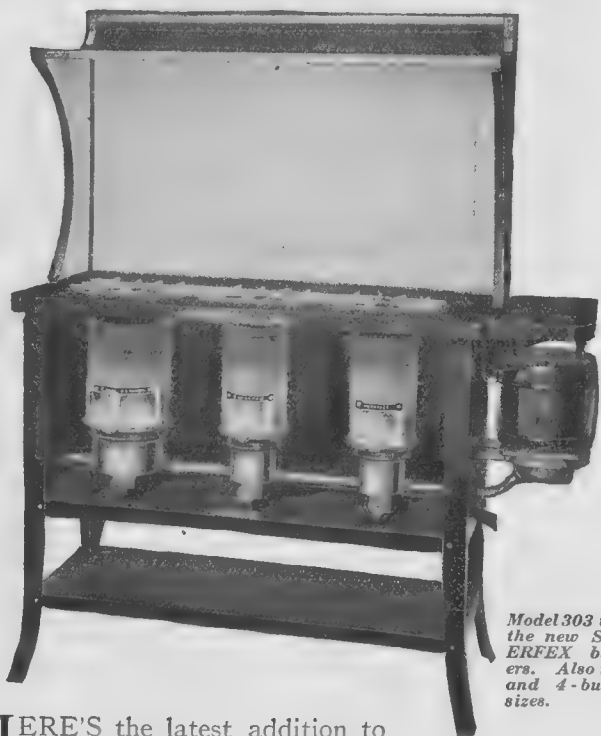
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New Perfection Burners are scientifically correct. They turn every drop of oil into clean intense cooking heat—no soot, no unpleasant odor—and the flame once set, stays set. You get perfect cooking control and real kitchen comfort all year 'round with a New Perfection.

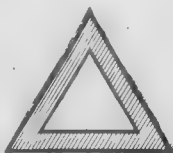
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ing class. You know that he advocated, even against his master's wish, the continuation of exploiting you; and if it were necessary, to use brute force against those who dare to speak the truth."

"Bah," mocked the hook-tender. "You talk like a boy who fears the school-mam's cane."

IT was not until the next day that the hook-tender learned how great was the disaffection among the men, through being kept in ignorance of the camp's financial affairs. He was compelled to call in his rigging crew, because the landing was full of logs, while an investigation revealed that the locomotive driver had stopped hauling. They found him asleep in the shade of a tree, the locomotive dead.

"This is a nice way to treat us. It's just about what Dillon's satellites would do," said the hook-tender, shaking the driver.

"I know it's a dirty trick," replied the driver, yawning. "But I had to dump the last load by myself, while our selected leader has taken a notion that urgent business calls him to Vancouver. And anyway, where do we come out on this?"

"I believe it's paying. And if we stop now we lose everything," said the hook-tender.

"True. And if we keep on the way we've been doing Dillon and his pets wax fat."

"Well, now, suppose we two have a quiet talk with Rawlson this evening," suggested the hook-tender.

That evening the full moon glowed softly over the bright sand on the beach, and the cool breeze, heavy-laden with the rich scent from the forest, lured Mike from his shack to soliloquize under a leaning cedar. He was trying to muster fortitude enough to leave the camp, when suddenly a shadow appeared from the path that leads to Rawlson's home and in a twinkling Lucy sprang into the pale light. Mike made no effort to stop her or draw her attention as she passed close by him; but his eyes followed her movements and inwardly he admired the grace and beauty of her every action. To-night was the first time he had noticed this particular trait, and he realized that Rawlson knew his own child. He looked after her with hungry heart as she skipped along the beach until she arrived in front of his shack, when she stopped, cast a few glances around and then stepped up to the door and rapped. Getting no response to her knocking she called Mike's name aloud. He rose and hurried to her side.

"What brings you here, Lucy, at this hour of the evening?" asked Mike.

"I overheard two of the men talking to papa," replied Lucy. "They claim not to have received any money from the sale of logs and they wish papa to investigate the books, as they themselves are incompetent to do so."

"That is a dilemma, especially since the crew have done fairly well," acknowledged Mike.

"Mike, if you'll get back the camp and put it on a paying basis, I'll marry you, though papa does not consent. Will you try?" she asked.

"You've only to ask and I'll try anything."

"I must go back home now, or father will miss me," she said, offering her hand.

Mike took the dainty hand and pressed it gently. Their eyes met for a brief look, but the next instant she was in his arms and their lips met in a firm caress, after which she wriggled loose and fled back to the path through the forest.

THE next morning, though he had tried hard, Mike had not formulated any plan whereby he could edge into the game. So he strolled towards the landing, hoping to get inspiration on his way. When he got to the landing, all was still. Neither could he hear any distant exhaust from the donkey-engine. Up the track a little way stood the locomotive, dead. Mike looked at it for a moment. With his old vim and determination he walked briskly to where it stood, scrutinized its condition, which proved to be good, and started through the old logging towards the cars, when suddenly, from behind a stump, close by, he heard voices and hurried towards the stump. About it were squatted the hook-tender and his rigging men, the engineers, and

some more of the crew, who were holding a special conference.

"Just in time," said the hook-tender as Mike sprang into their midst.

"What's the trouble?" asked Mike.

"Some of the men have started to loaf," replied the hook-tender, "and the other men want to see some returns for their labor."

Mike made use of this opportunity. "Well, I've got a little bill of about three thousand dollars against this outfit, for wages, and unless I get a big share of it in a week, I'll have to seize on the rolling stock."

The men made no reply, but they frowned at him; for they had no wish to see what little money there might be made, going to someone else.

"See here, young fellows," suggested Mike. "If it's agreeable, I'll run this affair until all of us get our money out of it, then we'll turn it over to Rawlson."

"No chance, Mike," replied the hook-tender. "Dillon's too cute to give up a good thing, so easy as all that."

"Will you fellows go to work, if I take hold of it?" asked Mike.

"Yes," agreed the men.

"All right. Light up," commanded Mike, jumping over a log on his way to the reading car.

"Any of you fellows like to go to work," he asked, bounding into the disordered car.

One of Dillon's backers, an ex-prize-fighter, felt nettled at the question, and snapped the reply:

"Aw! cheese it! you Irish pig, before I knock you down!"

Whatever fancy stunt the boxer might have done in the ring was lost on Mike, who, circling his arm around the fighter's neck, tossed the bully into an arm-chair, where he discreetly stayed. The ease with which Mike handled this man made the other men silent and amenable. Most of them volunteered for work. The other few were Dillon's supporters. But Mike had gathered enough of a crew to start logging that afternoon.

The following morning when the boat arrived Dillon's satellites were on the wharf, expecting him, but that worthy gentleman was still in Vancouver, enjoying some of the money from the first consignment of logs, and waiting to board the tug that was on its way with another boom, that he might collect the money on delivery of the logs and disappear. And as the camp had no means of communication with the outside world other than by boat, once a week, he felt secure.

The captain of the tug, who had been promised a substantial fee to obey, without asking questions, had already received his order to wait in the south bay, off Denman's Island, for a signal that a third boom of logs was ready. Dillon had also instructed his satellites to delay action on the third boom of logs. The instructions, however, were merely a blind to double-cross his accomplices and safely skip the country with the money from the two consignments of logs.

YET these men were disappointed because Dillon did not return, but they were entirely disheartened when they heard the screeching of the brakes on the drive wheels of the locomotive, the splashing of logs as they rolled into the bay, and the repeated sharp blasts of the steam whistle, signalling the engineer, indicating unusual activity which required harmony.

"We'd better join the working crew; it will throw off suspicion," suggested one of the men.

Mike was turning the leaves in a book, endeavouring to trace the shipment of the first boom of logs when Dillon's satellites entered the office.

"Well, I guess we may as well join the working crew," said one of the men.

Mike looked at them disapprovingly, regretting that they had decided to go to work; for he knew the crew would soon tire of them loafing and force them out of the camp, but there was no alternative now than to let them go to work.

Lucy, anxious to learn of any progress, had made an appointment to meet Mike at the end of trail on the beach every afternoon at two o'clock. Mike was a little late to-day in getting there, but Lucy was still calmly waiting, her blue eyes full of confidence in the man she had learned to love.

"Would you like to help me, Lucy?" asked Mike.

"Oh wouldn't that be joyful, if I could help you!"

Tearing a leaf out of his note-book, he wrote down several addresses and then gave it to her.

"And now, Lucy, if you hurry, you'll have time to catch the boat on its return call, for we shall need all the time at our disposal to get matters straightened out," advised Mike.

Half an hour later Mike saw her safely aboard the boat.

That night Dillon's satellites spread poisonous opinions among the crew, insinuating that Mike and Dillon were working together to get the camp in their own name, and rob the men of their earnings, hoping thereby to divert the men from the real issue. The credulous and discontented believed, so that in the morning Mike's crew had diminished considerably.

But however, unflinching and uncomplaining, Mike and the faithful few worked all the harder. Mike, staggering under the weight of the big, wire chockers, dragging them through the bush and ramming them under the end of logs, doing the work of two men, inspired every man about him to do his best.

The exhaust of the yarder engine sent live embers through the smoke-stack of the boiler, pulling in logs that were four feet through and forty feet long. The loading engineer using a duplex donkey

The locomotive driver was doing all within his power. He was rounding a curve with a slight decline without the use of the brakes. Mike was on the running board, on his way down to help the boom-man when suddenly he signalled the driver to stop. The driver applied the brakes carefully. But it was too late. The rails spread and, pushed by the gravity of the cars behind it, the locomotive plunged into the ties and jumbled them together ahead of itself until they formed an impassable barrier; but the impact of the loaded cars shot the locomotive sideways, which came to a stop at the base of a six foot fir stump. The cars, having twisted and broken the draw-bar, ploughed into the ties and stopped only when the head wheels of the truck sank to the axles in the earth.

MIKE had jumped after he had given the signal and shouted to the driver to do the same. The driver, however, stuck to his levers, and did his best to stop the train, believing also that to jump then was as dangerous as being in the cab. Luckily the locomotive sheered to the left, for the logs had battered that side as they pushed on past. The driver was uninjured. Mike ran to the locomotive when the cars had stopped. Both men looked at each other, amazed; for neither expected to see the other alive again. It was a joyful surprise and the driver smiled, but Mike sighed heavily as he looked at the wreck, and shook his head



Mt. Lefroy from Lake O'Hara—Canadian Alpine Journal.

engine, hoisted the logs onto the trucks with such swiftness and accuracy that it was only necessary for the loaders to put in the blocks and fasten the chains, while the forty-ton Shea locomotive snorted like a demon as it pulled its three-truck loads up the grade from the landing.

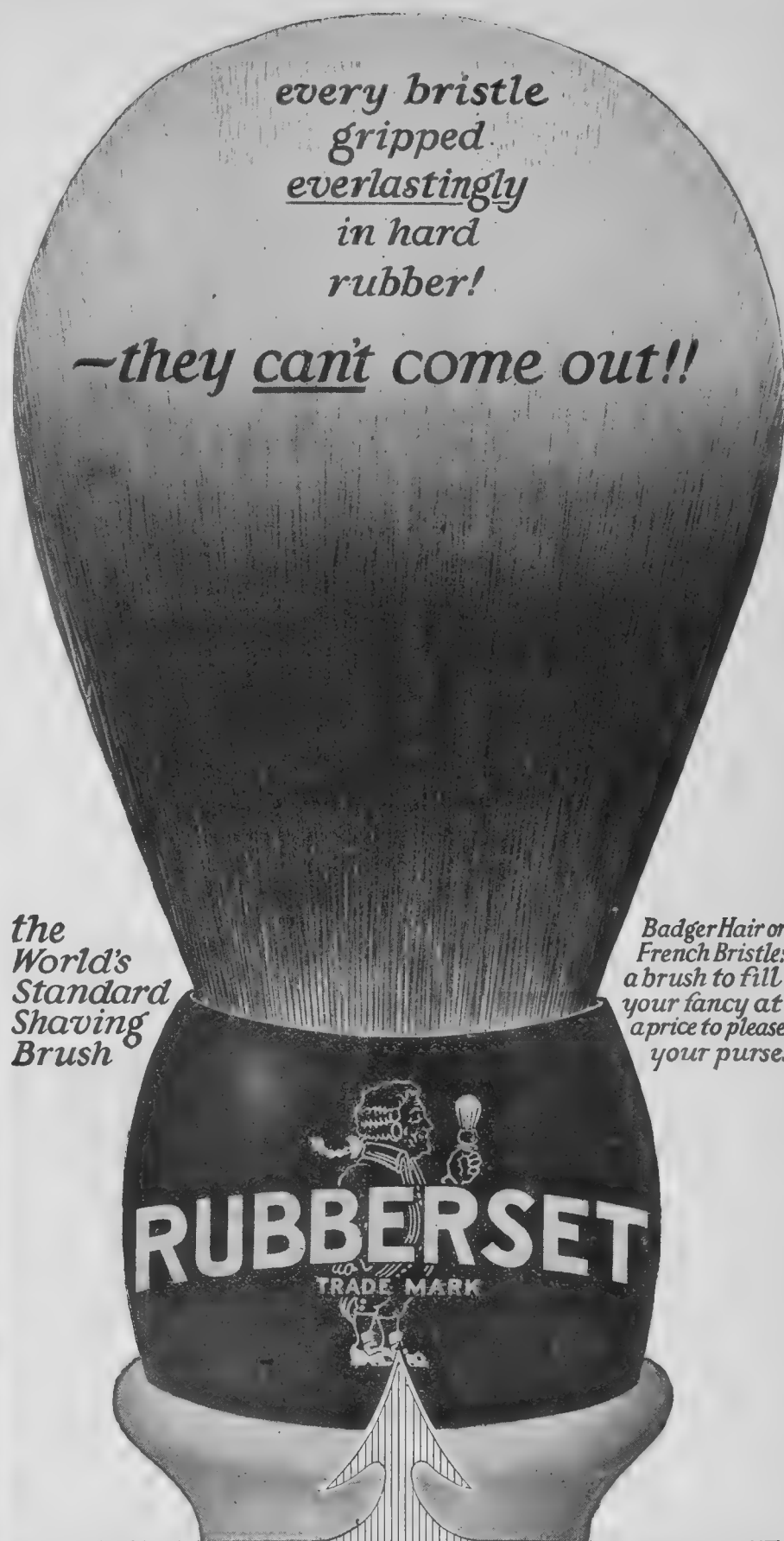
THE day's showing appalled the satellites, who then tried harder to disintegrate the few workers, but they were inseparable, and the other workers soon reunited and determined to complete the boom which was to be their salvation, even though the other two booms were entirely lost.

"I'd give all I own to know the cause," was all Mike said.

No serious damage was done to the rolling stock. They were forced, however, to unload the logs, and lay new rails, which took the entire crew the remainder of the day.

Hiding in the warehouse behind bales of hay, scanning the passengers as they passed through the shed, Dillon saw Lucy arrive in Vancouver. She checked her valise at the parcel office, walked up Columbia Street to Hastings Street and turned west. Stopping in front of a big block she took from her hand satchel the

Continued on page 56



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and after you have asked for RUBBERSET BRUSHES by name, look for the trade-mark shown above—Find it!—Spell it out! On shaving brushes and on paint and varnish brushes, make certain the little man is there, for in no other way can you always be sure of getting the GENUINE RUBBERSET you asked for!—

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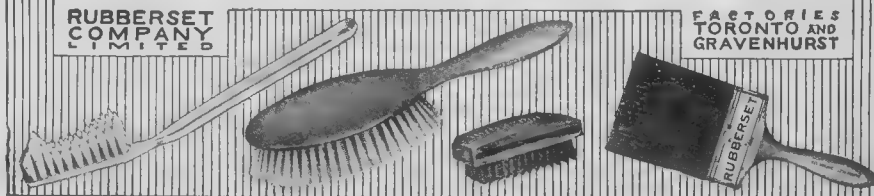
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IN A HIGHLAND SCHOOLHOUSE

By Hew MacLaine

IT is in the compensation of things that a belated and brief holiday finds us this evening in the happy precincts of a Highland schoolhouse. A tramp through leafy avenues of firs and birch and rowan, banks festooned with garlands of honeysuckle, of rasps blossoming into rosy pink, brambles ripening through their varied shades of green and red, tufts of heather peeping over the massive boulders, down whose cold and solemn faces the trickling water gives life to ferns and spongy mosses. On past meadows, here fields of golden grain, there patches of fragrant bog myrtle in the marshland; on, on till the sixteen miles brought us to the head of the loch, and there, nestling in the cunning nook, which we might readily have overlooked in the passing, is the schoolhouse from which we write. In the dim light of the evening it was just possible to discern the outline of the garden, and over there in the farthest corner, a desk and two or three chairs, under the waving branches of the ash trees that rose from the burn side. Happy the children who can have out-of-door lessons in such surroundings, and can the children's happiness have influenced the pleasant scene before us? They will be abed in their own homes at this hour, and we wish for them the sweetest dreams that ever came from fairyland.

It must always remain a secret how we bespoke the open sesame, just as we are pledged not to divulge why we elected to sleep in the schoolroom rather than in the "upstairs bedroom." Can you picture this schoolroom, with its maps, coloured illustrations of the four seasons of the year, charts showing potato and

gooseberry diseases, the revolving globe on whose surface the children sail the seas and climb the mountains of the world; the fireplace protected by a high-railed guard, and two rows of desks to accommodate a dozen scholars? Cramped at one of these desks where many initials are rudely carved, where among other interesting items we read that "J.B. loves M.C.," we seek the aid of the flickering candlelight to venture these lines concerning the enchanted corners of the room that for a few happy hours banished fatigue and all thought of sleep.

We are before a handsome bookcase now, filled with choicest favourites, and what a delight to run over the titles, wrest a chosen volume from its place, and scan familiar pages! What perversity is it that urges that the first book to be opened is "Elizabeth and Her German Garden?" And yet surely, if there had been more thought to such themes and correspondingly less to militarism, there would have been no war. Take, for instance, the sentence on this open page: "Well, it is no use being grieved, and, after all, directly I come out and sit under the trees, and look at the dappled sky, and see the sunshine on the cornfields away on the plain, all the disappointment smooths itself out, and it seems impossible to be sad and discontented when everything about me is so radiant and kind." Or take this from the companion volume, "The Solitary Summer": "The sky was full of stars, and the garden of scents, and the borders of wallflower, and sweet shy pansies. All the day there had been a breeze, and all day slow masses of white clouds had been sailing across the

blue. Now it was so still, so motionless, so breathless, that it seemed as though a quiet hand had been laid on the garden, soothing and hushing it into silence."

THE schoolhouse garden outside is now mantled in darkness, but here is another quotation from the last named volume equally appropriate at this moment and with which we heartily concur: "Books have their idiosyncrasies as well as people, and will not show me their full beauties unless the place and time in which they are read suits them." Here is Meredith, Morris, Tennyson, Shakespeare, Longfellow, Browning, Wordsworth, Burns, Jane Austen, George Eliot, George Borrow, Charles Reade and Kingsley. Mark Twain and Dickens are well represented, and if finger-prints indicate reading, "Westward Ho," "Tom Sawyer," and "Oliver Twist" have surely been in greatest demand. "Freckles," "Laddie," and "Daddy Long Legs," although the more recently acquired, have not by any means been neglected. But befitting our nationality and present quarters we have an inclination for Scottish books, and confronted with this array, we are conscious of Scotland's enviable place in the realms of literature. If we cannot claim Johnson as a countryman, we take credit for affording him material for his "Journey to the Western Isles," and wasn't he fortunate in having for biographer the greatest exponent of his art and a Scotsman to boot? Here we have Campbell's "Popular Tales of the Highlands," Eyre Todd's "Glasgow Poets," "David MacRae," Hugh Miller, and Scott's complete works, with "Ivanhoe" and "Rob Roy" competing for first place in the affections of their many readers. William Black, Neil Munro, Ian Maclaren, Crockett, and Barrie occupy prominent positions on these shelves; and indicating the literary taste of the pupils of this school and their parents, "A Princess of Thule," "John Splendid," "Margaret Ogilvy," and "A Window in Thrums" have been frequently handled. George MacDonald, too, has many admirers as is exemplified by the much-thumbed "Robert Falconer" and "David Elginbrod."

It is when we come to R. L. Stevenson we realize what a master of his craft he was, and while he must always be our first favourite for the open road, we have been fortunate to light upon this remote haven where he would have been delighted beyond words; and since he is also excellent company for indoors, surely we can never hope for a more congenial place in which to commune with the beloved Tusitala. What a testimony to his gifts is this volume, "Treasure Island," which appears to have been through more hands than all the other books in this library put together. Yes! we have guessed correctly, that projecting page, the edges frayed and blackened, contains the words that held us spell-bound so long ago:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum.
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum."
"Kidnapped" and "The Master of Ballantrae" are here, and almost smothered beneath a few bound volumes of the "Windsor Magazine" we unearth "Travels with a Donkey," "Virginibus Puerisque," "Vailima Letters," "Songs of Travel," and "A Child's Garden of Verse." From the latter we renew our affectionate appreciation of the dedication to dear, sweet Cummy—

"For the long nights you lay awake
And watched for my unworthy sake.
For your most comfortable hand
That led me through the uneven land.
For all the story books you read—
For all the pains you comforted.
For all you pitied, all you bore,
In sad and happy days of yore.
My second Mother, my first wife,
The angel of my infant life—
From the sick child, now well and old,
Take Nurse, the little book you hold."

We read again a few of those letters written in exile, from far-away Samoa, and are touched anew with Stevenson's love of country and pathos of his yearning

for the scenes of youth. "I shall never," he writes to a literary contemporary in Scotland, "take that walk by the Fisher's Tryst and Glencorse. I shall never see Auld Reekie. I shall never set my foot again upon the heather. Here I am until I die, and here will I be buried. The word is out, the doom is written."

Do you know where the road crosses the burn under Glencorse Church? Go there and say a prayer for me. Moriturus salutatur. See that it is a sunny day. I should like it to be a Sunday. And stand on the right bank, just where the road goes down into the water, and shut your eyes, and if I don't appear to you—well it can't be helped."

But the night is far spent, and we must to bed. We go off to sleep with the open page of "Songs of Travel" at our bedside, and with these words echoing and re-echoing within us, we already feel fortified for to-morrow's journey.

"Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me;
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me.
Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me."

HOW TO FIND HAPPINESS

By Rose Laing

Who can tell us the "secret of happiness". It always seems to me to be like Salvation, every one has got to find their own.

Personally I think we do not any of us really understand what we are looking for. If in this mad rush after it we would some time stand quite still—we might see we were chasing our shadows instead of the sunshine. The happiness is not as I've long realized and to be found in the future and in the past, or in madly racing after it—It is right here—Can't you see it friend? It is waiting for you to pick it up! Sounds queer no doubt but just try and realize things. Not tomorrow, not next year but today.

How many years have you wanted your happiness—Bring it now and those around you, you'll thus find you are sharing. Every one who brings happiness to others is a charm holder in the company.

Are you a mother? I am, well listen to your little ones laughing—try and make them laugh a little more—what ever you do in life put your best into it. Let us go through each and every day as though it might be our last. Enjoy it—Don't fret and worry because you could not get through all your work—God knows our limits—He does not expect us to do more than we can, but he does expect us so to help those around us that they may realize it is good to have us near—which would you rather—a visit from that laughing happy friend of yours who never seems to find life dull, or that clever smart friend who always makes us feel a back number. Does not happiness radiate from some kindly natures—you can scarcely pass them in the street without feeling a wee bit of sunshine that gleamed in their smile.

God's angels are to my mind the happy souls we meet—Sometimes a little child impresses us by its bright and happy face—Sometimes an old lady also by her tranquil sweet expression. Who has not met an old man contentedly smoking his peaceful pipe in life's evening and felt strangely hushed and strengthened by a talk. Our middle age seems as a rule so rushed and busy, but we ought to find time for happiness even so. Don't say, if only I had this or that—Say I have got so much to make me happy. Haven't you somebody's love?—If not whose fault is it? And love remember is God's Greatest Gift—for God is love—and love brings happiness and service—Self sacrifice brings happiness and of the best kind, for those who think for others have no time to waste in sorrow for themselves.

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OVERALLS

NORA ON A FARM

NORA Breen had done, what to her friends, was an unheard of thing. She had married a Farmer! When she first met Bruce Sydney, he was a soldier and she had fallen so in love with him that, to quote her own words, "she would have gone to the North Pole with him."

When he had proposed taking her to Canada and had told her he had a farm out there, she had said:—"O how delightful. A farm is such a romantic kind of place! It must be lovely to watch the cows in the pasture and the lambs frisking all over the grass!"

Nora's friends, however, had been loud in their protests of condemnation with regard to her marriage.

"You marry a common farmer," one has said. "It is preposterous!"

"But Bruce is not a common farmer," Nora had declared. "He's got a University education."

"Then why can't he remain in a City," had been asked. To which question, Nora had replied by saying something about his health and that country life was much more interesting.

"You don't know what you're in for," an Aunt had said.

"O yes, I do," affirmed Nora, whose knowledge of farm life and been gleaned solely from Christmas cards and a few novels!

It was no use protesting. Nora had always had her way; besides, she was of age and therefore free to do as she pleased.

"You'll be sorry for it as long as you live," an old school chum had assured her.

"O no, I shan't," Nora had answered. Being very much in love, she believed in what she said.

Bruce Sydney certainly made an ideal lover and in his khaki uniform, he looked very handsome. His keen blue eyes had a kindly look in them which appealed to Nora. She felt that her friends were jealous of her because she had someone to protect her and to help her over the rough places of life.

Her journey from England to the West of Canada was uneventful, and then Bruce left her in a town for three days, while he went to put his house in order for her. Nora fell in love with Canadian town life at once. The note of hospitality, the absence of class distinctions and the general freedom from care in this city as compared with the hustle of London, appealed to her strongly. She would not have minded living in the city—if only Bruce had been with her. Still, she was very excited when he came to take her away, and when she saw his buggy and the two black horses so well matched, she felt she was rich indeed.

"It's like having a carriage and pair," she told him, as they started on their thirty mile journey. Nearing their destination, she saw a white-washed house, on the top of a hill, with a pretty background of spruce trees.

"It's beautiful," exclaimed Nora.

"I'm glad you like it," said Bruce. "I hope you won't find it lonely. We're two miles from the nearest neighbor."

"We don't want a crowd," answered his wife. "We'll be much happier alone."

THE house was spotlessly clean and well, although plainly furnished.

"Why are those two pails of water under the table," asked Nora, as she changed the places of a few things.

"They don't show so much there," remarked her husband.

"But why have them in the house at all," asked Nora.

Bruce looked surprised. "It's the way they do here," he answered. "Outside they would get dusty."

Nora had not heard him. She was off on another voyage of discovery.

"Where's the sink," she asked presently.

"Sink," echoed Bruce. "We haven't got one. We may get all those modern conveniences as we make money; but we must start at the beginning."

"How do we get water," asked Nora.

"From the well, of course," answered her husband. "Don't you bother about that. I'll keep you supplied with water and wood. You mustn't worry about anything. Just be happy, that's all I want."

For the next two weeks, Nora was supremely happy, as she wandered round her one hundred and sixty acres of land and was, in turn, introduced to the cows,

the horses and the chickens. They made a pretty picture, as she had thought they would! As for Rollo, the big collie dog, he and his mistress became friends from the start.

The third week, Bruce was very business-like, after breakfast.

"We've taken life easily, so far," he said. "But now it is nearing seeding time and I'll have to be in the field all day. I'm afraid I'll have to hand over the cows and the chickens to you."

"The cows! What do you mean," asked Nora, aghast.

"There are only two to milk," observed Bruce. "Later on, I hope we'll have six. Of course, if it gets too much for you, I'll help."

"Do you mean that I have to milk the cows," asked Nora.

"Why, yes. All the women do around here, at seeding time and during the harvest. I'll look after them in the Winter."

"But I never milked a cow in all my life," objected Nora.

"It's not hard," laughed Bruce. "I'll soon teach you."

However, Bruce found that he could not teach his wife to milk cows. She was terrified of them, and nothing would induce her to try.

"Well," said her husband. "If anyone had told me that there was such a thing as a farmer's wife who was afraid of her own cows, I'd never have believed him."

This remark started their first quarrel.

"It isn't fair," protested Nora. "You never told me there were cows to milk."

"I told you I had a bunch of cattle," said Bruce.

"But you never told me I should have to milk them," objected his wife.

"Then what else did you think they were for," asked Bruce. "To look at?"

Tears of irritation sprang to Nora's eyes and stamping her foot, she returned to the house.

"I'll never milk a cow," she said to herself. "No, I won't!"

Farm life, from that day on, lost its romance. Nora wanted to throw potato peelings and other kitchen rubbish in the fire. "It's so sanitary," she remarked. But Bruce insisted that all this be kept for the pigs.

"Dirty pigs," exclaimed Nora. "I wonder why we have to keep pigs."

THE mail was another source of annoyance to Nora, who had been used to having it brought to her very door. It was now seven miles away and Bruce could only fetch it on Sundays, when they went to the village church. There were many Saturday nights when he worked over time and said the horses were too tired to go, so the mail would have to wait.

"But it's our only diversion," sighed Nora, as she settled to a Churchless Sunday, while Bruce contentedly smoked his pipe and read a newspaper two or three weeks old!

"You're not looking very well," he remarked to his wife on one of these Sundays.

She certainly had grown thinner since she came to the farm, and there were shadows about her great, wistful eyes.

"I'm all right," she snapped. Farm life was making her snappish! "I haven't changed my dress, if that's what you mean," she went on.

"Maybe that's it," said Bruce. "Why don't you put on some of your pretty things?"

"Here," exclaimed Nora. "And get them all messed up carrying the pail to the pigs!"

"I'll take that on Sundays, as I'm around," said Bruce.

"Even then," answered Nora. "Why should I dress up? No one ever comes. Do you want me to dress for the animals?"

"Well, no," replied Bruce, laughing. "You might for me."

"You never see what I have on," sneered Nora.

There was a different tone in her voice. It made Bruce lay down his paper.

"Aren't you happy," he asked.

"Happy? Here?" questioned Nora.

"Why not?" asked Bruce. "I give you all I can."

"I don't want things," cried Nora. "I want people."

Continued on page 27

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PROSPERITY COMING

NO matter where you look no matter to whom you talk, if you are looking for signs of coming prosperity you will find them. 1922 will be the year you will look back upon and say, "That was the year when we turned the corner." Progress is in the air and well founded optimism is gradually driving away the gloom of pessimism. We are confident, and in being confident we are basing our opinion upon real facts. At no time during the past two or three years were there so many signs of coming prosperity as there are today. [We need only mention a few of them.

1. Freight rates are coming down.
 2. Good immigrants are coming in.
 3. Crop conditions generally are excellent.
 4. Labor is coming down.
 5. The things the farmer has to buy are getting cheaper, slowly but surely.
- There are other good signs, but these are the outstanding ones. In the face of them, the West is getting back into its stride and next fall will see us right round the corner.

President Beatty Discusses Freight Rates

THE annual meeting of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was held in Montreal early in May. President Beatty placed the company's annual report for 1921 before the shareholders and when all things are taken into consideration the report must be considered a very satisfactory one. It showed that the business depression caused a marked reduction in gross earnings, a decrease of almost \$24,000,000, but to meet this condition the company effected many economies and succeeded in reducing operating expenses to such an extent that net earnings for 1921 show a slight increase over 1920. The splendid organization which the company has, both as to men and equipment, enabled it to cut its expenses materially without affecting in the slightest degree the efficiency of the service it rendered to the public.

Dealing with the immigration problem President Beatty pointed out that sales of the company's farm lands had been small during 1921. He urged the necessity for an active immigration policy on the part of the government and insisted that this was the logical time to go after British and North European agriculturists, particularly because the development of an immigration movement takes some years and now is the time to start such development. The C. P. R. has been the most active colonization agent in Canada for some years, having settled 54,000 immigrants upon its own lands and has been instrumental in securing large numbers to settle on other lands. Since its incorporation the company has spent \$68,000,000 through its land settlement department, a larger sum than the Dominion Government has spent on immigration during the same period.

Speaking upon the urgent demand for reduced freight rates Mr. Beatty said that much of the present slackness in business was attributed to high freight rates. He did not agree with this and said, "It is, in my opinion, an entirely erroneous impression that the existing rates are the cause rather than the result of the present economic conditions, the most important of which, from a transportation standpoint, is the present scale of wages and working conditions which the railways were compelled to accept during the war." He stated that the directors of the C. P. R. agreed that "the scaling

down of freight rates should be begun with reductions on basic commodities, especially in those industries which have felt the depression most severely."

The Crow's Nest Pass agreement which will come back into force on July 7 next, unless the federal government postpones or modifies present legislation is delaying the adoption of a definite policy in relation to freight rates. The Crow's Nest Pass agreement was made in 1897 and applied to the conditions then prevailing and fixed freight rates accordingly. But President Beatty states that a big change has taken place in the meantime. Wages are higher to the extent of from 82% to 368% than they were in 1898 and fuel and rails cost more than double. The operating rates of the company in 1897 was 57.16%. That is to say it cost the company \$57.16 to handle \$100 worth of business. In 1921 the operating ratio was 82.28%.

Canada's Cash Register

THE cash register operated by the federal government did not ring up quite so much money during the year ending March 31, 1922 as it did in the preceding year. In the 1922 period ordinary revenue totalled \$371,519,454 as compared with \$451,366,029 in the preceding period.

Details of the 1922 revenue are as follows:

Customs	\$104,420,451
Excise	36,581,356
Post Office	24,368,485
Public Works etc.	1,269,345
War Tax Revenue:	
Inland revenue	72,628,564
Business profits tax	22,680,383
Income Tax	78,392,562
Miscellaneous	31,178,305

Total\$371,519,454

It is interesting to note the percentage of the total revenue which the different forms of receipts represent, especially when compared with the percentages for the previous period, thus:

	1922	1921
Customs	28%	36%
Business profits Tax	6%	8%
Income Tax	21%	8½%

Trade depression caused a big slump in customs but it will be noticed that the income tax increased considerably.

Cost Of Farming In Saskatchewan

WHEN presenting Saskatchewan's case for a wheat board before the Agricultural Committee at Ottawa, Hon. C. M. Hamilton, Minister of Agriculture for that province gave some interesting figures relating to the cost of farming in Saskatchewan. He dealt with what he considered to be an average wheat farm. He figured the investment as follows: Land, \$8,000; buildings, \$2,000; Stock and implements, 2,000; total, \$12,000. The liabilities he calculated as: \$3,000 land mortgage; \$2,000 in sundry debts, making a total of \$5,000. Annual expenditures were estimated as follows: interest on debts, \$400; taxes, \$50; food, clothing and fuel, \$1,200; labor, \$480; board of labor, \$200; horse maintenance, \$480; seed wheat \$360; oats, \$60; hail insurance, \$120; binder twine, \$80; threshing wheat, \$473; threshing oats, \$163; total expense \$4,107. From the wheat crop the farmer got \$1,894 and from the oat crop, \$327, all of which left a total loss of \$1,885 in actual cash beside the value of time given to the farm by the farmer and his family. "We can't get along under these conditions" commented Mr. Hamilton.

Suggested Changes In The Income Tax

THE Dominion Income Tax act has been in force for over four years and a number of improvements therein seem to be necessary as a result of the experiences which its operation has given in that time. Perhaps the most important change required is to make a clear distinction between earned and unearned income for taxation purposes. The act at present makes no such distinction and treats income, whether earned or unearned, on the same basis. This means that the taxpayer who, by the sweat of his brow, earns \$5,000 per annum is taxed on that sum just the same as another fellow who does nothing all year, but collects interest to the extent of \$5,000 on investments. The man who works for his living deserves some concession.

Then there is the question of exemptions. A married couple, each of whom have an income, have an advantage over the family where the husband receives all the income. For instance if Mr. and Mrs. Jones, have no children, and each have an income of \$2,000 per annum, making \$4,000 for the family, they are exempt from taxation. Mr. Smith, a married man, is the income producer for the Smith family—his wife has no separate income. He earns \$4,000 per annum, making the total for his household the same as it is for the Jones household, and yet Smith has to pay income tax on \$2,000. This is obviously unfair.

Another very objectionable feature to the present act is that it requires the taxpayer to calculate his own tax. This causes much unnecessary confusion and is one of those things which produces very little, except trouble, annoyance and often times expense for the taxpayer.

Said One Farmer To Another

FOR whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." That saying is as true today as it was two thousand years ago. We as farmers have been sowing automobiles, tractors, trucks, gasoline engines, electric light plants, fine buildings, elegant furniture, etc. We have neglected our farms and turned them over to the hired man. And now we are paying the price. The immediate future is bright if we will push the clouds away. It is back to the farm—back to hard work—back to economy—back to an industrious life and for those who accept this program there is a sure reward.

The Wildfowl Hospital

Continued from page 6

comes ashore at night and we would like to hold him for a minute to see that wonderfully marked head. The top is a crest of purple black falling onto a wave of sea green which falls onto white. The most beautiful head in the wild duck family, and such a huge bird too. He is sitting away out near "Old Man Rock" as I write. There is a fierce Easter blowing, a swift tide running and snow swirling along—but he sits there as if he was in the most comfortable place along the shores. We do hope he gets well or comes into our hospital.

Near him is a wounded female whistler, a very shy bird, further along a few female eiders and surf ducks, all wounded, sit out the terrors of the night on this most exposed coast. We pity them.

A Memory

I loved him for he was my friend,
And now our friendship has an end,
He was a noble man and kind,
Furnished with a cheerful mind,
A guide and lover such as few,
Could boast to have life's journey through.
Now he is dead, and oh, my heart
Is one o'erwhelm'd and bitter smart,
In loneliness with weary pain
I long to see his face again,
To recreate the old-time spell
Between our hearts that loved so well,
This merry month of flaming June,
Seems to mock life's saddened time,
And I but think amid its glow,
That on his grave the roses blow.

S. J. Looker.

The Idyll of Quebec

THE man from the West does things. Quebec makes epigrams. The English speaking citizen stands for macadam; our French friends for oratory. The Britishers do big, practical things which enter vitally into life; our French friends say the poignant thing which guarantees a thrill. There is something delicate about the Latin, however humble he may be. He expresses an instinctive politeness. He offers a cordial greeting, warm with good nature. The Briton is brusque and direct, and goes up and down the world adding big slices to the Empire. The Frenchman "senses" the spiritual. He finds a profound significance in the varying aspects of his simple fields. In his homespun and his remoteness from the disintegrating life of the city, you can find the unspoiled human, charming to know, simple, warm hearted and polite, with a courtesy which goes deep down. His is the simple life, which many a harried creature might envy. The soil is his own; and in ownership he finds a large content.

He is generally thought to be on the surface; but he is not indifferent to the wild song birds. He rarely misses to cultivate a little bit of garden, and the Church to which he always manages to get close, preserves the sense of the spiritual. The soil is kindly; the seasons are propitious; and that simple creature, when he goes to bed, has no terror to keep him awake. He says his prayers, he tells the Cure his troubles; and the Cure is God to the habitant. In "soutane" he knows every family history to the last detail. He helps in the division of the land to the young folk, if the latter can be prevailed to stay upon it. He brings the latter together in courtship and marriage. In a word he is the general administrator. Should he be bitter for the passion for big Churches, the village will be squalid; but if he should be simple there will be a large content.

The habitant may not be progressive. He is not too certain about scientific farming. He likes the old ways. He asks no questions. When he begins to ask questions, there will be more machinery and more female votes in the province, as the town goes out to meet him, he becomes sophisticated. In the New England States there are over a million French Canadians who have lost their names and mental and moral texture.

The habitant is a most engaging figure, "Let not ambition mock his useful toil." There is something pathetic in his simplicity. He has quaint humor too, and loves the happy laughter which gregariousness guarantees.

The habitant is at home. He has been here 300 years. He is not complex at all. His naturalness is full of charm. While the vicious politicians may try to make a breach between the French and English, the habitant has the most cordial feelings toward his fellow citizens in the west.

Wicked misrepresentations may provoke him; but his desire is to live at peace with all men. He has heard that the French are eaten regularly for dinner in the west; but if you let him alone you will find him a good neighbor. He is deeply attached to the soil; and it is a wrench when he comes to divide it with his children. Having done so, however, he creeps near the Church, where he can say his prayers. He smokes his pipe and sings his song, and no hatred of the English is in his thought.

The Britishers are doing big things in the West, practical as they are. They are changing wildernesses. They are harnessing nature to big hauls. They are making a crowded map in the West, nor does the habitant wish them ill. He has his own genius. And when the fields smile with him, he has a glad and thankful heart. He might perhaps be more up to date; but if so, you would miss a picturesque figure which expresses about all the poetry left on this hasty continent.

A big Irishman, who had evidently been drinking, arose in a street car and gave the bell strap a sharp pull. The conductor exclaimed angrily, "Here, don't do that. You're ringing the bell at both ends of the car."

"That's all right. Bedad (hic), an' I want both inds of the car to shtop."

Anne, Vanessa and Doreen Had Been School Friends Together, and when they married they made a compact.

*"That Every Month—
For Twenty Years—
Each One—
Should Put Away—
Ten Dollars—
To Be Spent—
At the End of that Time—
On Her Dearest Desire."*

Doreen's Story

Doreen
Had married earlier
Than the others.
And had a daughter
Some years
Before the compact
Was made.

** * **
*But every year since
She had paid the whole
Of her savings into
A Twenty-Year
Endowment Policy.*

** * **
And when this daughter
Claire
Married young also,
And had a little son;
Doreen was pleased and proud
To be a Grandmother
So soon.

** * **
But the Little Lad
—Tho' round-limbed, smooth-
skinned, and rosy
When first he came—
Did not grow
In a way to satisfy
Loving hearts.

** * **
And when he was a year old
He could not yet
Sit up alone.

** * **
Love and Devotion;
Anxious hours: And much money
from a small income
Was spent upon him
Without success.

** * **
And the hearts of his parents
And Grandparents
Were racked with pain.

** * **
But one day to a distant city
(From a foreign land)
Came a Great Doctor.

** * **
"If our Little Lad
Could go to him"
Said Doreen—
"It is possible
That he might be cured."

** * **
"If wishes were Horses," said his
mother Claire, bitterly:
"But then you know
We have no money
For that long, long journey;
For the hospital:
The Operation:
The Nurses;
The after care—"

** * **
And gathering
Her ailing Baby
Against her heart
She wept the cruel tears
Of a Mother's despair.

** * **
Then Doreen
Kneeling beside her
With her arms around both,
Said—"Dearest
**My Twenty-Year Endowment
Policy**

Will be due in two years:
And on it I can borrow
Enough money
For the Whole Thing!"

** * **
So with this blessed
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At a moment's notice,
She bought
For the Beloved Baby
That Greatest of Gifts
Health!

101

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Music in the Home

GET IT OVER BEFORE 10 P.M.

The average person attending the average musical programme is satisfied that it lasts too long. Whether one is listening to singing, or instrumental music, from 8.15 sharp to 10 o'clock is long enough. It may be that some audiences contain a larger percentage of those out to get their full money's worth than do others. But most folks like to leave the hall feeling they could have stood a little more rather than feeling they had all they wanted.

One difficulty is so few programmes commence at 8.15 promptly. Of course they all are advertised to; but about 8.20 some of the interested parties take turns peeking through the curtain to see how full the hall is. The audience reads the programme over several times, empties its chocolate boxes, gossips and yawns until 8.30, and often 8.40, when the evening's programme is proceeded with before a semi-exhausted gathering.

When will 8.15 sharp mean 8.15 sharp? Those responsible for programmes ought to realize by now that no matter whether it is a number of Beethoven, Wagner, Saint-Saens, Schubert, Brahms, Mendelssohn or any other composer, it would be infinitely more appreciated before 10 o'clock than after that hour.

MUSIC SUPPLANTS GOSSIP

A radio-phone has been installed back stage at the Music Box Theatre in New York, and the members of the cast of the revue take turns "listening in" on concerts during their stage waits each night. Tom Oliphant says the instrument is proving so absorbing that gossip and jealousy are becoming unknown quantities behind the curtain. Great is the radio-phone.

FORTUNES IN MUSIC

The fortunes now being made in music by a great many men have gained respect for the musician among those of our practical business men who have the materialistic streak of our pioneer ancestors strongly fixed in them.

There are, of course, thousands of poor musicians, and always will be, but in every occupation there are thousands of poorly paid workers in comparison with the rich men at the top.

Many leading music teachers in the world at the present time are earning anywhere from ten to fifty thousand dollars a year, while the earnings of several noted vocal and instrumental artists run away beyond these figures.

ENRICHING HUMAN EXPERIENCE BY MEANS OF MUSIC

If the art of music is worthy of the dignity of human devotion, it is worth considering a little seriously without depreciating in the least the lighter pleasures to which it may minister. If music is to be a mere toy and trifle, it would be better to have no more to do with it. But what the spirit of man has labored at for many centuries can not only be a mere plaything. The marvellous concentration of faculties towards the achievement of such ends as actually exist must of itself be enough to give the product human interest. Moreover, though a man's life may not be prolonged, it may be widened and deepened by what he puts into it, and any possibility of getting into touch with those highest moments in music, in which great ideals were realized, in which noble aspirations and noble sentiments have been successfully embodied, is a chance of enriching human experience in the noblest manner.

Through such sympathies and interests the humanizing influences which mankind will hereafter have at its disposal by music may be infinitely enlarged.

A "STUNT" FOR A MUSICAL EVENING

It is quite the order nowadays for young people to hold musical evenings either in their homes or in their clubs and societies. Naturally, those who are responsible for the program at these gatherings are continually on the look-out for new ideas. Here is one which, it is believed, would create considerable interest amongst those present at such a gathering.

The idea is to jot down the names of a dozen or two well-known musical compositions, but instead of placing opposite each one the composer's name, to mix up the various composer's names. The game would then be to place the names of the composers in the right order, so that they would come opposite their own compositions. Here is an example:

Place the names of the composers in their right order, so that they come opposite their own compositions.

1. William Tell—Overture.....Dvorak
2. Bohemian Girl.....Rachmaninoff
3. Humoresque.....Beethoven
4. Olds Folks at Home.....Verdi
5. The Erl King.....Mendelssohn
6. Blue Danube Waltz.....Rossini
7. Prelude in C Sharp Minor.....Balfe
8. Moonlight Sonata.....Strauss
9. Spring Song.....Grieg
10. La Traviata.....Foster
11. Danse Macabre.....Schubert
12. Peer Gynt Suite.....Saint-Saens

The correct tabulation, of course, would be:

1. William Tell—Overture.....Rossini
2. Bohemian Girl.....Balfe
3. Humoresque.....Dvorak
4. Olds Folks at Home.....Foster
5. The Erl King.....Schubert
6. Blue Danube Waltz.....Strauss
7. Prelude in C Sharp Minor.....Rachmaninoff
8. Moonlight Sonata.....Beethoven
9. Spring Song.....Mendelssohn
10. La Traviata.....Verdi
11. Danse Macabre.....Saint-Saens
12. Peer Gynt Suite.....Grieg

HIGH SCHOOL GLEE CLUBS

Extracts From An Address By R. L. Osborne, Before the Eastern Music Teachers' Conference

Many high schools have music courses that are a source of pride and inspiration to the school and to the entire community. In such schools you will find numerous and varied musical organizations, with abundant opportunity given all students for both general and special training. Foremost among these organizations will be found the glee clubs. This club of the new era is a permanent organization made up of from twelve to twenty or thirty members. The director of music has charge of the rehearsals, which occur once or twice each week, usually after school hours. The members are selected by the director during the first few weeks of the school year while he is putting the entire student body through the process of voice testing and classification. Careful attention is given to range and quality of voice and to ability to sing simple music at sight. It is the aim of the director to select the best voices in the school for the clubs and to keep out any who might in any way hinder the clubs from winning a place of high standing and usefulness.



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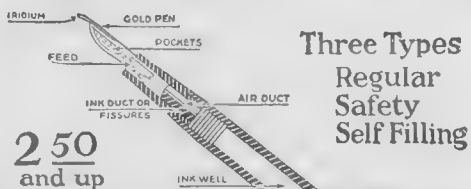
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The boys' glee club is the most difficult problem of high school music, as the general condition of the boy voice during the high school period is such as to make sustained effort in singing unwise. It has been found advantageous to begin the year's work with boys in effort to get a good sonorous unison. The tones used should be softened, open tones covered, attack, enunciation and other details given careful attention. The girls' glee club should receive the same careful attention as the boys'. Two mistakes are common. One, the assigning of sopranos to alto parts; the other is the continuance of using material that gives the alto no opportunity to use her upper tones.

The greatest incentive to work with our clubs is the opportunity to appear in public. A wide-awake, efficient glee club aids much in developing school spirit, and in advertising the school. The glee club may, and should, take as prominent a place in school life as the football team.

Poorer Enunciation Singing In English Than In A Foreign Tongue

Singing in a foreign language before a public of whom but few know or speak the language, allows the singer to pass almost unquestioned, but let the singer sing in his own language before his own people, and what do we find? He thinks that because it is his native tongue he knows it, and therefore the study that he is usually forced to exert in learning a foreign text is here often not considered necessary, and we have the anomaly of a man singing less distinctly in his native language than in a foreign one.

"This statement holds true of most nations," writes Frederic Warren in Musical America, advocating opera in English, "but the condition is particularly evident in England and America, where but few of the classics are first mastered in English. American and English singers learn, as a rule, to sing in from two to four languages; and, however praiseworthy that may be, their own language suffers in the process. A number of French and German singers learn Italian and French, but, as in France all operas, oratorios and songs are sung in French, so in Germany they are sung in German; in Italy, in Italian; hence the artists naturally become proficient in their own language."

We are the sinners, suffering from a plague of polyglot opera and song-recital. We pay too little heed to our own master language with its wealth of words and its poetical power. Have the singers of America taken thought of the great difference that exists between the English spoken by our best actors and the English heard in singing?

"There is no doubt that many of the failures of operas and songs, as well as of many singers, can be laid to carelessness in not mastering the English text. It is a sad thing to hear an otherwise accomplished singer sing 'mountin' and 'fountain,' and in everyday recital to hear so many solecisms in singing English. It is true that translations are mostly poor, but if we clamor for better ones we shall get them; and then one day we shall have a national opera in English. Let us hope that day will come soon. It behooves our singers to get ready and lead the way."

A Way In Music

A number of years ago a Scottish family emigrated to Inverness, Quebec. One of the daughters in this family was especially fond of music and very desirous of learning how to play. But money was scarce with them and music was looked upon as a luxury.

A music teacher in the town who gave lessons on a parlor organ told this young girl that if she would find some way herself of practising she would give her lessons free of charge. With the ingenuity born of necessity the girl constructed a most novel keyboard. Silverware was another luxury not found in this pioneer home. Steel knives and forks with black handles for every day and white handles for "company" were their nearest approach. Of these knives and forks this young girl constructed and daily reconstructed her keyboard, using the white handles for the white keys and the black ones for the black keys. On this curious keyboard the girl practised the lessons assigned by her teacher, and soon became a fairly good player on the organ.

THE FIDDLE IN SCOTLAND

By John Smith

Mary Queen of Scots Fiddled Into Hollyrood

ON landing in Scotland to take possession of the Crown, August 19th, 1561, Mary Queen of Scots, was publicly fiddled into Hollyrood Palace by a company of musicians playing on Rebeks, Viols, and small French Viols. "The Melodye," she admitted, "Lyked her weel," and, according to John Knox, she willed the same to be continued "for some nychts after." Rebeks and Viols, it should be stated, were just earlier editions of the Violin, having neither the fine construction, the external beauty, nor the innate sweetness and fullness of tone characteristics of the later masterpieces of Cremona. Brentome, a lively annotation of the period, gives an amusing account of the manner in which her Scottish subjects attempted to provide for the entertainment of their newly arrived Queen, by conducting concerts of vocal and instrumental music, with which they freely regaled her during successive nights, to her great apparent satisfaction, but certainly to the great annoyance of her refined attendants. The apartments she then occupied in Hollyrood Palace were on the ground floor.

"There came under her window," says Brentome, "five or six hundred citizens of the town, who gave her a concert of the vilest fiddlers, and little Rebeks, which are as bad as can be in that country (alas, poor Scotland!) and accompanied them with singing Psalms, but so wretchedly out of tune and concord, that nothing could be worse. Ah! what melody it was! What a lullaby for the night!"

John Knox, however, speaks of these same native musicians as "a company of honest men who, with instruments of music, gave their salutation at her chamber window;" but although the Queen admittedly "expressed her pleasure thereat,"

she took good care to quietly change her apartments, removing herself to a quarter of the palace less accessible to the sound of this well-intentioned, but apparently badly out-of-tune minstrelsy.

Samuel Pepys' Opinion of Scottish Fiddle Music

ANOTHER equally interesting and authentic allusion relative to the introduction of the Fiddle to Scotland, occurs in the famous diary of old Samuel Pepys, who took careful and deliberate notice of everybody and everything in his own day and generation, a fact which has constituted his remarkable diary the most entertaining book of the kind extant. Old Samuel had been visiting Lord Lauderdale, who was Secretary of State for Scotland in 1661, and who died in 1682. The entry in his diary is as follows: "Went to my Lord Lauderdale's, where we found some Scotch people at supper. Pretty odd company; though my Lord Brouncker tells me my Lord Lauderdale is a man of mighty good reason and judgement. At supper one of his servants played upon the Viallin (Violin) some Scotch tunes only, several of them the best of their country, as they seemed to esteem them, by their praising and admiring of them, but, Lord! the strangest ayres (airs) that ever I heard in my life, and of all one cast."—July 28th, 1666.

Progress of the Fiddle in Scotland

BUT although the Fiddle has a comparatively late introduction to Scotland, its unrivalled merits once known, the instrument seems to have attained to a rapid and widespread popularity with the common people. Towards the close of the 17th Century, every little township in Scotland had its recognised "fiddler," who was equally at home at grand ball and penny wedding. We find references in old Scottish Chapbook Literature, and elsewhere, to "the boo-backit Fiddler o' St. Andrews," of the 16th Century, "to the toon Fiddler

o' Dunbar," to the "Piper an' Fiddler o' Perth," and to "auld Rob Muckart, the blind Fiddler o' the Embra (Edinburgh) Coogate."

In the High Street of Glasgow we once had a celebrated "howff" of the local mendicant and piping fraternity, euphoniously named "Fiddlers' Closs," a picturesque congery of time-fattened and blackened old-town buildings, wherein so recently as half a century since, the street musicians of the bow nightly congregated, purchasing oblivion to their numerous ears in twopenny "Lodgins," said lodgings being oftener than not, the "brod o' their backs" on the rough wooden flooring for the night, with their fiddle boxes for pillows, when they chanced to own such articles of professional use.

An Irishman entered a country inn and called for a glass of the best Irish whisky. After being supplied he drank it, and was about to walk out when the following conversation took place:

Landlord—"Here, sir, you haven't paid for that whisky you ordered."

Irishman—"What's that you say?"

Landlord—"I said you haven't paid for that whisky you ordered."

Irishman—"Did you pay for it?"

Landlord—"Of course I did."

Irishman—"Well, thin, what's the good of both of us paying for it?"

How He Enjoyed It

"Sir, said the young man with enthusiasm as he seized the lecturer's hand and shook it warmly. "I certainly enjoyed your lecture last night very much indeed."

"I am glad to hear that," said the lecturer, "but I didn't see you there."

"No," admitted the youth, "I wasn't there."

"But said the puzzled speaker, "how could you enjoy my lecture if you were not present?"

"Oh, I bought tickets for my girl's parents, and they both went."

Ye Olde Firme

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If I Beheld the Mountains

By F. W. Patterson

I CAN never forget my first view of the Rocky Mountains. I was making my first trip into Alberta in May, 1901, and was coming into Calgary, then a small town near the foothills, by an early morning train. I had been told that if the morning was clear I should get my first glimpse of the mountains when about sixty miles east of Calgary and about one hundred and forty miles east of the mountains themselves. The morning was all that one could desire. Just beyond Gleichen the mountains came into full view, a great line of snow-clad peaks extending for many miles along the southern and western horizons in the clear air of that Alberta morning like a regiment of giant sentinels set to guard the plains.

I have seen the mountains many times and from many points of view since then. I have watched them for hours from the saddle, as I have ridden northward about eighty miles from their base. I have seen them from every angle afforded by the railway. I have watched Mounts Assiniboia, Stephen, Burgess and Sir Donald and a score of others at close range. I have stood with bared head in reverence before these mighty works of God. I have been awed by their height and vastness, their suggestion of power and of omnipresence, and by their mystery. It was impossible not to be reverent and it would have been easy for the reverence to have become worship. The more intimately I have known them, the better I could understand the tendency of primitive peoples to associate their mountains with gods, or with spirits; to think of their massive forms as clothing some power; and, finally, to personify them. I have understood why the Greeks made the crest of Olympus the seat of the Council of Zeus and the dwelling places of their gods; why, in Hindu and Buddhist-

mythology, Sumeru, "The Golden Mountain," said by them to be eighty-four thousand miles high, was pictured as the abode of their gods; why to the Huichal Indians every hill of peculiar shape was a deity; and why the Mexicans regarded all mountains as divine and spoke of them and treated them as persons. (The Mexicans spoke of Mt. Iztaccihual as the wife of Mt. Popocatepet); and why the Koreans not only personified their mountains, but associated them with the guardians of their nearby towns. In fact, as I have watched the great peaks of the Rockies, I have felt a sympathy with the temptation of Job, the patriarch poet of the Hebrews, to whom, as the oriental sun shone upon him with power and as the "moon walked like a bar of silver through a tropic night," the temptation came to him to fling a kiss as an act of worship to these majestic bodies. "If I beheld the sun when it shined or the moon walking in brightness and my heart had been secretly enticed or my mouth had kissed my hand, this also were an iniquity to be punished by the judge, for I should have denied the God that is above."

Yet as I have felt this temptation I have also resisted it. For the temptation is in its essence the temptation to yield to standards of judgment that are wholly false. The temptation to measure the worth of an object by the appeal it can make to the senses and by its ability to bound one's horizon—this, in its essence, was the temptation of Job. This was the temptation to which all primitive peoples have yielded and this is the temptation to which, in different forms, too many yield to-day.

The mountains themselves hold us because of the appeal they make to the senses, but they are not more wonderful than the tiniest bit of matter. The power

that holds the mountains staggers the imagination, yet there is a power in the tiniest seed which, if released, will crack the mountain-side. The world opened to us by the microscope is not less wonderful than the world of peaks brought near by the field-glass. The world of modern science, the world of electrons and radium make an appeal even more alluring than the whole of the mountain mass. Value is not to be measured by bulk. I find myself agreeing with Walt Whitman when he says:

"I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,
And the pismire is equally perfect, and the grain of sand, and the egg of the wren,
And the tree-toad is a chef d'oeuvre for the highest,
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven,
And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery,
And the cow crunching with depressed head surpasses any stature,
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels."

John Smith may be worth much or little. The measure of worth is not money, but manhood. In fact, few think of money where the names of the great are concerned. I recall an incident of my boyhood that shows the absurdity of this standard of judgment. The male gossips that accompanied the threshing gang were sitting in the old farm home when the day's work was over and were discussing the farmers for whom they had threshed. It was with considerable satisfaction that they told of one wealthy but somewhat illiterate farmer in whose presence they had discussed Gladstone and his contribution to the State. The farmer listened to what they had to say, but could not quite place the great statesman. At last, in an effort to appraise the man, he said, "How much was Mr. Gladstone worth?" Just so. One does not think of money when one thinks of Gladstone and Lincoln, of Lloyd George or of Arthur Balfour and Secretary Hughes. Money is a symbol of the value of some things, but it is powerless to measure manhood. The true measure of a noble life is, first, the quality, and then the quantity of the service that it renders mankind; and money, or the lack of it is an incident in the whole career.



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How often we

Measure Our Fellows

by these standards. It is very easy for us to think of wealth as a synonym of worth and to measure greatness by the rule of gold rather than by the Golden Rule. In the common thought the successful business man is he who had made a success of business, and not necessarily he whose manhood is as conspicuous as his business success. It matters little though his home be unhappy, though his children are failures and though his prosperity be builded on the bodies and souls of living men, if he has acquired wealth, he is a successful man of business. These standards are the standards of the street, too often of the counting-house, the standards of the city and not less the standards of the village and of the farm.

YET surely such standards of judgment as these are wholly false. No man's life is to be found in the abundance of things that he possesses, and that too frequently possess him. There is no reason why a man of wealth should not be at the same time a man of worth, but his wealth is neither his worth nor the measure of his worth. When we say of John Smith that he is worth a million dollars, we are placing a value on his property and not on John Smith himself.

We are tempted to

Measure Our Homes

by these standards. In the common speech a good home is the home well supplied with the things that money can buy. Professor Peabody suggests that when we ask regarding a young woman, "Did she marry well?" we usually mean to ask "Did she marry money?" In the popular imagination the home in the west-end is better than the home in the east-end, and the home on the boulevard or crescent of a higher type than the home on the street. Grounds, large and well cared for, stately dwellings, rich and harmonious furnishings, limousines and servants—these are the things that appeal to the senses, capture the imagination, arouse the envy of thousands and set the ideals toward which they strive.

Yet here, as before, the weights are not true. A home such as this may be good, but these things do not make it good. Happiness and luxury may exist together, but they are not related, and, in fact, are more often found apart than together. The home of luxury creates an environment in which it is not easy to be good and in which those who are born into it are handicapped in their struggle for strength of character. The children of the rich

Continued on page 26

Concerning Canada's Only Feminine Member of the Federal Parliament at Ottawa

AGNES McPhail the only woman to be elected to the Canadian parliament is a progressive, stands for the farmers' platform and is literally a homespun citizen with a background of log house birth, strenuous, hard working youth, plain parentage and simple life.

Etoffe du Pays is Agnes McPhail and so are all her Highland Scottish folk on both sides of the house, for though many of them spoke and still speak "the Gaelic" as do hundreds of others in the Highland settlements of Canada, yet is there no people whose roots have sunk deeper into Canadian soil and life, none whose character has left so strong an impress, none more God fearing, thrifty or ambitious, none other who would have produced just the sort of Canadian we see in Agnes McPhail, a stern, sensible woman, with a mission and a vision, but saved from fanaticism and a merciless ideal of pure justice, by a big humanity, a deep, if somewhat grim, humor, and a power to grow.

Agnes McPhail does not mind telling her age. "I was born," says she, in a log house of three rooms thirty one years ago, in Proton Township, County Grey. I am



Agnes McPhail, M.P. at her home near Flasherton, Ont.

the eldest of a family of three girls and we all had to work hard to help my mother and father in their early struggles on a bush farm. Once when I was a growing girl I had to stay home two whole years to help both in and out of the house. I learned to cook, bake, sweep, houseclean, wash, hitch up, harvest and do all the chores on a farm. I have never regretted this hard apprenticeship to life, but it was then that I wished I had been born a boy so that I could do the big things worth while. I liked housework, but it seemed to me then and to me still, that when women have so much to do, they ought to have all the labor saving devices as the men do, ought to have the consideration to which their valuable services entitle them, and ought to have a hand in the management.

I was not a particularly bright child and I have never been good looking. I was big, and homely as a girl, but was usually called "Little Aggie" in order to distinguish me from my aunt Agnes McPhail who was a very large woman. I was also known as "Dougald's Aggie," because there were so many other Aggies in the settlement. You will recognize the old clan habit of "nick" names. My mother was a "Jock" Campbell, and I was a "Dougalds' Aggie."

"Little Aggie" may not have been particularly brilliant at school but she was renowned then as now, for thoroughness, truth telling and a remarkable sense of justice. Whenever "teacher" had to settle a dispute at which he was not present in the beginning, he invariably appealed to Agnes for her version of the quarrel, and having received it acted at once on the assumption that it was the unbiased truth. Until she was fourteen—and with the exception of the two years spent as

household helper at home—Agnes went to public school in Proton. About the time she tried her entrance examination for the High School the family, now in much improved circumstances, moved to a hundred and fifty acre farm near Flesherton Town, in Artemesia Township, where it is resident at the present time. A picture of this farm and buildings may be seen in the accompanying illustration, one quaint and characteristic old Ontario note being struck by the prominence of the "snake" rail fence in the foreground.

From a purely rural community in which democracy was the key note Agnes was projected into the "society" of an ambitious young city when she went to High School in Owen Sound. She at once felt the difference. "To my surprise and chagrin," said she, "I found that farm boys and girls were seldom regarded as the social equals of urban boys and girls. I began to wonder why, and in spirit, to take up the cudgels in behalf of my kind."

"Then, a few years ago, the rural depopulation which had been steadily increasing in our own and many other Ontario localities began to worry me. I wanted an answer to the Why of both these matters."

With Agnes to want an answer was never synonymous with sitting down to wait for it. During the two years of her High School course she pondered deeply on the problems of the farm.

After she took out her teaching certificate one of her first schools was on the prairies in western Canada. Here she lived a pioneer life, watched the conditions under which the producers of grain had to struggle, and felt strongly the injustice of the system which made them toil so hard for so small a reward.

Of this period she says, "The utter unfairness of the big corporations, such as the railroads, elevator owners, and wheat speculators, reaping most of the gold from the harvest for which the farmer sweated blood, made me hot with resentment. I thought it a shame that those who live in the granary of the British Empire should be slowly starving to death, with property mortgaged, poor crops and high prices, or good crops and no prices, while the long expensive freight hauls enriched the railroads, hoarding grain the elevator men, and speculation the wheat merchants. It was apparent that the centralized financial interests got all that there was in the game. It was the first object lesson in the power of co-operation. But it was years before I knew anything of the Progressive movement and began to see any remedy."

Nevertheless she continued to turn these and other matters over in her contemplative mind, long after her return to the east, where she now took charge of a one roomed school in the little village of Sharon.

She began to keep a weather eye on politics, to study social conditions and to nose about among economic mysteries such as the tariff.

The United Farmers' movement was now making great headway in Ontario. In the provincial election which returned the present Ontario Farmers' Government to power and defeated the Hearst Government, in 1919, Agnes McPhail who was known to be in sympathy with the aims of the agrarians, was asked to speak for a U. F. candidate in her district. She had never spoken in public before and had some misgivings as to her powers. But neither her family or friends had any such lack of confidence. There was a family legend which went to show that Agnes could and would speak in all circumstances.

When she was four or five years of age she received, on Christmas a red toy wagon. She insisted on hitching her devoted grandfather to it and drove him hard. So hard that he was soon out of breath. "My, but you are having a fine ride, Aggie," said one of her uncles, and the poor grandfather paused in order that she might make a suitable reply. "Get, along, Gran," lisped the infant, "I can talk while the wagon is going."

So Agnes concluded that she would "try the speaking." Her first essay was a ten minute address to the electors at Mount Albert and so instantaneous was her success that this was but the beginning

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of a brisk campaign conducted by Miss McPhail. After this candidate was elected and the Farmers' Government in power, she did much organizing and speech making for the United Farmer and not long after appointed a Director in their Association.

Meantime, as a preparation for her platform work, she had undertaken a wider and wider field of study of the economic condition surrounding the rural worker, had read extensively all that she could find on the subject, had begun to keep a highly intelligent eye on the politicians at Ottawa, had learned how to size up the public press, was watching with grim satisfaction the uprising in the west of the Progressive party under the able leadership of Mr. A. T. Crerar and was turning a cold, clear appraising glance toward the tariff issues. These, she felt, should never be the juggling balls in the hands of "practical politicians" which they have been hitherto, but ought to be discussed absolutely on their merits, and as the matters of life and death to producers and consumers alike, which she feels them to be.

At this time for good and aye, were crystallized Agnes McPhail's convictions regarding economics and politics. She formed her creed, adopted a faith and plighted a troth to the cause and political platform of the Progressive or Farmer party in Canada.

"I began at this time," said she, "to get the connections clear in my own mind, between bank mergers, railroad manipulations, big campaign funds, centralization of industries, tariffs, millionaires and poor folks. I started to collect clippings from newspapers about co-operative associations, rural depopulation and education and the tariff. I made a scrap book of them and it has been of great service to me."

Teaching, studying and speaking now occupied all her time, but in the summer of 1921 she took a "holiday" from pedagogic work, to go and care for her beloved, eighty year old Grandmother Campbell, now after a strenuous life passed in assisting her husband and brother to clear a four hundred acre bush farm, fallen into old age and frail health.

For three months Agnes McPhail baked, cleaned, churned, milked and managed as of yore, but in the intervals when there were no tasks too heavy for the hands of her aged relative she still found time to speak and organize in her own locality.

In September of that year came the "call" to public service. From the United Farmers' Association in her home district she received nomination to run in their interests in the approaching federal election, and in October she began the campaign. She spoke forty seven times in her own riding and perhaps a dozen times out of it.

In the cities where she appeared she was a complete novelty. Mind, manners and clothes are all alike home-made. Sophisticated city folk could make little of her and the cheaper kind of editorial writer whether of her own or the opposite sex, took considerable joy out of the petty jeers and sneers common to their ilk. But Agnes went serenely on her way and when that way led her to comment on newspapers, she did not hesitate to say frankly what she thought of most of them. It was not more complimentary than what some of them thought of her, but it was expressed with a frankness and sincerity which their remarks had lacked.

Frankness, by the way is one of her strong points. Her speech is couched in good honest English, unfrilled, filled with homely illustration, humorous and forceful as only clear headed logic such as hers can make it.

It has been anticipated that when she gets to Ottawa there will be fireworks as there appears to be no limit to either her courage or her startling frankness. This feeling has been somewhat strengthened by a remark she made recently in Winnipeg where she was defending one of the leaders in the Agrarian movement from a charge of fanaticism, "I just love that common old soul with the bald and shiny pate," said she of him, "He is one who cannot be turned aside."

Neither can Agnes McPhail. She calls the House of Commons the "Place of Temptation"—and has told her electors that if she falls for its wiles she should be deprived of her membership. Her enemies pray that her loquacity may deliver her into their hands. Newspapers about whose policies and absence of principle she has been most indiscreetly indignant, watch grinningly for the first

stumble. But her downfall or disarming as a political force is not so certain.

She said to an interviewer who asked what she intended to do at Ottawa: "I have no great aims for the immediate future at Ottawa. I do not mean to talk much. I shall have a lot to learn and wish to avoid making foolish mistakes as I know they will be blamed on the sex as well as myself. Three things I mean to do however are to stand firmly, as I have always done, for the cause of the workers, to live as simply as the capital as I do at home and to vote as my conscience directs."

If Miss McPhail holds to these three verities of silence, simplicity and unswerving loyalty to cause and conscience, it is thought she may "arrive" despite the unusualness of her type, her sex and her beliefs in parliament.

Parables of Canadian Life

Continued from page 24

seldom take the places of their parents. They have not known the discipline to which their parents were subject in early life. No home is good unless it helps those who belong to it to achieve goodness. The home of Lloyd George was not a home to arrest the attention, but it was a home in which a great man was made. The great homes are the homes that are rich in love and in fellowship. I can never forget what one woman said to me shortly after her husband had lost the greater part of his wealth: "We had little family life before, but now we cannot spend a dollar without holding a family caucus. We are closer together, and home means more to us and to the children than ever before. I do not want our money back if it means the loss of what our hardship has brought us." The fact is that if one were to look for the happiest and best home in any city there are one hundred chances to one that he would find it, not on the boulevard, but poor in luxury and rich in love.

Henry Van Dyke wrote truly:

"I turned an ancient poet's book
And found upon the page:
Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage."

"Yes, this is true, and something more,
You'll find where'er you roam
That marble floors and gilded walls
Can never make a home."

"But every house where love abides
And friendship is a guest
Is truly home, and Home Sweet Home,
For there the heart may rest."

I find myself tempted, also, to

Measure Our Churches

by the same standards. I am tempted to measure the strength of the church by the things that appeal to my senses. How large is the edifice? How much did it cost? How rich are its furnishings? How large is its congregation? What is the financial rating and what the social prestige of its membership? What the eloquence and standing of its preacher? These are the questions that I am tempted to ask when I desire to know the strength of a given church. When we say of any man that he has become the minister of one of the strongest churches, such factors as these shape our judgment. Yet no one of these nor all of them together can make a church strong. Those things make a church strong that fit it for its tasks. Only as within her limits the life of the church is a biography of the Eternal God, can she be virile and powerful. A big church appeals to the primitive in the imagination of men. What is needed is not a bigger church, but a better church. The church that will command the allegiance of men is not the church of liveried homes, but the church of lavish hands and of loving hearts. Like the man in the poem of Sam Brooks Foss, it will build its house by the side of the road and be a friend to man. The early church was without buildings, without men of wealth or of social prestige; yet the church has never been stronger than in that day. Its strength was as of the strength of ten because its heart was pure. It conquered because, as Professor Glover says, "it out-thought, it out-lived and it out-died its enemies."

THE mountains have taught me much. What I record here is only a fragment of their message to me. Perhaps I shall write more of the message of the mountains again. Yet I should not miss this fragment. To miss it is to miss the meaning of life and to mistake the show of life for life itself.

Nora on a Farm

Continued from page 19

"You told me you would love farm life," remarked Bruce, "Don't you think ours is a pretty farm?"

"It may be pretty," conceded Nora. "But I can't live on the scenery. Besides it's quite different from what I expected."

"What did you expect," asked her husband.

"Glorious country walks along shady lanes, flowers to pick and people to visit. Here the people are so tired they never go anywhere, except on Sundays, and they're not congenial."

"The neighbours seem pretty square," put in her husband.

"Square," echoed Nora. "Of course they are. But what do they talk about? Pigs, cows, chickens, butter and eggs!" She made a face.

Bruce laughed. "Did you expect them to be so different? These things interest them. They make their money that way."

"I wish I'd never come," sighed Nora. Bruce looked at her steadily, then he laughed a little bitterly.

"It was all I had to offer," he remonstrated.

"I know," said Nora, and she buried her face in her hands. Bruce jumped up.

"O come," he objected. "Life isn't so very hard. I try to make it as easy for you as I can. I've never asked you to milk the cows again, once I knew you hated it; have I?"

Nora shook with sobs. Now she had begun, she found it hard to stop.

"Never mind," said Bruce. "If you hate it so much as this, wait a few years until the price of land goes up, and we'll sell out."

"Oh!" cried Nora, looking up. "Will you really?"

"I'll have to do so if you hate it," he assured her. He did not tell her how he had come to love the soil which he had tilled with so much care that it yielded him with a good return—both in money and in health.

"If I thought we'd really leave one day," said Nora. "I'd put up with anything."

The months continued to drag slowly on, each seeming to Nora, worse than the last. At harvest a man had to be hired and he remained until after threshing Nora felt like running away; but then came the Winter and a long, long rest.

The Spring promised so much work that Bruce again talked of a hired man.

"The richer we get, the more I have to work," protested Nora.

"What else can we do," asked Bruce.

"I don't know; but we cannot go on like this. Why not give up the whole thing and take a job in town?"

"You don't understand what you're talking about," said her husband.

"I don't see why we can't go," insisted Nora.

"I'm just beginning to make the farm pay," objected Bruce.

"I see it's no use arguing," replied Nora, crossly. "I suppose we'll have to stay here till we die!"

The hired man, John Milton was not as objectionable as the last one had been. He did not smoke, for one thing. Nora hated the smell of tobacco. Whilst in the Army, Bruce had not smoked. He had taken up the habit afterwards, much to Nora's disgust; for she had always boasted that she was marrying a man who neither smoked nor drank! After the first month, Nora found the hired man quite a help, even about the house. She never had to ask him for wood, for he kept the box full. He never saw an empty pail, but he went out and filled it.

"I see you've taken on my job," laughed Bruce one day.

"You were always forgetting it," put in Nora.

Another thing the hired man did was to get on horseback, several times a week after supper, and go for the mail. His horse was always fresh, so he said he enjoyed the trip. As Nora got her mail more often she began to write more letters, and the afternoons passed quicker but her hatred of the farm did not diminish.

"I can't imagine why a clever man like your husband came here," said John Milton when Bruce was away, one day, selling grain.

"Nor can I," agreed Nora. "But Bruce seems to adore the land."

"And you?" asked the man.

Nora laughed. "You can easily see I hate it," she answered.

"Then why do you stay?"

"I don't know," said Nora. "I could earn a living in town, I suppose. Only I go on hoping, from year to year, that we'll sell out."

For a few minutes there was silence, then Nora said suddenly:—"I've been a fool to stand it all this time. I'll leave it. You won't say anything; will you?"

"What do you mean?" asked John, now thoroughly alarmed at the turn things had taken.

"It's early yet," said Nora. "I've time to catch the train. I'll walk over to the Monroes'. They'll probably let me use their car. The boy said he'd be willing to take me for a drive, any day I cared to go. I'll run upstairs and collect a few things."

"Monroes live two miles off" objected John. "You can't mean to walk there?"

"Yes, I can," answered Nora. "I'm desperate. That's what I am. I've put up with things too long already." Without waiting for a reply, she made her way over to the cupboard and inspected it.

"Yes, there's enough for supper," she muttered, then she rushed upstairs and threw some clothes hastily into a small suitcase. After tidying her hair, she looked around for her note-paper, then her thoughts seemed to change suddenly.

"I won't write to Bruce," she said to herself. "That's what they always do in a cheap novel. After all, he won't care. He'll have his beloved land!"

She took another look around, to make sure that she had forgotten nothing of importance, then she lifted the suitcase. "It is heavy," she muttered. "I don't know how I'll drag it two miles; but I'll have to try. If I were to cut across the fields, I'd save one mile; but the cows are sure to be there. No, I couldn't. I simply couldn't pass cows!"

ARRIVED downstairs in the kitchen, she looked around for John. He was not there. Where could he be, she wondered. She wanted to give him a few instructions about having a hot supper ready for Bruce. Here she laughed a trifle hysterically. How often her husband would have to prepare his own meals now! Just then, John entered the house. "I couldn't allow you to walk, Mrs. Sydney," he said. "I've hitched up the horses. I guess we can be in time for the train without bothering the Monroes."

"But you can't leave the work," objected Nora.

"I'll be back in time to do the chores," said John. "People will talk, you know, especially if you go off to a neighbor's and from there to town. As it is, I'll leave you at the station, and the only thing to say about it is that you have gone to the dentist."

"You're very good," said Nora. On the way to the station, she gave him full instructions about the supper.

"That'll be all right," answered John. "A change of air will do you good. Mr. Sydney will be quite well. It can't do him any harm to miss you for a time. Some people say it's good for husbands!"

"But I'm never coming back," remonstrated Nora.

John Milton did not answer this last remark. He would not have been surprised to see Mrs. Sydney return in a week. However, the weeks changed into months, and still she did not return. She wrote short letters to Bruce, from time to time, saying she was quite happy at her old job of typewriting, but she did not give any address, and she told him he need not waste time trying to get her back; for she was done with the farm. Here she had modern conveniences, mail several times a day, and people and people! Here she really lived.

Bruce grew thin and fretful. Neither his cooking nor that of the hired man, seemed to suit him.

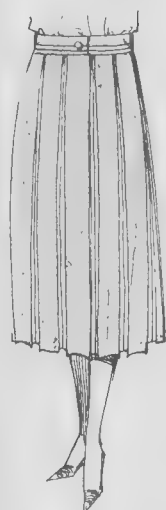
"The place is always in a muddle," he objected to John one day.

"I'm not surprised," remarked the hired man. "You've had a good crop."

Continued on page 31

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By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Writing Letters

Mrs. E. W., of Gros Ventre, is advised that the book she mentions, *Commercial Correspondence*, by Butler and Burd, is published by D. Appleton & Company, New York. They will send descriptive circulars on application, or the book may be secured by placing an order with Messrs. Russell, Lang & Company, booksellers, Winnipeg.

Spiritual Guide-posts

There are current to-day, particularly in certain business magazines and books circulated for the purpose of arousing ambition on the part of business workers, various success and analysis charts intended to provide a means of self-examination. Many of these charts are excellent in their way but nearly all of them appear to be on a rather material basis. For instance, a very large business organization employs an expert whose work it is in part to grade all new employees; in this grading the following qualities are listed in one of the analysis charts:

Ability	Appearance
Confidence	Dress
Education	Endurance
Energy	Executive ability
Force	Industry
Initiative	Intelligence
Loyalty	Perception
Persistence	Honesty
Self-respect	Tact

This list of qualities is fairly representative of most of such lists which are now before the public and is also indicative of the nature of various books of inspiration which have wide circulation among the youth of America. While, no doubt, such suggestions as those carried by the qualities listed may prove very helpful, there is also a danger of narrow or materialistic interpretation. The great forces of life are often those which are seen as through a glass darkly, and "spiritual things must be spiritually discerned."

It was with this thought in mind that the writer while working with a group of young men for some months recently, and in connection particularly with the study of an article on psychology, suggested that perhaps the Bible itself would prove the best source of information for a self-analysis or inspirational chart. The members seemed interested and volunteered each one to take a separate book of the Bible and make a list of all important spiritual qualities that might be mentioned.

After several weeks of study, a long list of qualities was compiled and this list, by degrees, was condensed to ten basic terms, which are as follows:

1. Prayer
2. Faith
3. Reverence
4. Purity
5. Justice
6. Charity
7. Service
8. Prudence
9. Diligence
10. Understanding

Following the conclusion of the list, it was thought desirable to list a supporting scriptural quotation which could be used as authority for the term finally chosen. These quotations are as follows:

1. And He spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray and not to faint.
2. For whosoever is born of God overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.
3. Therefore, we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear.
4. Unto the pure all things are pure; but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled.
5. Justice and judgment are the habitation of Thy throne; mercy and truth shall go before Thy face.
6. And now abideth, faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.
7. For, brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another.
8. A prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself; but the simple pass on and are punished.
9. Seeth thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.
10. Get wisdom, get understanding: forget it not, neither decline from the words of my mouth.

There are many things that might be said in explanation of this list but it will be noticed at least that it does not, like the business one preceding it begin with ability and end with tact—it begins with prayer and ends with understanding.

The members of the group felt, however, that the list might be made more intelligible and therefore

effective, by adding in further support, testimony from well-known literary sources, and the literary quotations selected were as follows:

1. More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.—Tennyson.
2. Much knowledge of things divine escapes us through want of faith.—Heraclitus.
3. Let knowledge grow from more to more; but more of reverence is us dwell.—Tennyson.
4. He who puts off impurity thereby puts on purity.—Emerson.
5. Nothing becomes a king so much as the distribution of justice.—Plutarch.
6. But all mankind's concern is Charity.—Pope.
7. God for his service needeth not proud work of human skill; they please him best who labour most in peace to do his will.—Wordsworth.
8. Think not that Prudence dwells in dark abodes; she scans the future with the eye of gods.—Wordsworth.
9. Prefer diligence before idleness unless you esteem rust before brightness.—Plato.
10. All things are the servants of understanding.—Menander.

If any of my readers will now take the trouble to arrange the material here presented, they may make for themselves a chart which it is believed is on a much broader basis than the majority appearing in print to-day. The re-arrangement will give a three-column plan, showing in the first column the list of qualities or terms; in the second, the list of supporting scriptural quotations; and in the third, the corroborative testimony of the world's great thinkers.

Inflexibility

At the recent convention in Winnipeg of the Manitoba Educational Association, a visiting speaker, Miss Theda Gildemeister, of Winona, Minnesota, used a striking expression in describing certain conditions which some students have to face. "They should beware," she said, "of the trap of inflexibility."

Inflexibility means "firm in purpose," but it also means "incapable of being bent." The first is good, but when a man is incapable of being bent and therefore of bending, he has arrived at a point where he is unable to absorb knowledge and to profit by experience. Beware, therefore, of the trap of inflexibility.

Disqualification

The speaker just referred to, took occasion to quote the definition of hell, which is given by the famous author of the *Blue Bird*. "Hell," he wrote, "is disqualification in the face of opportunity."

Perhaps he was not sufficiently emphatic, but disqualification in the face of opportunity is bad enough. It has been said poetically that opportunity comes but once. Western Canadians believe that it comes not once but many times. This very belief however, may prove a danger; a man may put off too long the time of preparation. It is dangerous to wait for the last opportunity. Be prepared by being qualified.

Weighing a Subject

In his *Essays on Education*, Herbert Spencer wrote: "We that have but span-long lives must ever bear in mind our limited time for acquisition. And remembering how narrowly this time is limited, not only by the shortness of life, but also still more by the business of life, we ought to be especially solicitous to employ what time we have to the greatest advantage."

In this short paragraph is summed up all the philosophy of efficiency engineers of recent years and it leads to the thought that in selecting subjects of study, care should be exercised in choosing them for the values that they ought to have.

A prominent educator suggests that there are five possible values attaching to any ordinary subject of study. These values he lists as follows:—

1. Utilitarian.
2. Disciplinary.
3. Interpretative.
4. Ethical.
5. Conventional.

The first refers possibly to the actual practical usefulness of the subject; the second to its value as a means of training the mind to think in orderly process; the third to its value as a means of interpreting or understanding average paragraphs as they appear in books and periodicals; the fourth to its power for inducing a righteous state of mind; and the fifth is intended to check it for its service in aiding in comprehension of everyday topics of conversation.

Every subject, to be worth studying, should have one of these values and if it possesses all of them, so much the better.

As a means of testing the list, check against it each of the following subjects: Arithmetic, History,

English Literature, Drawing, Geography, Political Economy.

A Letter of Complaint

In most books dealing with the subject of business correspondence, it is suggested that when it is necessary to write a letter of complaint, it should, no matter how much the provocation, be written in terms of politeness. Perhaps those who have such letters to write may be assisted by the following letter which Charles Dickens once wrote to his clockmaker.

My Dear Sir,

Since my hall clock was sent to your establishment to be cleaned it has gone (as indeed it always has) perfectly well, but has struck the hours with great reluctance, and after enduring internal agonies of a most distressing nature, it has now ceased striking altogether. Though a happy release for the clock, this is not convenient to the household. If you can send down any confidential person with whom the clock can confer, I think it may have something on its works that it would be glad to make a clean breast of.

Faithfully yours,

Charles Dickens.

Forms of Employment

To the extent that statistics may be relied on, the following present an interesting situation. According to figures recently compiled, it is estimated that in any average group of ten persons in the United States, only four are gainfully employed. By chart, it is shown that one will be a farmer or farm laborer; one will be in the hand trades, a professional or domestic worker; two will be employed in business; and six are not gainfully employed.

The Human Derelict

Suppose a boat breaks from its moorings and drifts one hundred miles from shore. Will it ever return to the port from which it started? No, says J. S. Knox, unless by mere accident. It is tossed from the trough to the crest of the waves. It is finally dashed to pieces by the raging fury of the elements. The tragedy of life is to be found in the young man who drifts aimlessly out into life's elements, only to be destroyed by the very forces which he, by divine right, should harness, master, and utilize in advancing him on his course.

A ship that is going in the wrong direction can be turned, because it is guided by an impelling force. It is not at the mercy of the elements. You can convert a man who has a mistaken purpose. You can show him the error of his way. But you can do little with the human derelicts who are drifting through life without purpose, and therefore without hope, without courage and without enthusiasm.

A young man without an ultimate aim is mere putty ready to be shaped and molded by every passing whim of his environment. But the man of definite purpose is the man with a conquering spirit.

The Name "American"

ONCE more the question of the right and title of the people of the United States to appropriate to themselves the name and title of Americans, regardless of the other dwellers on the two continents named America, is raised, this time by Principal Hutton, of University College, Toronto. But what is the use of raising it? At one time when the Americans were spoken of or written about, the North American Indians were meant, as when Addison wrote in the *Spectator*: "The Americans believe that all creatures have souls..." Later the name was applied to the white inhabitants of the British Colonies in North America, the thirteen Colonies which until they declared their independence in 1776 and established themselves as the United States, were the most important British communities on this continent. The people of the United States did not, as some seem to suppose, appropriate the name American for themselves. It was—and is—the name used in England to describe them. Writers in England, when they refer to the United States, always use the word America. The Philosopher remembers that in 1912, when the party of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, on the way home to Ottawa after visiting the Pacific coast, arrived in Winnipeg, a member of the party, Hamilton Fyfe, the representative of the *London Times*, went south to interview Colonel Roosevelt at Pittsburg; the presidential campaign in the United States that year, which resulted in the first election of Woodrow Wilson, was then drawing to its close. Major Worthington, of the Duke's staff, explained to a friend in Winnipeg, that Mr. Fyfe was "going to America." As for the name American, it has been so long established as the name describing our neighbors, just as the name Canadian describes the people of this country, that there is no practical possibility now of displacing it for any other name.

PILGRIMS OF THE SNOW BRA'

By H. Mortimer Batten

THE moon hung low in the misty Autumn sky, and the southern slope of the valley, black and immense, seemed on the point of overstepping its assumed perpendicular, to the complete annihilation of the world below. At the foot of it, winding and glistening, the river laughed sleepily, dazzlingly silver though all else was black—all save the jagged, fantastic mist wreaths that hung midway between skyline and valley. It gave one the impression of being a dead world, for the laughter of the river was a thing apart, as the river is apart in all things. One heard it as one might hear the laughter of people through the oppression of a trance, or the laughter of a crowd without when within a solemn court room—a thing that, haunting the realms of silence, seemed to add to their death-likeness by its very incongruity. There was something mirthless, too, in the laughter; it was icy, metallic, suggestive of the gnashing of cold teeth—an ironical joy in which there was no happiness, and no sympathy.

Yet there was Life, here in the very river—life teeming in every pool, fighting and glistening along the gravel shallows, while from the deeper stretches came the sound of heavy wallowing, as though herds of ghost creatures were fighting amidst the sepulchral quietude.

Ewen McNab crouched and watched, every nerve tense, his gaze fixed upon the shallow backwash behind a boulder in mid-stream. Just beyond that boulder lay his snickle—a three-pronged hook with a lump of lead attached. He had seen two gigantic salmon lying there, but they had moved as he approached, so now he waited, knowing they would return, whereupon a snatch at the line he held would bring the snickle ricocheting across the redd.

Nor had he long to wait. A grilse came slowly by, its back half out of water, and shot up the shallow above like a ray of silver; then came a salmon—but what a salmon! There in the deceptive moonlight it looked of incredible length as it rose and went down, then came steadily on, a wedge-shaped wave marking its progress—on and up towards the redd—seven yards, six, now opposite—zip!

The lead weight, with its sister hooks, took one gigantic spider-like leap from the gravel bed, and the line became taut. There was a thunderous swirl in mid-stream, then in an instant it seemed to Ewen that the whole surface of the creek was lashed into foam. He saw fish after fish shoot past him up the shallow, but the one he had hooked headed down, towards the fall.

The line was slender, yet unbelievably strong, and though it seemed that something must break, Ewen hauled in, hand over hand, dragging his catch broadside on, heedless of its frantic efforts. He drew up to the shadows at his very feet, then putting out his hand to clutch it, he received the fright of his life. For Ewen's fingers touched fur—cold, wet fur, and ere he could snatch his hand away a vise-like grip closed upon his sleeve.

With a startled oath Ewen drew back, throwing the otter—for such it was—high up the bank; but, mon, he wanted his snickle! The creature turned and began to work like an eel back towards the river. Ewen tightened up again, there was a scuffle, the line parted, bitten cleanly through, and the otter was free. Yes free, but carrying those triangle hooks and the chunk of lead with it.

These were the days of Lutra's harvest. For an hour or so at sundown she would fish, and it cannot be doubted that she killed as many salmon as Ewen himself, who, like the other shepherds all up and down the glen, poached enough salmon each fall to fill the pickle keg for winter use. Sometimes Lutra would take only the "otter's bite" from behind the head of the kingly fish, leaving the rest to drift away as so much worthless carrion, and soon, replete and happy, she would voyage on from pool to pool, rolling and gambolling, swimming belly upwards, or in any other way she chose, for among all our wild creatures the otter is the only one that swims like a leech—that is, uses its

whole body instead of merely its legs. In this way she had journeyed from the sea, where she was born, into the heart of the Highlands, and in this way she had encountered the cruel barbs of Ewen McNab's snickle.

NOW, having freed herself, Lutra plunged downstream, head foremost down the fall, and so into the effervescing pool below, where there was a cave among the rocks, known as the Otter's Cave. And such it was, indeed, for of that world-old procession journeying from the sea, each and every otter passing this place, paused here to rest a while, or to leave the sign of its passing.

The three-pronged hook burnt like fire in Lutra's flesh, for it was deeply embedded just behind her forearm, and now for an hour or so she fought with it, hissing and clucking and twisting herself into boneless attitudes. But dislodge the hook she could not, and sick and exhausted she finally curled herself up on the dry sandy bar deep in the darkness of the cave.

Nature has one simple remedy for the physical ailments of all her children—sleep. Sleep and awake refreshed, or sleep and do not awake, is her simple, merciful doctrine, and Lutra slept the remainder of that night, all next day, and far into the following night. The sleep refreshed and strengthened her, but it did

never met before, yet his anxiety and distress were pitiful to behold. He swam from rock to rock, calling, calling, at times sneaking back to look at her, then lashing the water into foam.

So it came about that Ewen McNab, returning very late in hilarious mood, heard the din in the pool, and guessed rightly that it was something to do with last night's affair. He went to the water's edge, just to see, for Ewen had no quarrel with the otters. Poachers they might be, but so was he, and he knew that save on the salmon reds the otters fully paid their way by clearing up the deadliest vermin of the pools. So Ewen went—and he saw!—saw a large otter snaking through the grass towards his feet, for all the world like a mighty conger eel; and as its eyes flashed suddenly red in the moonlight, he turned and fled, crying out that "the Devil was in the bur-run!"

So when Lutra came round, she found the gallant stranger guarding her, but whether her heart went out to him I cannot say. Anyway, she clucked and hissed most ferociously when he dared to try to follow her into the cave, so he went gaily off on affairs of his own.

It was not long, however, ere he was back, landing on the boulder by which she had landed, and by which every other otter, visiting that "otter's inn" had landed since the waterfall was there. In his jaws he carried a silver grilse, fresh-

coast, to meet and marry; each autumn it brought the kingly fish, and the otters from the sea. They would have journeyed on to the silent loch which stands aloof from all the world, pine-girt and wonderful with its mist-draped islands; and voyaging further still they would have followed a certain tiny burn, trickling from the uttermost heights. And so, by an uncharted runway, which the otters for centuries past have traversed, they would cross those cruel, wind-swept heights, sacred to the ptarmigan and the snowy hares, and so down to the next river, which they might have followed to the sea. For the sea is the true home of our otters, a source of inexhaustible supply, and those of their kind we find inland are but ambitious wanderers, who some day will retire to some delightful seaside spot.

As it was, partly because Lutra was injured, partly because this was the Harvest Moon and both were idle, they remained about that lonely stretch of river just below Ewen's homestead. For some reason, possibly because it stands midway between the enchanted lower glen, silver with those shimmering ladies of the woods and radiant now with rowan berries midway between a thousand dells of loveliness, which weary city eyes, alas, so seldom see—and the grey, inexorable, lashing storms of the heights, belonging to neither yet partaking of the charm of both, a halo of romance seems always to overhang that lonely stretch. There, at dusk of evening, the lordly black-game feed in the twisted alders, or a little prong-horned roe deer, leaving his network of pathways in the wooded corrie above, stands by the "otter's inn" to admire his image in nature's mirror below. At dawn the grouse come down to drink, a red deer paws the gravel bed, or a lank, lean mountain fox, watching the shadow in the skies, sneaks in and out among the boulders on his way to the fir planting. Thus in an hour one may stand and watch the kings of all our birds and beasts and fishes, the eagle, the stag, and the salmon, living their lives unfettered and unrestrained, in their own unbounded universe.

The Moon of Plenty drifted by. The red deer returned to the greater heights, and the coy blue hare assumed its winter coat. This was the dawning of the Hunger Moon, and many there were who sought out the nooks and crannies, there to sleep away the dreaded winter months. Many too, there were who mounted the higher heavens and fled southwards with the sun, but Lutra and Hobo were among the few who stayed to meet Old Man Winter on his own ground, to beat him at his own games, or to die.

There had been little rain for weeks past, and now the kingly fish which but a month ago had grimly fought their upward way, turned their head seawards, and casting the spray aloft, down stream they flashed. At first just an odd one here and there, fighting down the shallows, then the move became a general move, and they fled in panic-stricken herds, fearful lest the Ice King should trap them in the shallow waters. And Lutra and Hobo watched their going, till it seemed that the sight angered them, and time and again they dashed into the shallows and slashed and chopped the deserters. In a week there was not a salmon left.

The millions of burn trout—where were they? They too had forsaken the river, for as the salmon leave the parent sea and journey far inland to deposit their spawn at the river heads, so the trout forsake the parent river to lay their eggs high up in the tiny streams. The river was truly lifeless now, laughing its Sphinx-like mirthlessness, and hunger befell the last of its faithful children. True that a few trout remained, but they were given to hiding under the stones and were hard to catch, and even when caught they were so poorly nourished that Lutra and Hobo might eat their fill, yet go their way hungry. Thus the Frost King caught them, his sword triumphantly aloft, and better that we should describe only the outstanding incidents of the days that followed.

Continued on page 31



not dislodge those cruel hooks. She was hungry, and in the pool above the fall fish were always to be had for the taking, for they lay exhausted after their ascent. So thither Lutra mounted, but once in the deep water the lead weight swung about, threatening to capsize her, and a sudden panic fell upon her. She turned and gripped her own burning flesh, whereupon the free hook penetrated her muzzle, pinning her head to flank, and struggle though she would she could not free herself. She rolled, she somersaulted, drifting on towards the brink of the fall, then over and down!

Midway Lutra struck a slimy shelf, and ricocheting from it was borne with the solid weight of water into the seething pool below. She was flushed to the surface amidst a million million bubbles, stretched stiffly out, though her head was freed by the fall; and she to whom these mighty forces were hitherto the toys of life, became the sport of the tiny eddies, to be drifted, at length, between two jagged boulders, where she lay, moving limply with the tide.

A little while later another otter came along, a voyager from the sea like Lutra, and found her lying there. They had

run from the sea, and now he gave the shrill "moorhen" call, with which every lover of the lovely waters is familiar.

THUS, in the first dim morning light, Lutra ate the first food he had brought her—call it her wedding breakfast if you will, for it marked the opening of a life-long union, and with orange blossom in her hair Lutra looked demurely upon her lord, then with snap and hiss she drove him clean out of the pool and fifty yards down the river ere he could stop.

From that hour on Lutra began to forget the hooks, for she no longer suffered the persistent, gnawing fret of the lead weight, which somehow had become detached during the fall. She had learnt that the hooks could bite back, and so she wisely left them alone, and nature, working her own magic remedy, having unsuccessfully tried to force the triangle inwards, reversed her tactics, and in due course Lutra was freed of the hateful things.

Had not she and Hobo met, each would have journeyed on and on, following that silver highway of the wild with all its romantic histories. Each spring it led a piping, feathered multitude from the



WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



Wheat

Not a single issue of any daily newspaper appears in Canada without some mention of wheat.—Canadian Finance.

They Should be Cut Off

It looks as if there were thorns sprouting on the olive branch in Europe.—Vancouver Sun.

The Chamber of Ancients

If women are to be selected to sit with the ancients in the Senate, trained nurses would be best.—Hamilton Herald.

An Abundance of Talk

When it comes to paying the reparations, Germany's currency seems to consist mostly of remarks.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Sure Way of Smudging

All U.S. postal depositors must in future have finger prints taken. An easy and never failing method is to use a post office pen.—Victoria Colonist.

A Metropolis with Many Murders

Count that day blest whose low descending son sees in New York no victim of a gun.—New York Tribune.

The Turk Declines to Budge

Diplomats may come and diplomats may go but the Turk stays on in Europe in the same old way.—Ottawa Citizen.

A Scaly Affair

Fish are reported to be coming out of a well drilled for oil in California. Can it be that they are the suckers who invested in the promotion stock?—Vancouver Province.

A Peterboro Joke

The British general election has been postponed until autumn. No doubt Lloyd George was averse to clashing with the Manitoba show.—Peterboro Examiner.

The Intelligence of People

Edison says that only two men in a hundred are intelligent. While standing in a movie queue the other day, we wondered who the other fellow was.—Toronto Veteran.

Ground for Wonder

The Chinese had a famine last year, which makes one wonder how they are able to afford a war this year.—Duluth Herald.

Overdoing It

A Calgary woman admits that she voted twice at the Federal elections. Equal suffrage is a good thing, but it should be practised in moderation.—Kings-ton Whig.

They Lived Up to Their Name

At least one of the New York stock swindling firms can claim that it was not sailing under false colors. It conducted business under the name of "Bunk Bros."—Journal of Commerce.

Murders in Chicago

Only three murderers were executed in Chicago during the past year, and there is a killing a day there. It appears to be a pretty plain case of cause and effect.—Boston Transcript.

Eggs from China

According to a return in the house at Ottawa, Canada imported last year a large number of eggs from China. Some people who have used them say they swam across.—St. John Globe.

Canada's Switzerland

The Toronto Star chides Ambassador Harvey for referring to Canada's "icy mountains." He should have spoken of "snow-capped peaks of the Rockies," and all would have been well.—Banff Crag and Canyon.

A Question of the Time

What gave employment before multitudes of men and women were engaged to make autos, sound producing machines, motion pictures, aeroplanes, and radio outfits?—Buffalo Express.

A Barber's Bad Scrape

For cutting off a customer's mustache without permission a western barber must pay \$229. The injustice of it! Why any hardware dealer will sell a strainer for \$1.49.—Stratford Beacon.

The War Against Grasshoppers

Manitoba may have to spend \$40,000 to fight the grasshoppers this year. This is one field of warfare where nobody is likely to yell for a disarmament conference.—Winnipeg Free Press.

This World First

With all due deference to Sir Conan Doyle, there is something terribly, even shockingly silly in trying to peer into the customs and habits of the unseen world, when we haven't yet learned properly how to live in this one.—Brantford Expositor.

A Question

General Pershing says that if the United States had had a strong army it might have prevented the European war. But could he have convinced the Kaiser that there was a strong enough army in the world?—London Advertiser.

Russia

Soviet Russia's latest departure from communism in the direction of individualism is recognition of the right of inheritance. But what most Russians have to bequeath to their heirs is want and trouble.—Kansas City Star.

Efficiency

A Boston inventor has placed on the market a machine that strips the skin from fish and removes the bones. New York stock sharks have been known to perform the same operation.—Minneapolis Journal.

Politeness

Visitors in England are always impressed with the charming politeness of the English people. Shop-girls do not chew gum, nor carry on a conversation with the girl at the next counter while serving you; they show an interest in their customers, and even ask if they may serve you. The policemen give information with a smile. Car conductors seem glad to see you—even taxi cab drivers are tolerant. It is possible to buy a railway ticket without unpleasantness. Nobody crowds, shoves or pushes in a crowd,—when the traffic is held up at the street crossings, no one fumes or explains why they must be let pass. Every one waits with at least an outward show of patience. The manners of the English children are proverbial. All this impresses a visitor very favorably.

Perhaps as a means of peopling our vacant places, a campaign for politeness in Canada might be a good thing. Visitors are sensitive plants; they shrink and wither at the cold touch of rudeness and incivility. When properly rebuffed, they do not come back. One grouchy official, with a bad liver, can do his country untold harm. Strangers do not know that he may be a good man to his family, and a church warden, and that he does not mean a bit of harm.

By all means let us look to our manners! And by way of practice, it is well to begin at home!

Nellie L. McClung

Very Loose, Indeed

The Greek government has just learned that Greece owes Canada seven million dollars. The former government must have been using a loose-leaf book-keeping system—very loose.—Montreal Star.

He Knows

A Scotsman who has been in Canada before has returned bringing with him his wife and eleven children. They will go on the land in Saskatchewan. This fellow has no doubts about Canada.—Hamilton Spectator.

A Collision with a King

The car in which the King of Sweden was riding was hit, the despatches said, by a baker. Later this was amended to read: "Geneva Banker." The only difference is that a banker usually has the most dough.—Montreal Gazette.

Incendiarism

Lloyd George says the last war was equivalent to the nations of Europe piling their capital wealth in a heap and putting a match to it. Despite this, there are people in Europe going around with matches looking for another pile.—Calcutta Englishman.

Fortunate Canada

Looking at the industrial trouble in Great Britain and the seething conditions in South Africa, India and Ireland, it is to be said that one of the quietest regions in the British Empire is Canada. Indeed, there are not many regions in the whole world that are better off.—Winnipeg Tribune.

The Fallacy of Force

There may be European nations which imagine that only by the application of force can they escape burdensome conditions. But one would think the 1914-1918 experience had taught Europe that war solves one difficulty by creating a dozen more.—Manchester Guardian.

Submarines vs. Booze

American submarine chasers will not be scrapped. Nine of them at least will be used to help keep the United States free from a deluge of liquor along the Atlantic coast. Only a treaty prevents the appearance of another flotilla in the Great Lakes.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Not Much Fun Looking On

A woman who was a spectator at a banquet in Hamilton to the Governor-General has protested against women being allowed only to look on while the men "stuffed themselves." There ought to be some compensation for listening to many after-dinner speeches.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

A Contrast

Dr. Newton Dwight Hillis found on a racetrack a trainer who was being paid \$5,000 a year for training 24 horses. Elsewhere he found a teacher who was being paid \$1,200 a year for teaching 42 pupils. Such is the comparative value set on the training of race-horses and of human beings.—New York World.

Pretty Nearly the Record

Were all the other nations to disarm as effectually as Canada has disarmed, there would be little need for disarmament conferences. Canada, a country with nearly nine million people, has a standing army of less than 4,000 men. That must be pretty nearly the record.—St. John Telegraph.

Continental Europe

Nothing seems to disagree with continental Europe so much as ideals. The processes of elimination, annihilation, and precipitation are better understood. A dead enemy is regarded as settled, and when he is dead so are all the problems and controversies to which he applied himself.—Toronto Telegram.

Optimism in Parliament

All things considered there is a lot of optimism in this Parliament. Not many speeches, so far, despair of the Dominion, and truth to tell, it's not a country to weep with or over. Every Canadian with a head that functions knows his country is one of the best in this bilious world.—Ottawa Journal.

A Wise Proposal

The proposal of the Scientific Research Council at Ottawa to build a workshop of applied science to be called a National Research Institute, where the problems of turning our waste materials into money for Canadian farmers and manufacturers, and shortening and cheapening our methods of work may be worked out, is important and should not be lost sight of in the general effort of the Government to curtail expenditure.—Calgary Albertan.

No Freedom of Speech in Russia

Mr. Tchitcherin, Russian foreign minister, was asked by a correspondent at Genoa if free speech were permitted by the soviet government. "No restrictions," he said, "are placed on freedom of speech, but naturally those who preach revolt against the government are liable to punishment. No government could exist otherwise." The point of view is highly informative.—London Daily Chronicle.

An Unfortified Frontier

Nothing separates our country from Canada except an imaginary line about 3,000 miles long. Crossing that line, you would hardly notice that you'd changed countries, except for customs, immigration and prohibition officials. The rest of the world, burdened with misunderstanding and armaments, must envy us as they ponder that for more than a century there hasn't been a single fortification along the 3,000 mile Canadian American frontier.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why He Stopped Smoking

A Kingston man who has just died at the age of 101 stopped smoking about thirty years ago because his whiskers caught fire from his pipe when he was asleep. The moral, of course, is that it is not good to smoke while asleep. But perhaps it would never have been brought out had the man used a razor.—Guelph Herald.

Pilgrims of the Snow Bra'

Continued from page 29

HOW do the otters survive such times? Of those that the Frost King catches in the heights few and only the fittest do survive, yet the sword of Dame Nature is ever keen to protect her kindred from the deadliest of their foes, and she has planned the life voyagings of the otter with a view to their welfare. She calls the young together at the meeting of the salmon at our river mouths, and fishing together, they mate and marry. In their mating is the secret of their survival, for they hunt together and so are better able to circumvent their quarry; then again among the otter kind there is an established law, a code of honour—that the kill belongs not to the master angler but to him and his mate or to them and every other otter within calling range. Thus, in these hard times, if Lutra or Hobo made a catch, be it only a Miller's Thumb, which in summer would have been gobbled as caught, he or she landed with it at one of the recognised landing-places, and there both of them would call and cackle for a time, sniffing the meal hungrily but making no attempt to eat it till a minute or so had passed. Then, since no other otter joined them, they would share the meal; and thus, by a common law, the catch of one is common fare.

But one day another vagabond of the waterways answered their calling. He was lank and lean, and his poor head nodded as he looked at them. For three days Hobo fed him, then, fearing to outstay his welcome, the stranger voyaged on, calling, calling to them till his voice swallowed in the mists. And it was he whom Ewen found, lying stark and stiff, at the point where two burns meet, at the foot of Ewen's croft.

The otters hunted day and night now, and one day Hobo, fishing alone, lay on a boulder in midstream, watching hungry-eyed the hungry blackgame crowding into the alders and gulping the bone-head catkins. He was wondering how he could catch one of them, when a peregrine swooped from the blue. The blackgame rose en masse with a terrified warning, but directly over the river the peregrine struck one of them down with a report that awoke the echoes, and the postman on the highway above saw the blackcock splash into the stream. In an instant Hobo was upon it, and the peregrine, descending, struck its talons deep into the otter's flesh. It was dragged under, clean out of sight, but almost instantly it rose, striking the water with its wings and screaming angrily as it circled back into the heavens, and that was Hobo's and Lutra's last meal for many days.

The river became more and more wonderful to look upon, but O, how cold and cruel were its jagged ice teeth! The deeper pools began to freeze from the banks outwards, till there was only a dark channel down their centre. The boulders became bearded and festooned and radiant with a million jewels, till even the shallows began to freeze, each stone and pebble forming an icy-mushroom crown.

Nora on a Farm

Continued from page 27

Why don't you put in some modern conveniences?"

"What use would they be to us?" asked Bruce.

"When your wife returns, she'll like them," answered the other man.

"She'll never return. She hated the whole place."

"I'm not surprised at that either," said John. "My sisters were like that once. Then my father put a few improvements on the place and now they won't leave it for anything. You're fully equipped outside. You've got a dandy farm; but you must own it, it's no place for a woman."

"I don't see what she could want," said Bruce, resentfully.

"Then let me give you a list," remarked the hired man, as he took a pencil and a piece of paper and began writing. He wrote for ten minutes. "See this," he added. "If you put in all these improvements, maybe your wife will hear of them, casually and return. She should have a quiet horse too. Yours are not safe for a woman to drive. They're too wild. If she had a horse, she could go out when she pleased."

Hobo was hunting alone now, and often Ewen saw him moving wearily about the ice. The man pitied his listlessness, for how different Hobo was from the never-resting otters of the summer months. Ewen had plenty of salmon still in the keg, but here was the master angler starving at his door.

Lutra was hiding now, hiding because she was afraid to show herself. Above was the silence, broken only by the grim "yoch-yoch" of the ravens, ever watchful, ever searching, and Lutra in her weakness was afraid of them. She knew that they too were hungry. And this is the law of the Hunger Moon—by those that perish others remain alive. It is a case of every creature for itself, and the sword of the Frost King for the Hindmost. The feeble watch for those who are feeble,



and thus all things are weighed in the balance together, and the dice are cast for life or death. And Hobo, always alone, became gaunter and feebler.

Often we judge the wild kindred harshly, condemning them as treacherous and thieving, with no thought of the levels to which we ourselves might sink were we, and those who are dear to us, clinging to life by feeble, frenzied fingers. We might even steal from our friends, and assuredly it would be no dishonour to steal from our foes! Yet the crowning theft of Hobo was, in the human light of things, an unpardonable crime, by which he and Lutra and every other otter which treads their world-old highways might justifiably be destroyed as "varmints." Lutra was going. Hobo himself was tottering at the brink, so with his last remaining strength he set his feet to tread the perilous bridge which formed the only way towards the golden gateway of the spring.

It was just after midnight, and the moon shone down upon a great white world. Hobo mounted the bank, and, the beads of water freezing in his coat he began to creep towards Ewen's cabin. He reached the high boundary wall, and struggled feebly over it. Jagged teeth of ice hung

from the eaves of Ewen's cabin. The very walls scintillated; the trodden pathway shone like burnished steel, but from within the cabin, warm and enticing, there came a scent—the scent of food, of Life—Life for him and Lutra. It happened that that night Ewen had forgotten to replace the cover of his pickle keg.

DIRECTLY above the wooden shelf by the door, where Ewen stood his buckets to sweeten, was a tiny oblong window, composed of four squares. One of the squares was glassless, and over it, to exclude the draft, Ewen had carefully tacked a sheet of paper. Up to it Hobo climbed, clawing and slipping, but no longer trembling at his own daring. There remained nothing of him but his hunger, pathetically urging him on, insistent and



appealing, and so he thrust the paper sheet aside and crept on into Ewen's larder. He slid across the sink and gained the lid of the pickle keg perilously, poised as Ewen had left it. It tipped and rattled under his weight, but the desperate otter reached down and clutched a salmon from the vat. He began to haul it out, but the weight of the big fish upset his balance, and down they fell with a clatter, lid, otter and salmon!

In an instant the startled Ewen was up. He lit the candle by his bed, and grasping his stick adjourned to the larder, when something dark slid past his feet—an otter, feebly dragging a salmon in its jaws!

An oath broke from Ewen's lips, and he snatched the rusty fowling piece from its hooks above the door. There was Hobo, sliding in and out among the furniture, keeping close to the wall watching the light, but still desperately dragging the salmon with him. He came to rest under the window and looked into Ewen's face.

They were brother anglers those two, but in the man's eyes there was none of the sympathy of brotherhood. "Got you," he cried. "You thieving little varmint."

Bruce did not object much. It was such a treat to be waited on by a woman:—to have a real meal served in dishes, instead of straight out of the frying pan, and to sit down to a well-laid table.

"Come and see us again," said Bruce, invitingly, as Miss Milton got in her car.

"I shall be glad to do so," she said. Then she added;—"Will next Monday be too soon?"

Bruce laughed. It was the first time he had laughed since his wife left. "It will never be too soon," he added. Then he looked after her wistfully. When he had seen a woman approach the house, he had half hoped it might be his wife. But no! He was a fool to even hope to see her again!

"I'll try to have things tidier now you've warned us," said John, as his sister waved him good-bye.

It would have been fun for a woman to have observed the two men, unseen, on Monday morning. Bruce, lately so careless of his looks, took the trouble to shave and put on a clean white shirt. John was just as careful.

"How about getting in the hay," asked the hired man, when between them, they had the house in apple pie order.

He threw up the rusty shot gun, and the shattering din veritably shook the plaster from the walls. The shot travelling solid at so short a range, tore up the woodwork at Hobo's very nose, and Hobo fell limp where he had crouched.

In the deadly silence that followed Ewen strode up, clutched the dead otter by the tail, and hauled it out, its jaws still locked in the hunger grip of death on the thing it had stolen. Stolen? Yes, stolen!—stolen from a thief. Ewen looked at the thin wasted body, the jewels of ice in the creature's coat, and somehow a sense of remorse came to him. It had been so easy—the pressing of the trigger, yet it had meant so much—meant that he had taken something he could not give back—no, nor all the Kings of the Earth!

Ewen went to the door and threw the dead thing out, still clinging desperately to the fish which it had sacrificed its life to win—so little to ask of man who has so much, yet sufficient to shatter it from his pathway. Ewen had often watched the otters during the summer months, and had wondered at their faithfulness and beauty. They had helped to enrich his life, as indeed, does everything living and beautiful to look upon enrich our lives, each one a tiny jewel in life's substance, till that substance becomes studded with jewels, instead of being nearly a mass of clay, with no bright spots of happy retrospect, and retrospect is half of life.

Thus, at the soul of Ewen McNabb, the brother angler, was remorse, because to-night he could have done a gentle and charitable thing, could have set a jewel in his own life's memory, but instead he had placed his foot upon a clod of clay. Now he stood looking out at the cold, bright world, with its towering peaks, cloud-wraithed in pearl white strata, its velvet glens, its glassy slopes, and he shuddered a little at the cold, and at the silence which was a part of the cold, and again at that still, cold, sad little mound on the steely earth beyond. Then he heard the calling of another otter down at the river, heard her calling, calling, and he closed the door and cursed himself as a sentimental fool. She was calling for something he had taken, and which he could not give back—no, nor all the Kings of the Earth.

No sooner was the door closed than Hobo rose, dragging the pickled salmon with him, rose and dragged himself unscathed across the spangled ling. He had played his last card, he had played it well. He had proved himself among the fittest, and it was for him and Lutra to live their lives, which is all the wild folk ask of man—their lives.

AND when Ewen went out next morning and saw how he had been fooled, he laughed a triumphant laugh and beat his great fists together. "Good! Good," he cried. "Come again little varmint! So long as the cold snap lasts there will be a salmon for you every week on the dung hill!"

And Ewen kept his promise, and some weeks later he smiled the gentlest of smiles when he saw many tiny star-like prints in the golden sand about the doorway of the Otter's Inn.

Bruce looked at the sky. "O that can wait a bit, I guess," he answered. "I've some work I want done around the house."

The hired man helped in one way then another; but ever and anon, his eyes were turned towards the long lane which led up to the house. At last, just about eleven o'clock, he recognized his sister's car.

Instantly John left his work.

"I'll come in a few minutes," observed Bruce. After all, there was no reason why he should get excited. The car stopped at the front door and was out of his sight.

"Just what I hoped," muttered John to himself as he helped his sister dismount. She was not alone. "Glad to see you, Mrs. Sydney," he smiled as another woman entered the house.

Nora gazed around her as if spell-bound. The walls of the sitting-room were covered with burlap, painted pale blue; near the window was a small, writing desk, and in the opposite corner stood a gramophone.

"You don't seem to recognize your own place," laughed Miss Milton.

"Where is Bruce?" asked Nora, huskily.

"O he's all right, Mrs. Sydney," explained the hired man. "He's just finishing a little job outside. He did not know

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As to Laws, and Disregard of Laws

WE hear a great deal nowadays and read a great deal about the increase of the general disregard of law. It may be true that there is a great deal of disregard of some enactments, some laws, and some by-laws. But the fundamental laws of human life are not disregarded without a penalty being suffered by those who disregard them. These fundamental laws are enforced. Man did not make them. He makes a great many laws, many of which are evaded more or less successfully. But the real laws he neither makes, nor evades, if he violates them, he does not escape the penalty. Consider all that you know of your own life and the lives of others, and consult your doctor, or your knowledge and conscience, and see whether you really think anybody is really beating any of the fundamental laws of human life.

The Number of People in Canada

IN some comment made on this page of the April number of *The Western Home Monthly* in regard to the preliminary figures which had been given out at Ottawa for the total of the Dominion Census taken last year, namely, 8,769,489. The *Philosopher*, having looked up the total of the census of 1911, namely, 7,204,838, noted that according to the preliminary total for 1921, there had been an increase of 1,564,651 in the population of Canada in the ten years. But by an accident the digit 1 fell out of its place as the platoon commander, so to speak, of that group of digits, which then went marching along thus: 564,651. The *Philosopher* is sorry that he was thus placed in the position of saying that the increase in the population of the Dominion between 1911 and 1921 was only 564,651. He has to thank three readers of the *Monthly* who have written to him, pointing out that error. Fortunately the two totals were given, so that it was evident that the figure 564,651 was just 1,000,000 short, a large shortage, indeed. And it now appears that when the final total of the census of last year is ready to be given out it will be found that the increase in the number of people in Canada in the ten years between the last census and the one before was larger than 1,564,651. It was stated in the House at Ottawa recently that the total of the census of last year is 8,774,000. Let us hope that when the final figures are ready (they may be given out before these words are in print), they will show a still larger total. It is a satisfaction to the writer of these lines to have received the letters pointing out the regrettable error explained above. If writers and speakers on public affairs were checked up vigilantly, it would have the effect of making them spare no trouble to be accurate in their statements; and that would be to the public advantage. Accurate information is essential to the right functioning of public opinion.

Old Age and Youth

PUPPIES frolic. They enjoy life. They wag their tails, and they are confiding. Everybody loves a puppy, because a puppy trusts and welcomes everybody. The old dog is more apt to look askance; he lies on his mat, and growls. So forbidding is he that the young dogs decline to fight with him, notwithstanding his lack of teeth, nor out of respect, really, but because they are awed by his expression. And that, too, is why they would not presume to undertake to play with him. And how about the animal that walks upon his hind legs and rules the world? For man, as for the dog, it is an art to grow old genially, a difficult and most important art. You may seem reasonable and even sunny to yourself, but do the young think you sunny and reasonable? That is the test. The best way to meet it is to keep and cultivate interests not too closely connected with your own special welfare. How much wisdom there is in the Bible, and how true it is that he who would save his life shall lose it? The old dog of the *Philosopher*, well-intentioned, but sleepy and morose, is lying near his feet as these words are being written, and he has set the writer of them looking into the future and thinking of old age and youth.

Disease Superstitions

THE belief is common among primitive and unlettered people that there is a specific remedy for each disease of the body that will infallibly effect a cure, if only it can be found and used. Ignorant and superstitious people are pathetically susceptible to the persuasions of quacks who profess to have found the healing herb, or other specific remedy, for their particular disease, and will go on squandering money and health, after being defrauded a dozen times, because in their simple and pitiful faith they think each time that their suffering is to be cured. This credulity can only be remedied by patient teaching. The health of the people is a national asset beyond the measure of dollars; but if the measure of it in dollars could be ascertained, it would be found that the economic loss resulting from avoidable sickness and preventable death runs into enormous figures. Everybody should be brought to know that disease is not an accident, but the result of environment and the way of living. We exist in a world of causes and effects. We must learn that health does not return by magic compounds or magic methods, but by a personal battle against disease, guided by knowledge. Education in this, as in everything else that has to do with the progress of humanity and the betterment of the conditions of life and work, is the great need.

The Philosopher

The Long-windedness of Legislators

THE proposal is being earnestly advocated in Great Britain that there should be installed in the chamber of the House of Commons instruments which should sound signals at intervals to indicate how long a member has been speaking. It is not at all unlikely that the proposal will be carried into operation at the next session of the British Parliament. The *Ottawa Journal*, commenting on it, says: "Seeing that the average Canadian M.P. is twice as verbose as his contemporary the average M.P. in London, would it not be well to have such instruments installed here?" Long-windedness is carried to absurd lengths at Ottawa. Nor have some of the Provincial Legislatures been altogether free from that evil. Members take an hour to say what could be said better in fifteen minutes, or half an hour. This is true not only of the ordinary member, but of the leading men in Parliament. A speaker confuses and enfeebles his utterance when he indulges in superfluous repetitions, goes into unnecessary details and makes long quotations. Condensation and concentration are not practised as they should be by public speakers. In the British Parliament even Gladstone, whom Beaconsfield described as "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," rarely made a speech which lasted longer than an hour. A speech lasting as long as an hour is a thing unknown in the British Parliament now. Lloyd George's speeches are always brief. But speeches lasting longer than an hour are not at all uncommon at Ottawa, and in some of the Provincial Legislatures. To say nothing of the expensiveness of longwindedness in legislators—for every day that the Dominion Parliament or a Provincial Legislature is in session costs the public a considerable sum of money—there are many other good and sufficient reasons why legislators should be induced by signals sounding at intervals to realize that they should use no more words than are necessary. If a man will think hard and clear his mind, he will be able to speak clearly, that is to say with no unnecessary words. Such brevity is essential to lucidity.

The Genius of Lloyd George

WHEN in studying the careers of great statesmen, we devote attention to the political speeches of their opponents and the utterances of newspapers hostile to them and their policies, we find that they never lacked criticism and abuse, to say nothing of misrepresentation. Certainly future historians will find that to be true of Lloyd George. At the present time, especially, in looking over the English newspapers, one is struck by the unfavorable criticisms aimed at him. But even his most unfriendly critics and attackers cannot but bow to the man's compelling genius. Oratory is only one of the gifts he has, which make him the master statesman of his time. What a marvelous power of expression he has, and what a profound influence that power of his has exercised upon the course of history! Who can forget the closing passage in his wonderful Guildhall speech, in the darkest hours of the World War, when he pictured the British people as living no longer in a valley of ease, but as toiling up the heights, with their eyes raised to the mountain peaks of Duty and Honor and Patriotism and, towering above all, the white pinnacle of Sacrifice pointing like a finger to heaven and guiding them to the summit of victorious achievement! He has a Shakesperian power of imagination in creating appealing images, whether his appeal is to the emotions or to common sense, or to the sense of humor. His inspiration never fails him. The speech at the Genoa conference, by which he held the conference together, after the stand taken by the representatives of France and the representatives of Russia, to mention no others, threatened to wreck it, was a masterpiece of wisdom, humor, and compelling appeal. Particularly effective was the portion of that speech addressed to Tchitcherin, the Foreign Minister of Russia. He expressed agreement with the general spirit of Tchitcherin's speech, and agreed that if the conference did not lead to disarmament, it would be a failure; but it had to be remembered, he went on, that there was nothing so explosive as a peace conference. Continuing, he urged Tchitcherin not to overload the ship, not to ignore the loadline and go on piling up cargo dangerously—Tchitcherin might go down with it, but if he didn't and they all succeeded in swimming safely to shore, the others might not want to venture another voyage with him, when they found out what sort of passenger he was. There is no other living statesman who has given such convincing proof of his power to rise to any emergency.

Can the Northern Lights be Heard?

THE question asked on this page of *The Western Home Monthly*, whether the Aurora Borealis is ever audible, has been taken up by the *Toronto Globe*. An editorial on the subject in that paper, which was like Sir Roger de Coverley's famous judgment that there was much to be said on both sides, has brought letters from several correspondents strongly backing up the testimony of the witnesses mentioned by *The Philosopher* who had assured him they had heard a certain crackling sound from the Northern Lights. One of them, the late Dr. W. D. Sutherland, a well known physician in Winnipeg for many years, was most positive in saying that more than once, while driving between Winnipeg and Stonewall on a winter night when there was a brilliant display of the Northern Lights he had heard that sound from the sky. He used to say that it was while he was crossing a certain ridge that the sound was audible. Two correspondents of the *Toronto Globe* tell a number of people having heard the Northern Lights not from a ridge on land, but from the water—in the one case from the ocean liner "Parisian" in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and in the other from a boat on Lake Huron. A reader of the *Monthly* sends *The Philosopher* three quotations from books by the novelist, James Oliver Curwood, in which he speaks of the Northern Lights as giving out a hissing sound. One of these passages is as follows: "Faintly in the grim silence of the winter night there came to his ears the soft hissing sound of the Aurora Borealis, as it played its age-old song over the dome of the earth." The scientists, however, do not seem to have come to any definite conclusion about it. The mysteries of electricity are many. In fact, it is not known with absolute certainty that the Aurora Borealis is an electrical phenomenon, though there is little doubt that it is.

Sir Conan Doyle and Spiritualism

THE famous writer, whose stories about Sherlock Holmes are well-known all round the world and whose conversion to spiritualism has caused such amazement to readers of those stories of closely reasoned out achievements of detective work, is now on a tour through the United States and this country, after having made a tour of Australia. It is a lecturing tour, and the lectures are all devoted to spiritualism. Of his sincerity there can be no possible doubt; but his credulity is staggering. He says he has photographs of spirits, and he is unable to see any trace of either gross fraud or subtle delusion in the performances of the mediums through whom he says he has received many communications from the unseen world. He believes not only that the spirits of the dead have been "materialized" at seances but that, as he gravely records in the book he has just published, a medium named Bailey actually "brought from the beyond" a long list of things, including "eighty-seven ancient coins (mostly of Ptolemy), eight live birds, eighteen precious stones, seven inscribed Babylonian tablets, one Egyptian scarabaeus, a leopard skin and four bird's nests." Sir James declares in his book that "it is perfect nonsense to talk about these things being the result of trickery." Surely it must seem to the rest of us to be quite as perfect nonsense to talk about them as being anything else. It is dumbfounding that the creator of the great detective, Sherlock Holmes, should have come to this!

Concerning Money

THE highly inflated condition of the currencies of many nations, particularly in central Europe, has made the political economists debate more earnestly than ever before the question of the gold standard. If that basis is adhered to, and there does not appear to have been any sound alternative to the gold standard suggested as yet, it is going to take a long time to produce stability out of the prevailing disorganization in the countries referred to. The gold standard has the advantage of being simple, and of being free from arbitrary control. The "multiple standard" suggestion would necessitate a world-wide agreement to give certain basic commodities, such as wheat, a fixed value in relation to gold. It is a visionary suggestion, an impracticable proposal. The thing we call money is of ancient origin. Coinage, as we have it to-day, is comparatively modern; but gold and silver (silver being of varying value, as compared with gold) as mediums of exchange date back to the dawn of history. We read in Genesis that Abraham, who is believed to have lived between 2,000 and 3,000 B.C. "was very rich in cattle, and in silver and gold." One of the earliest financial transactions of which there is record is Abraham's purchase of a burial place for the body of his wife Sarah, for which he "weighed"—for the shekel was a weight, like the pound sterling—"four hundred shekels of silver," current money with the merchant. Gold coins have always been weighed out in the Bank of England. But, of course, what passes for money now is very largely credit. Credit is the foundation of commerce. The problem of reconstruction in the countries of Europe shattered as the result of the Kaiser turning loose his military might and ruthlessness, is as much the problem of restoring credit, as it is the problem of restoring the gold standard.

About The Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

THERE are two leading kinds of Sweet Clover; the white-flowering species (*Melilotus alba*) and the yellow-flowering species (*Melilotus officinalis*).

The white Sweet Clover is a biennial plant which grows to a considerable height and belongs to the same family as alfalfa and Red Clover. It is grown to a greater extent than yellow Sweet Clover on account of its ability to produce more forage per acre.

Sweet Clover, until more recent years has been looked upon as a troublesome weed but as its sterling qualities have become more recognized it is being more and more adopted as a useful forage crop. The fact that it grows in thick bunches at the roadside and has a bitter taste (which varies with the stages of growth) has not proven a very good letter of introduction to the farmers of the West. However, the stock will eat it with relish if it is fed to them at the proper time and also they will get used to its peculiar taste when out pasturing where it is growing.

As this crop is a leguminous one it obtains nitrogen from the air which enables it to thrive on poor soil thus adding nitrogen to the soil and enriching it. It has been found to adapt itself to a great variety of soil conditions such as light, dry, moist, acid, and alkaline. A great deal is claimed for it in its capacity as being alkali resistant.

In regard to the cultivation of Sweet Clover, it may possibly be sown to best advantage on well worked fall or spring ploughing which should be free from grass. From the first of May to the end of July is considered a favorable period in which the seeding may be done, though the earlier seedings are usually the best.

The seed may be sown with an ordinary drill, mixed with cracked grain to give it bulk. Sow two inches deep or less and at the rate of ten pounds per acre. "Arctic" is a good commercial strain of this seed.

As a general rule, it will be found advisable to leave the fall growth of Sweet Clover standing so as to hold a mulch of snow for winter protection and ensure an extra supply of moisture for the next season.

It is claimed that Sweet Clover causes much less bloat to cattle and sheep than most other green crops. It may be made into a good quality of hay, though in bad weather it is somewhat difficult to cure, hence it is most useful at the present time as a pasture crop. It is capable of producing seed abundantly, and helps to maintain the fertility of the soil.

By giving it a fair trial it will help to solve some of the problems that are at present confronting the Western farmer along the line of mixed farming and rotation of crops.

When used in a rotation it has the advantage of being a biennial plant hence does not survive the second winter and the ploughing is much easier than the operation of ploughing up alfalfa roots, as the roots of Sweet Clover decay very completely and the field is left in good shape for the next crop of the rotation.

Bees a Profitable Sideline

THE present day demand for bees goes to prove that the honey bee though formerly a native of tropical and semi-tropical regions is well worthy of adoption in this northern latitude.

It is one of the items of a farm or private garden where the labor and cost of material involved shows an enormous profit under normal conditions and we may look for the day when the apiary will be as common on the Canadian farm as the cow barn, or the poultry yard.

Having overcome the antipathy that may be common to the lay mind in regard to the possibilities of running foul of bee stings—which is more imaginary than otherwise—let us look at the useful side of this industrious little worker. The honey bee is essentially a self supporter and only in disastrous years is it necessary to resort to feeding. It is a boon to all who own a garden for cross fertilization is carried on between the various plants where bees are kept, delicious honey is produced which is said by some experts to be about the finest obtainable anywhere, and as a study, for all who live at the

farm or country home, bee-keeping is one of the most engrossing.

With the product of the apiary there should be no anxiety in regard to the market for the disposal of it as all the lines that can be produced, viz. honey, wax and extra swarms of bees, will find ready buyers.

The month of June is a good time for the beginner to start operations, as swarms will then be issuing from the various apiaries throughout the country and it is advisable to purchase such swarms from a neighbour if possible with the assurance that they are healthy bees. May is somewhat early for swarming, and consequently surplus bees are not very plentiful that month, for, according to the old time adage:

"A swarm in May is worth a load of hay,

A swarm in June is worth a silver spoon."

The above is of course an old rhyme that does not apply very seriously to the ambitious beginner of bee-keeping in Western Canada, as June swarms will command a respectable market value.

Before making any purchase in the starting of the apiary, one should make a survey of the grounds to select a suitable location for the apiary. Such a site should be protected by windbreaks, as wind of a strong character is an obstacle to the bees, and a fair amount of shade should be provided. The most desirable position is a private enclosure containing the home grounds in order that the bees be not disturbed by wandering animals, also the bees will be handy to the house so that the progressive bee students of the home may go and take a look at them from time to time and note the modes of their life, and when there are any swarms issuing from the hives they may be hived without undue loss of time. When there are any cultivated flowers on the home grounds and fruit trees such as plum trees, the bees will have a handy place in blossoming time to get a good start on making stores without any exhausting long flights at the beginning of the season. Bees will travel considerable distances in order to obtain stores. In most localities the following plants will be accessible; Alsike Clover, White Dutch Clover, Alfalfa, Basswood, Sweet Clover, Golden Rod, etc. The bee-keeper situated in a locality producing such plants may assure himself that his bees will have fair field to work upon.

IN regard to the breed of bees to adopt, the Italian bee is recommended as docile and generally satisfactory. The bee should be set out in the selected location as soon as they are received, and the combs inspected once a week in the season.

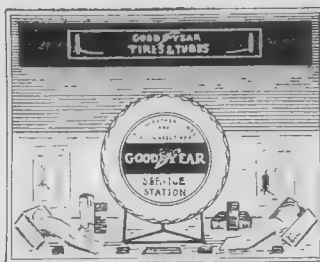
To inspect, the bee-keeper should approach the hives from the back, having previously got the smoker in working order. This latter implement consists of a tin cylinder with bellows attached and may be filled with old wood or sacking that will smoulder. On reaching the hive to be inspected reach around and send one or two puffs of smoke into the hive entrance, lift the back of the lid or cover and put in one or two puffs of smoke there too, in order to drive the bees down between the frames. In order to be on the safe side, gloves and a bee veil may be worn during the inspection. A screw driver or similar tool is handy to raise the ends of the frames, but all jerks and jolts should be avoided. On finding a comb with a complete store of honey, the bees should be gently brushed off in front of the hive, so that they fall on the ground at the entrance, and the comb placed in a box with a lid to it as no bees should be allowed in the honey box. A brushing off may be accomplished by means of a corn clothes-whisk. As each full comb is taken out, an empty frame should be put in its place, then the full combs may be taken away for extracting after the lid of the hive has been replaced. The reason for the care to be observed when taking the honey from the hive and putting it under cover immediately, is that the bees if allowed to settle on the comb may start feeding and developing a desire later for robbing other hives.

In regard to swarming, it may be said that such a practice when only one or two colonies are on hand in the case of a

Continued on Page 34



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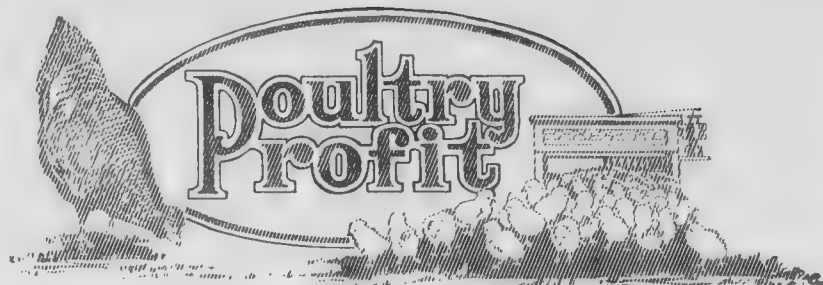
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This Column Brings Results.

Here is one of the many letters we receive. Dear Sirs: Please stop my advertisement running in your paper. I am sold out of honey. Thanks to your paper. I will be with you again next season. We are entirely pleased with the Western Home Monthly. F. W. Krouse & Sons, Apiarists, Guelph, Ont.



HELEN E. VIALOUX

CUSTOM hatching has been an easy means of getting young chicks out in good time this spring. There is no anxiety on the part of the poultry keeper, as to temperature in the hatching chamber and moisture in the water pan. The expert in charge of the mammoth incubator, sees to all that and carries the responsibility of hatching out 50,000 eggs at one time. The day I went to see The Mammoth Wooden Hen, was early in April, cold and stormy, with falling snow, but she was working like a charm, having 43,000 eggs hatching at that time. The eggs were very low in fertility this spring, in March and early April and "blood rings" were noticed in many of the eggs tested. Testing in the machine was done on the 10th day, and every day, chicks hatched out and new consignments of eggs were set. An expert is in charge of the machine night and day. The eggs are turned by hand and aired and cooled daily, a system of ventilation is used, also, which pumps fresh air into the incubator room continually. The machine is built in a long building in two sections, each having a capacity of 25,000 eggs. The heating plant is at the entrance—two coal stoves, one for each section supplying the heat for the hatching chambers. Thermometers are placed in each compartment of hatching eggs, showing the temperature in the drawer, and among the eggs—a record of each lot of eggs is pasted on the glass door which can be read at a glance. There is no danger of eggs getting mixed and the parons get their own chicks, from eggs sent in to be "custom hatched." Of course thousands of chicks are hatched from the united egg farms.

There are 200 farms from which eggs are secured and "Baby Chicks" for sale are hatched from April to July, in the big machine, the largest in Western Canada. In one chamber was a nursery for somewhat weak chicks, not strong enough to ship with safety. These little fellows, about one dozen of them, were getting more steady on their pins and pecked away at tiny chick feed quite happily. Baby chicks are shipped to all parts of Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Fort William, Ont., and the attendant said, they had no complaints re dead chicks, on arrival. The cartons contain from 12 to 24 chicks, in each section and are so securely packed that the chicks can stand a journey of two or three days, without injury. Of course the chicks are sent out at one day old, so the pangs of hunger do not worry them for about 48 hours when their squeaks for food are persistent. Upon reaching their destination chicks always need a drink of luke warm water and some chick feed and grit. There is no doubt, in an ordinary flock of hens, when the busy housewife does not care to add artificial incubation to her other responsibilities, the Custom Hatching will be popular when the mother hens are slow in getting to business in the spring. I maintain the best hatcher, however, is the hen, and the work done by artificial incubation every spring only strengthens my belief. Word has come from The Agricultural College, the Mammoth Incubator, as well as some local poultry keepers of a very small percentage of chicks hatching out in April this year. Several reasons are advanced for this. A cold March that prevented the hens getting an outdoor run, heavy winter laying "which has vitiated the vitality of the breeding stock, and so on. The last reason is the main cause of all the trouble and when those in authority either on the experimental farms or on local plants where egg production is the main objective" will understand that no hen of any breed will lay heavily all winter, and in addition to this, lay fertile eggs in March and April that will hatch a large percentage of strong chicks. It simply can't be done. The breeding

pens should never be given forcing egg mashers or have their quarters flooding with electric light in the winter. With the poor reports sent to me have come some cheering ones also, of wonderful hatches, under normal conditions and "mother hen" on the job.

One lady east of Winnipeg, on a farm reports no less than 40 chicks hatched under three hens, in April, from 45 eggs, all strong chicks, and doing well. Another one tells of 14 chicks from 15 eggs set in a Rhode Island Red Flock. From what I can learn, eggs are strong in fertility under ordinary farm conditions. This is the month to keep the chicks growing, moving them often to fresh ground and as the season grows hot, guard against vermin at all times, use plenty of air slaked lime around the premises and spray all coops with a good disinfectant, such as Izal or Creolin. Use lice powder on the mother hens as well as on the brooder chicks. Lard rubbed on the head and throat of little chicks will kill the head lice that suck the blood of young stock. A little smear of blue ointment under the wings of a turkey hen will usually drive all vermin from her and her poults.

This is a good mash for chicks, equal parts of bran and cornmeal and middlings, about one third part rolled oats, or oat meal, and one half part of clover or alfalfa meal mixed together. This may be fed dry or slightly moistened with butter milk or sour milk.

There is no question in regard to the value of butter milk as a means of preventing serious bowel trouble as well as being a splendid food in making steady growth in a flock of chicks, or poults. The butter milk is fed brooder chicks from the very first stage and the whole system becomes acidulated with the result that the bacteria that causes real white diarrhoea, a menace every season to successful chick rearing, gains no foothold in the digestion tract of the chick. The harmful bacteria may come from dirty vessels, infected runs, or from the parent stock through the eggs. At any rate butter milk is now regarded as the best known safeguard for this dread disease in young chicks, that have been hatched under artificial conditions.

About the Farm

Continued from page 33

beginner, should not be checked until each hive has given one or two swarms, for the small apiary should have as the first year's object, the desire for increase. A two-colony apiary may increase to five or six colonies in the first season, but the progress of the season should be carefully watched as it is very necessary that each colony have sufficient stores to carry the bees through the winter. Therefore, if the season for the gathering of nectar is a lean one, the idea of increase must be checked by various methods, such as cutting out the queen cells from the combs, giving the hives more air, etc.

WHEN a swarm emerges from the hive, there is a considerable droning sound which should attract attention from the house if the apiary is within reasonable distance. The bees appear to be circling round above the hive and after a while it will be seen that a few of them have selected a branch of a nearby tree on which they form a sort of ball. After this formation has taken place the balance of the bees will follow the lead and in due time a cluster about the size of a football will be hanging to the branch.

If the branch to which they are hanging is not too high a fresh hive in which are empty frames should be placed immediately under the swarm, the cover of the hive being taken off, and by a rapid jerk of the branch the bees will be shaken off, most of them falling in a mass on top of the frames. They should be left for a

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while and eventually the rest of the bees will settle and go down between the frames or else enter the hive through the entrance. Of course it depends on whether the queen has entered the hive, as the bees follow her, though the writer in two years experience never had much difficulty in getting every swarm hived safely and quickly.

To the beginner it may seem that with thousands of bees circling round and droning there is rather a likelihood of any on-looker getting stung, but on the contrary the bees at such a time are in a particularly peaceful mood and intent on watching the movements of the queen and the process of hiving is done with ease.

The peaceful droning sound of swarming bees is not a danger signal but it is the high whining note that should be taken note of. This latter occurs if one should blunder accidentally against a hive, or attempt to carry out an inspection of the frames on a wet or cold day when the bees are all at home and do not wish to be disturbed. Hives should not be inspected except on days that are fine enough for the majority of the bees to be out in the fields gathering stores and nectar. The beginner in bee keeping should also remember not to stand in front of the hives when close to the apiary, as the bees are constantly coming and going in hundreds, and by standing in front and close up to the hives one soon becomes looked upon as an obstruction, to be resented. It is the same as though one stood in the main alleyway of a busy factory causing the workmen to keep on having to step aside.

WHEN extracted honey is desired, of course it will be necessary to include an extractor in the equipment. A very delicious form of honey for the table is in the comb. These combs or sections may be purchased at any bee supply house and come in the form of small slats of wood. These may be put together and the foundation placed in them on which the bees will build the comb. The making up of these small foundations and sections is a good form of amusement for the family, as it requires a certain amount of patience and skill to make a first class job. This, and other tasks in connection with the management of the apiary, form a very attractive line of work, in addition to the fact that all hands will be looking forward to the time when the golden harvest will be taken from the hives to establish the household menu.

Nora on a Farm

Continued from page 31

he was to expect two visitors and, doubtless he imagined I could entertain my own sister."

"Didn't you tell him I was coming," asked Nora.

"Certainly not," replied John. "Wouldn't you like to look at your kitchen before he gets here?"

BOTH women entered the kitchen. The walls were covered with oil-cloth—just the kind suitable to a kitchen; there was a cabinet and a sink! Other smaller improvements, Nora took in at a glance. She did not wait for her husband to come in. Instead, she rushed out towards the stable, forgetting in her haste, that a cow might have got loose! Luckily for her, the cows were far away in the pasture not that they would have hurt her, but they might have prevented her seeing her husband so soon.

"It will be all right now," said John to his sister, and they both laughed. Miss Milton began to prepare some dinner, remarking that the two outside might be in Paradise, and forget such a matter of fact thing as dinner. John Milton glanced out of the window.

"Look," he said to his sister. "She's leading the horse!"

"Then all will, indeed, be right," exclaimed his sister. "With a horse to drive and a pretty garden and all these improvements, any woman would remain here."

"I bet she's falling in love with her husband all over again," laughed John.

"Nonsense," replied his sister. "She always was in love with him. This time, she's fallen in love with the farm."

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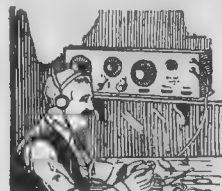
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RADIO



Advice to Beginners

A recent issue of the Radio News contains very good advice to the many thousands of people who are becoming interested in the new art every day, nay, every hour, and nearly all of these people are, as a rule, lost in a wilderness of technicalities. Most of the "wise ones," the experts, the radio engineers et al are so busy these days, making money in radio that they have only contempt for the novice and his "foolish questions." It is like asking a professor of mathematics for the best method of adding 2 and 2!

To start at the beginning. The art of radio was invented by the German, Professor Heinrich Hertz, in 1887. His were laboratory experiments. The Italian, Guglielmo Marconi then stepped in and took the laboratory experiments out into the open. To him belongs the credit of making radio practical. Hertz transmitted no messages, only impulses over a few yards. Marconi was the first to send wireless messages over miles.

The radio telephone, contrary to general belief is not a new invention. It was invented by the "Danish Edison," Valdemar Poulsen in 1902. Sending the human voice through space has been in practice for over two decades now, but as with other inventions, the public refused to be interested.

As for the recent new word, coined by the public: the Radiograph—don't show your ignorance by repeating it. A radiograph is a picture taken by X-rays, surely no radio here.

As to outfits. Unless you have money to burn, start with a crystal outfit. Learn to creep before you walk. A beginner can, of course, start with a vacuum tube outfit if he has friends who can guide him, and answer his questions, but as a general rule if you really wish to learn all about radio, start with a good crystal set. Select one that is easy to operate and that will stay put. The chances are that a carefully built apparatus will work better than one that looks like the home-made variety, now flooding the market.

Ninety-nine out of one hundred people when they start in radio wish to hear the broadcasting stations that send out hourly entertainments. If you live within 25 miles, as the crow flies, from such a station, you may be reasonably sure of hearing it clearly with your crystal set. Fifty miles have been covered with such a set, but that is an exception, only realized under certain ideal conditions.

Phones.—Use a good set of 2,000 or 3,000 ohm phones with a crystal set. With such a set the music or other signals are never very loud; for that reason it is best to use two receivers—a regular head set. A single 1,000 or 1,500 ohm receiver can be used if desired, in a room where there is absolutely no noise, but two phones are always better.

A 75-ohm receiver—the kind used on the house or public 'phone is of no use in radio. Don't waste time with it.

Loud Talkers.—At the present time there exists no device on the market that will make the music, received from a crystal outfit, loudly audible in a room. Loud talkers, or amplifiers, at present, can only be used with vacuum tubes.

Aerials.—Use a single wire stretched taut, about 100 feet long. Such a wire may be of copper, or copper clad (iron core with copper surrounding it), not a copper plated iron wire. The wire may be bare or covered with insulation. It makes no difference. The wire (diameter) should not be less than No. 14 B & W, wire gauge. If anywhere possible make the wire point in the direction of the broadcasting station. The lead-in wire should be soldered to the aerial or better, much better, have aerial and lead-in a single uninterrupted piece of wire. Use good aerial insulators for the suspension of the aerial. Any radio store supplies them. Remember, the electrical energy collected on even a good aerial is less than one-hundredth of a fly power. Therefore, the very best

insulation is none too good. Keep the aerial as far away from buildings, walls, trees as possible, never less than one foot. If you live in a steel building, keep aerial and lead-in even further away. It is immaterial if the aerial runs parallel to the ground. Thus the writer used an aerial with ideal results as follows. A single rubber-covered, stranded automobile cable 100 feet long was attached to the highest point of the water-tank on the roof of a 10-story apartment house. The wire ran down at an angle of over 45° where it was hooked with insulators near the cornice of the building. Thence it ran down to a window into the apartment. Total of aerial, plus lead-in, 100 ft.

Grounds.—The best ground connection is made on any cold water pipe, nearest the receiving set. Insulation of the ground wire is not necessary. A bare wire will do, of the same size as that of the aerial. Be sure to use a ground-clamp or else solder the wire to the pipe. Wrapping the wire over a clean-scraped water pipe is all right for temporary use, but it will give trouble without fail in due time. Therefore, avoid it. If a water pipe cannot be had the next choice is a gas pipe. It is, however, not satisfactory and is condemned by fire underwriters. Connection on the radiator is the third choice. It is, however, not at all efficient. If you live in the country, the best ground, if no water pipe is available, is a metal rod or pipe driven to a depth of 6 feet or more into moist ground (near a well or creek). Ground connection to be made with ground clamp, or soldered.

Lightning Danger.—Fire rules provide that an extra wire must be connected to the aerial by means of lightning switch or lightning arrester. This extra wire must be grounded outside of the building. Thus connected an aerial becomes the very best protection against lightning a building could have, because it acts as a lightning rod. Landlords should welcome such aerials, unless they are stupid and refuse free insurance to their building.

Finally.—If you wish to be successful in radio, be patient. Don't blame the apparatus. Hunt for the trouble. Use your head. Think. Think again. Usually he who seeks finds.

Radio for the Farmer

A FEW years ago when one mentioned the subject of radio, it was linked with maritime interests and to most persons this Marconi science was considered the essence of mystery, but since the close of the great war the shroud of mystery has been swept aside and to-day nearly everyone can talk intelligently on the subject. Many of the thousands of service men were trained in the art of operating a radio set and became so enthused with the work that after being discharged they still continued to study and construct sets of their own design. In this manner radio spread throughout the country and ceased to be purely of maritime interest. It is now a common sight to see an antenna or several of them in an inland town and they are of more value than mere playthings, for they lead to rooms containing radio instruments. Now comes the entertaining part of radio; picture a jolly crowd gathered around the fireside munching apples and nuts while they hum to the sweet strains of music from some distant radiophone station. Speaking of radio concerts, they can be put to advantage at a barn dance by using a loud speaker; it is fast becoming a popular way and also an economical way of furnishing music; in fact, so economical that union orchestra leaders are protesting at its use as they are losing their jobs. Some argue that radio apparatus is so expensive they can't afford to install a receiving set, but this is a false impression, for a fairly efficient set can be bought for \$20 or \$25, capable of producing the above named results. It will be one of the best investments a farmer could make, for there is something in the air all the time.

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Why Do You Not Hear these Concerts?

TWO Winnipeg Newspapers have very powerful transmitting sets and concerts which they send out nearly every evening have been heard as far West as the foot of the Rockies. It must of course be remembered, however, that if you live a very long way from a broadcast you will need one or two step amplifiers in addition to a receiving set so that the signals will be understood. It seems to us that it will be only be a question of time before all the Western Cities and towns will be equipped with transmitting sets and then Western Canada will indeed have a choice variety of musical fare to choose from.

Inquiry Column

IF there is anything that you want to know about Radio, do not hesitate to write in and ask us. We will gladly do our best to obtain for you the necessary information.

Subscriber, Poplar Point.—I am 45 miles from Winnipeg. What could I use with a crystal to receive your radio-phonograph concerts?

Ans.: A crystal detector will not give satisfactory results over 20 to 25 miles. Any distance over this you will require an audion detector.

In the tickler feedback set, is the inductance a separate winding or not? Where does it go?—R. T. Brandon, Man.

The tickler coil you mention is one winding placed in series, with the plate circuit and mounted inside the end of the main coil, beneath the two sections of the main winding which have twenty turns each.

Can I use a King amplitone-horn with my galena set?—R. S. T., Winnipeg.

You cannot use any horn with a crystal set. Whenever signals are of such volume that you can hear the music—say, a foot away from the phones—then use the horn. Would suggest that you use more phones connected in the circuit.

Can a good regenerative-set be made using honeycomb coil? Will it work as well as a high-priced regenerative-receiver, using two variometers and a variocoupler? Is the De Forest circuit using two primaries and one secondary as good as either of these.—Subscriber, Calgary, Alta.

The difference between the set using the honeycomb coils and the regenerative using the two variometers and variocoupler, lies in the fact that the former will give better results on longer waves, while most of the latter type of set will not work on wave lengths of over 600 to 800 meters.

For short waves, the variometers are hard to beat. These circuits are both regenerative, while the De Forest circuit you mention, is not regenerative. All three circuits are excellent in their respective fields, and it is difficult to compare their relative merits. Each is supreme in its class.

Can I hear Winnipeg on my set? N. C., Brandon, Man.

We cannot estimate the exact distance that any set will receive. Readers are requested not to ask this sort of question, because no man can answer it satisfactorily.

To whom shall I write regarding an amateur license?—A. B., Fort William, Ont.

Address: Federal Wireless Inspector, 801 Somerset Bldg., Winnipeg.

X.Y.Z., Carberry, Man.—What instruments will I need to pick up broadcasting 100 miles away?

Ans.: You would require an audion detector, phones and a good tuner. We suggest that you purchase a regenerative tuner to get the best results.

A green Irishman was sent by his employer to take charge of a Jewish funeral, and upon making his report to his "Boss," Pat says:

"That's a curious custom the Jews have of placing \$20 gold piece in the right hand of the corpse."

"Why, that is to pay his way over the river Jordan."

"Well," says Pat, "if that's the case that Hebrew will have to swim, because I swiped the \$20."—J. F. Doyle.

THE FOUR HEADACHES

The four headaches were discussing their parents, "My father," bragged Headache No. 1, "Was Ambition, and my mother was Overwork, a masterful, energetic pair."

Headache No. 2 was prompt to reply, "My father was Indolence and my mother was Pampering—an elegant couple they were."

"My parents were serious—Worry and Fret; no frivolity in their homes," said

"My father," Headache No. 3 broke in, "was Intemperance and my mother was Gluttony, and a merry house was theirs—part of the time."

Headache No. 4.

"But you ought to have seen my Grandfather Self-will and my Grandmother Thoughtlessness," Headache No. 1 boasted, throwing out his chest.

"Why!" exclaimed the other Headaches in one voice, "those were our Grandfather and Grandmother!"

Thus the Headaches discovered that they were first cousins, and ever since they have worked in close co-operation, and have loaned each other freely their hammers and punches and awls.

Aesop Jones

In Almost No Time It's Done!

The shabby woodwork, the tarnished furniture, the wear-marked floors—perhaps you've tolerated them only because you imagined it would be a bothersome and expensive undertaking to renew their original elegance.

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Mother's Section

"BILLY" SUNDAY ON THE HOME

THE longer I live and the more I visit up and down this land and see the joys and sorrows, the success and failures, of men and women, the more thoroughly I become impressed with the fact that the great institution of to-day is the home, and every home should be the centre of all that is elevating, inspiring and uplifting and every home should be dead to anything that disgraces and pollutes.

You can build your palaces, you can amass your fortunes; you can spread Persian rugs on your floors; you can sit beneath the flash of the candelabra; you can push a button and have a retinue of servants doing a marathon to see which will be honored by waiting on you; you can roll down the street in the most magnificent and faultless equipages, but I say to you, nothing can make happy the father and mother of a godless, drunken loafer of a boy, or a frivolous, coquettish, flirty, good-for-nothing, empty-headed sort of a girl that gads the streets with every Tom, Dick and Harry, and makes you hang your head with shame and disgrace that you ever gave her birth.

Not only peace and happiness centres about the home, but all that is moral and religious as well. I believe the downfall of most men and women can be traced to some defect in the home. Every blackleg gambler, every drunkardolling and staggering, every woman who is selling her virtue, was once pure as the morning dew.

When the Children Look Like a Rummage Sale

In a second-hand store—with uncombed air, buttons off, stockings hanging down—it doesn't take the wisdom of truth to see that the mother is too busy with her social duties, clubs, etc., to pay much attention to the kids.

One of the danger signs of our times is the curse of the idle mother. Many a woman never darns a stocking, never a piece of hemstitching on a handkerchief, never puts any lace or insertion on a thing; they manage to drag their old carcasses around, and if they ever go out, it is to some entertainments, some bridge whist party, some Dutch lunch, or out to some opera, and out to some fashionable dressmaker or some fashionable milliner—that eternal routine of bridge whist, dressmakers, milliners, they beat that little path!

Don't shut the door lest the sun fade a little patch of the ingrain carpet. Don't pull the blinds and turn the home into gloom.

Don't Repress the Merry Laughter

that will shake the cobwebs out of the corner. If you want to ruin your home let children understand that all mirth shall be left out. Let them regard it as a place in which to eat and sleep and they will be swept along. Young people must have fun. They must have a good time. Then, in God's name, make your homes as attractive as you can for them, so they won't want to go away. Let the fire burn, let the lights blaze. I hate to go into a 20 foot square room, lighted by a 16 candle power light. It is the poorest economy in the world to have a dim, dingy home, or a dim, dingy church.

You can clothe your children in silks and satins, bedeck them with French ribbons until they outrival a French millinery store, and yet they are orphans, though you still live. Show me your children, show me the company you keep, show me the nature of the books you read, and though I have never been in your home, I will write you a perfect history of it, and I will tell you how it came out. And I believe the ideal mother is the product of a civilization that rose from the manger of Bethlehem.—From a Sermon preached in Philadelphia to 20,000 people.

THREE YEARS IN HEAVEN

Three years ago he went to heaven. With us they have been long, long years; it is so long since we heard the sound of his sweet voice, and the merry laugh that burst from his glad heart.

He was the youngest of our flock. Three summers he had been with us, and he was brighter and sunnier than any summer day of them all. But he died as the third year of his life was closing. Our hearts have been yearning for the child that is gone.

Three years in heaven! They do not measure time in that world. There are no weeks, months, years in heaven. But all the time we have been mourning his absence here, he has been happy there. And when we think of what he has been enjoying all that time, and the wonderful progress he has made, we feel that it is blessedness for him, however hard for us, that he was called away.

Three years with the angels! They have been his companions and his teachers. What lessons of knowledge and love our dear child has learned! The cherubim are said to excel in knowledge; and love glows more brightly in the breasts of seraphim. Three years with both, and with powers to know and to love, as few other children ever had, he must ere this have become very like to those who have taken him into their society. It would be wrong, yes, very wrong, to call him back to us.

Three years with the Redeemer in heaven! They have told him of the Saviour, in whose blood they have washed their robes, and whose righteousness is their salvation. The dear child, while with us here knew little of Jesus and His dying love. But he has heard the story of the saviour, the Lamb that was slain, from the lips of Apostles and harps of martyrs, and perhaps the blessed Lord himself has seen him and said: "Suffer the little child to come unto Me." And among the redeemed in glory are some who would have loved him here had they been living, and now they take him into their arms, make him their own, and thus our broken families become re-united households in the mansions of the saved.

Three years with Christ. It is to me an unspeakable joy that the child has been all this time with the Saviour, in His presence, at His feet, learning of Him, and singing His sweet praise. On earth the dear Saviour took such as he into His arms and blessed them. I know, for He said so, that of such is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed Jesus! blessed children! blessed child!

He often wept when he was with us. He suffered pain and weariness, and cried out in his anguish. Our hearts ached for him while we had him with us. But he has not wept once since he went from us. He has not shed a tear in heaven. Not a pain, not a cry, not a fear. Happy, O how happy he! Here he was pleased with a rattle, and now he smiles as he takes his harp and sings and plays with angels.

And when I think of the joys that are his now, I am more than willing to have him stay where he is, though the chair is empty, and our hearts ache when we think of what he was to us. Long and weary are the years without him; but blessed years have been to him in heaven. Even so, Father. Not our will, but Thine, be done.

BODY VERSUS SOUL

Body, how hast thou fared to-day?

"I have had the best that the world can give; With my costly feasting and rich array. Where is the prince who could better live?"

And how has it been with thee, O soul?

"I have lived on a crust or two of prayer, And had no vestment that was whole— Ay! how much worse could a beggar fare?"

—Charlotte Fiske Bates

No Drunkard Ever Intended to be a Drunkard

The man who says, "I can drink or let it alone"—I notice they never let it alone—the man who tells me he can drink or let it alone lies. The drunkard begins with the moderate drinker. One of the curses of the world to-day is the moderate drinker, not the immoderate drinker.

Our national life will never rise higher than the home life. This talk about the land of the free is discounted.

Go West the Wonder Way



See the Canadian Pacific Rockies

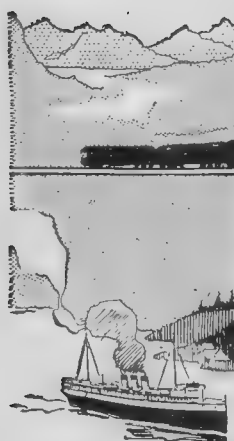
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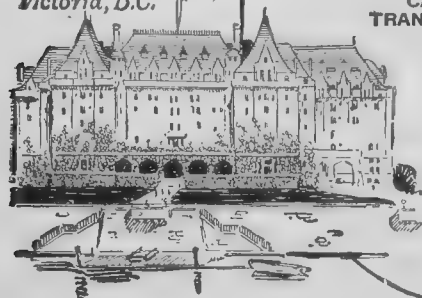
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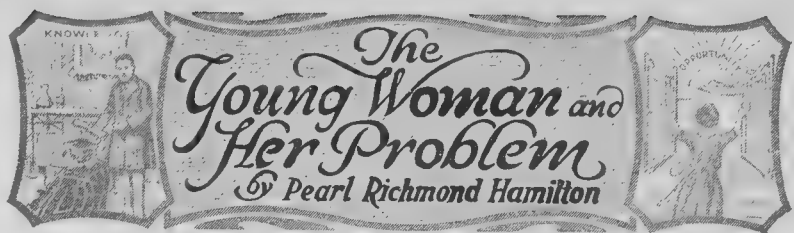
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CANADIAN Literature has suffered a great loss in the death of Marjorie Pickthall, last month. She was our greatest woman poet and she passed away just when she began to realize the popularity of her country's appreciation. During the present year many of her short stories were being published in magazines both in Canada and the States as well as in England. Her stories reveal an atmosphere distinctly Canadian.

Her book "The Bridge" published recently is full of prose descriptions that are poetic in their beauty. The book is divided into three parts—"Sand," "Mist," and "Winter." In the first the character builds his life on sand—in the second he loses his loved one in mist; in the third their love is spent in winter ending just before spring. But it is in poetry that Miss Pickthall excelled. Norah M. Holland, herself a poet, says that Miss Pickthall was the most exquisite of our songsters, and she quotes "Mary Shepherdess" as an example of tenderness and beauty unequalled by any other Canadian writer. "The Lamp of Poor Souls" was Miss Pickthall's latest volume of poems.

Norah M. Holland has a page of poetry in National Life and she says on this page that the minstrel of the past knew the power that poetry has over the hearts of all people, and because no country can be or become great without inspiration of its singers, through ages the Poet has been held in high honor. "Let who will make the laws," said one great poet, "so I may make its songs."

Marjorie Pickthall's first contribution appeared in the Mail and Empire when she was only seventeen years old. Her home was in British Columbia where she loved nature and sang its beauty from a soul spiritual and lovely.

Mothers and Daughters

THIS is the month when mothers and daughters enjoy getting together at banquets prepared in their honour. If the Canadian Girls in Training accomplish nothing else the association is justified for its existence because of the splendid co-operation between mothers and daughters that it has promoted and encouraged. I believe this is the very best organization for young girls. Can one imagine a more beautiful picture than that of a long table surrounded by mothers and daughters? During the month of May these lovely pictures have blessed scores of churches in Canada.

I cannot express the joy that transfigured the faces of the mothers I saw as the speaker of the evening tried to cement a closer union between the mother and daughter and to create a finer understanding of the relationship between the two.

The opportunity of knowing her mother is the most valuable opportunity that can come to a girl.

A young man once said; "Whenever I want to know what a girl is really like, I see how she treats her mother". The teen age is a trying age to both but with a fine understanding between the two it can become the most beautiful period in a girl's life—the rainbow period.

I would urge our young girl readers to respect the judgement of their mothers. When a girl is two or three years old her mother is constantly reaching out to prevent her from running into danger, and the child with full confidence in her mother obeys instinctively her mother's warning.

"Be careful in crossing the street, my child, the cars might run over you," is a warning I often hear and the child obeys without a word.

But when she is fifteen and her mother warns her of a danger the girl may question her mother's judgement. But her mother has that same God given instinct of danger for her child and protective watchfulness.

I wonder how many girls that read this page are successful daughters.

Does the girl really know her mother?

Is she anxious to confide her little secrets in her mother? If not she does not know her.

Is the mother growing happier or more discouraged?

A girl is an important factor in the growth of her mother. If the mother is not growing happier perhaps the daughter is the cause.

A mother's daughter may be an asset or a liability—an assistant or a burden—a comfort or an anxiety.

The spiritual reward of companionship is the finest reward a daughter can give a mother. It is the reward she craves—it is the gratitude she deserves. Let me quote a thought that will help a girl to be a successful daughter.

"Whatsoever things are true—whatsoever things are honest—whatsoever things are just—whatsoever things are pure—whatsoever things are lovely—whatsoever things are of good report—think on these things."

Girls and Women

A page of "Women's Work in the World" contains some interesting information.

First—Miss Maude Royden, the celebrated English woman preacher who has been visiting America, impressed her audiences as a woman of remarkable spiritual eloquence. She is one of the few distinguished woman preachers. She is forty-five years of age and is the daughter of the late Sir Thomas Royden, first baronet of Frankly Hall, Birkenhead. She is mainly concerned with the ethical and religious aspects of the woman's movement.

In 1918 and 1919 she was associate minister of City Temple, London. The force of her personality has made her an influence in English religions and public life in recent years.

Progressive Young Japanese Women Aspire to Become Detectives.

AN average of two dozen women apply at a certain local detective bureau each month, seeking employment as sleuths. Miss Yakiko Nakahara and Miss Tsuroka Sato are two women who are successful women in the profession, having performed valuable help in this work.

The largest income of professional Japanese women is that commanded by the hairdressers. There are teachers, doctors, seamstresses, nurses, professional musicians, journalists, magazine writers and painters—woman horse conductors and the girl who dives for shell fish.

The balance sheet of French feminism shows woman suffrage lagging behind other countries.

MISS Margaret Slattery of New York, in an address before 650 girls, said: "In making its cheeks the right color, American girlhood is neglecting to make its spirit great. That part of them which will be all that is left of them at the end of the road, is forgotten."

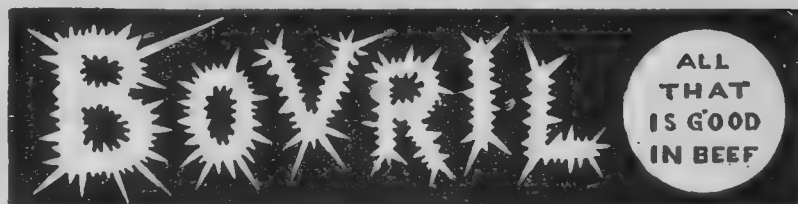
In her broad appeal for better womanhood and her cautions to teen age girls she attributed the evils of today to "wrong bringing up," "too many movies," and to parents allowing their daughters to "rule the home."

"You'll never see far or give a great contribution to the world until you've learned to submit the things you want to those you must do," said Miss Slattery.

"Movies have cheated day's minds of deep concentration. The girl of today can't stick to a thing until its done, because they have become addicts to movies and the things of life flash by just as the movies change their whole mental vision every five minutes," she declared. "Get out of the crowd and live your own lives. It is not a sin to be different. It takes a courageous soul to be different. The road of life is free for any clean, courageous spirit regardless of race, color or creed," were other truths uttered by Miss Slattery in her address to this crowd of girls in Wesley Methodist Church of New York.

Continued on Page 42.

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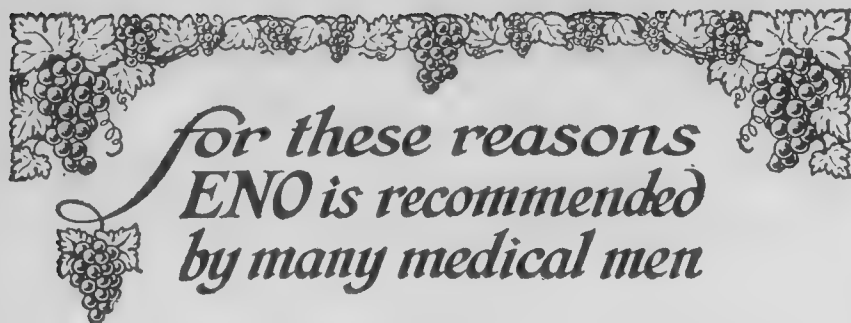
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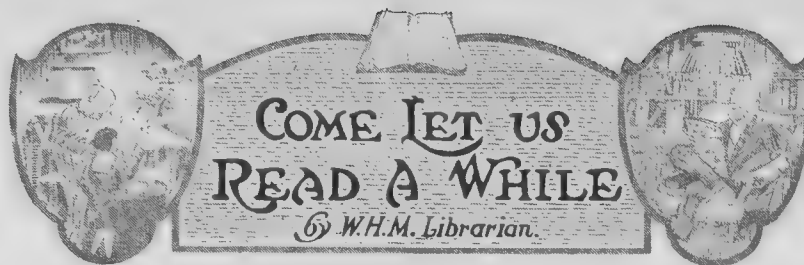
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THERE will be Dominion-wide sorrow at the death of the poetess and novelist Miss Marjorie Pickthall, which occurred at the end of April, at the early age of thirty-nine. In the middle of April, I had been reading "The Bridge," a new novel by this gifted Canadian writer and I had been looking forward to the possibility of meeting her at the annual convention of the Canadian Authors' Association taking place on the 28th and 29th of April, in Ottawa. April 20th, brought the news of her sudden death and although I had never met Marjorie Pickthall, I felt a sense of personal loss. There is so much to enjoy and admire in this lately published novel of hers, "The Bridge" (Toronto, Hodder and Stoughton). Perhaps the plot is a little weak on account of an over sentimentality, but the conception is fine, the language powerful and poetic. Thinking rapidly of the fairly recent novels I have read by residents of Canada, I have no hesitation in saying that "The Bridge" with one exception, is the most distinctive. The exception is Mazo de la Roche's "Explorers of the Dawn," which I mentioned last month, and which

of this vivid story centres about a builder of bridges who took "chances" in the construction of an important bridge. The chances were taken for the most sordid of reasons—to save money. The bridge collapsed and lives were lost. The contractor's dearly loved brother was among those killed. There follows a poignant and penetrating analysis of the state of mind in which the contractor lives after the accident. Was he really to blame? Was he his brother's murderer? Was his plea—that he had just taken chances that many took—any excuse at all? The bridge built by the hand of this man had fallen to the ground. Now he had to construct another bridge over which his soul had to travel to its rehabilitation. Surely a fine subject and written, as it is, with poetic fervour and insight, a novel that will appeal to a great host of readers.

Many who did not know Marjorie Pickthall as a novelist are well-acquainted with her beautiful poetry. When I read of her death, I thought how appropriate was her lovely poem "Evening." It might be engraved upon her tombstone, especially these stanzas:—



The Mountain beautifully reflected in the lake.—Canadian Alpine Journal

like "The Bridge," breaks away from the style of novel we are so accustomed to in Canada. In her new novel, Marjorie Pickthall has drawn a powerful parallelism of the bridge built by the hand of man to span a gulf in nature, and the bridge built by the spirit of man to span the gulf that divides him from the realization of his own soul. The material side of life, the hard commercial aspect is so often a gulf which acts as barrier between the good a man would like to perform and the actual achievements. The plot

"Give me to-day no more. I have bethought me
Silence is more than laughter, sleep than tears:
Sleep like a lover faithfully hath sought me
Down the enduring years.
Where stray the first white fatlings of the fold,
Where the Lent-lily droops her earlier gold,
Sleep waits me as of old."

"Grant me sweet sleep, for light is unavailing
When patient eyes grow weary of the day.
Young lambs creep close and tender wings are failing,
And I grow tired as they.
Light as the long wave leaves the lonely shore,
Our boughs have lost the bloom that morning bore
Give me to-day no more."

One's Upbringing

MAY SINCLAIR'S latest novel "The Life and Death of Harriet Freen," opens up the question as to whether it is fair towards a child to shelter her during her babyhood, girlhood and adolescence, to such an extent that she has no understanding of life, nor a proper relationship with her fellow-beings. Harriet Freen lived in a world created by her parents. They provided her with physical comforts, beautiful surroundings, never allowing her to see the seamy side of life, never allowing her to hear of anything that was not "nice." And by "nice" these foolish, fond parents really meant, had they admitted it, anything that was not quite pleasant. In short, having brought Harriet into this world, they thereupon set about to wall her from the world. The result was pitiful. Harriet lived and died without the experiences, happy and bitter, that make life worth while. Her life was a silly, futile performance and even her hour of death was a misunderstanding. May Sinclair is a brilliant writer, one of the very cleverest living to-day. She has become the exponent of the psychological novel. She must be a great student of psychology as well as a novelist of tremendous gifts. What she does in her novels, is this, she develops one central character within a specialised environment. Then she shows us to the minutest detail, how this character re-acts to various circumstances and people. There is no romance about May Sinclair's books. In one we see a man so intensely conceited that his egotism becomes a disease; in another we see three sisters living in a lonely village with an unsympathetic father, and we watch how this abnormal life affects each girl, in the third we see a young man who pampers his sensitiveness until he becomes the worst type of coward, and now we have Harriet Freen the poor-little-rich-girl made into a useless member of society by the unwise upbringing of devoted parents. Too much May Sinclair would be very depressing, but to read occasionally a novel by this wonderful writer, is I think an excellent tonic. It braces the mind, for each novel by Miss Sinclair is a study of mental conditions re-acting to environment. And though we cannot say we "enjoy" books by May Sinclair, we do get delight from her brilliant portrayal of character, and we are often struck inarticulate by the astounding cleverness of this woman who with a pen unlocks the hearts and reveals the minds of men and women. "The Life and Death of Harriet Freen," is published by the Macmillan Co., of Toronto.

Short Stories

TWO interesting volumes of short stories have come my way lately. "Venetian Lovers" is a volume of short stories written by the noted war correspondent, Sir Philip Gibbs. There are eight stories in this book, out-croppings of war conditions. Sir Philip Gibbs tells a racy, exciting story, and tells it well. His long newspaper training has taught him to get to the heart of the affair with rapidity. Not a word does Sir Philip waste.

The other volume is entitled "Heritage," by Viola Shore. These stories bubble with human interest and remind one of the work of Fannie Hurst and Edna Ferber. Miss Shore has the gift to get under the skin of people. She understands motives and writes about the trivialities of the day in such a manner as to make them intensely interesting.

Royalty!

IF you like to read about queens of ancient civilization who lived in courts of unparalleled splendor, then I recommend "Eudocia" by Eden Phillpotts. This is a romantic story of Byzantine civilization and of Eudocia, the lovely, young widowed queen who

gave a promise to her dying husband that she would never marry again. But Eudocia for all her queenship, and her jewel-laden robes was quite a normal young woman. Therefore, she fell in love with a strong, courageous soldier, Romanus, who was condemned to death for some political offence. Then royalty steps down and romance rules!

Love and Tangles

KATHLEEN NORRIS' latest novel "Lucretia Lombard" is the story of a man and two women striving to untangle wisely and honestly the complications in which a great passion has enmeshed their lives. The story is set in a little suburban town between Boston and New York; a pleasant town of spacious homes and churches grown mellow with the passing of at least two generations. In the former rectory under the shadow of St. Thomas' spire lives Lord Lombard, a grumpy, tyrannical old Scot dying of a lingering disease. With him lives his exquisite wife Lucretia. Not far away, is the home of Judge Curran whose life centres around the young ward, Mimi and his nephew Stephen. Mimi adores Stephen, her brilliant, dependable guardian, and the family have always desired their marriage. Loving her devotedly in a big brotherly way, Stephen drifts into an engagement. Upon the death of Lord Lombard, Lucretia and Stephen meet each other and realize that the great love, like which there is no other in a life time, has come to them.

But for Mimi's sake and honor's, they must play the game fairly. These are the elements of the drama which Mrs. Norris builds in "Lucretia Lombard."

Fish Supplying Butter Comes but Once a Year to the Coast in the Month of March

By Francis Dickie

BUTTER from a fish? Sounds ridiculous, but it is true. In March only the butter fish, or oolichan, comes from the unknown depths of the Pacific up the rivers of British Columbia to spawn. It is almost pure oil, and is to the Indians of the region what butter is to Anglo-Saxons, and olive oil to southern Latin races. The Indians get a year's supply of the equivalent of life sustaining fats of other nations in three weeks. Then the fish is seen no more for another year.

The fish, from six to eight inches long, is taken in millions by Indians in nets, then thrown into rough cedar bins ashore to soften in sun, the first fat rendering process. After a week or so in sun, according to weather, the fish are put in great cedar vats of boiling water, the water heated by dropping in hot stones continually.

This, oddly enough makes better oolichan butter than boiling white man's way. A parallel may be cited in old and new methods of producing maple sugar, the old much better of flavor. The oil is skimmed off into cedar box containers holding from ten to twenty gallons, and hardens to an appearance very much like lard. The cedar box containers are marvellous works of joining and are water tight. The oolichan butter when well made is palatable and contains no strong fishy taste. Needless to say there are as many grades of good and bad oolichan butter as cow's.

An Infallible Recipe

Little Eunice was attending her first class in domestic science and was asked to tell briefly the surest way to keep milk from souring. And Eunice, who was an exceedingly practical child, gave this recipe: "Leave it in the cow."

Outbound

Outbound!
And we thank thee, God,
For the sound
Of the wind in the sails;
For the sight
Of a gull in flight;
For the spray on the rails;
The prow in the green;
For the glint and sheen
Of the sun on the way
That we take to-day.
Outbound!
And we thank thee, God,
For the bound
Unleashed, and the world-wide trail
Of the utmost sea;
For the spread and the free
Wide sweep of the bulging sail;
For the joy unfurled
On the path of the world
Down the beaten track
To the sun and back.
Outbound!
And we thank thee, God,
For the round
Of thing in an eager life;
For the joy we share
With our friends so rare;
For the keen edged strife;
For blessed strife;
That is flinging by,
That we dare not shirk;
For the big blue sky.

William L. Stringer.

Two Jews in a street car—First Jew: "I vill nefer go py Far Rockaway agen fer de summer. Nodding but Irish everywhere." Second Jew—"It's de same at Saratoga, Abey, it's alive mit Irish. I vish I could go vere dere vas no Irish."

Mrs. Clancy (on the opposite seat)—"Yez can both go to h—l, y'll find no Irish there."—John Mulligan.

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The Young Woman and Her Problem

Continued from page 39

Women are holding their positions in Fire lookout stations. She goes in exile to these high places in the forests for five months in the year and does constant daily vigilance. She sweeps the sky all day long with her powerful field glasses looking for the dangers of fire. If she discovers a fire, she locates it with an instrument called a fire finder and telephones a forest ranger.

Absolute dependability is the first requisite of a woman fire lookout.

Universities are adopting college babies the home economic courses in the U. S. A. are caring for real babies.

WILL every young girl and young woman learn the following poem? Paste it on the mirror in your room. It is taken from the manual of the Girl Guides. This has been quoted before in our department but we want every girl reader to know it. Let there be no slackers among our readers.

The Life You Live

What will you do for Britain
Dear Canadian maid?
You may be poor, weak and obscure,
Still you can lend your aid.

It matters so much to Britain
What you will try to do.
You can if you will make her greater still
It lies my girl with you.

In a woman's hand lies the fate of our land.
It is hers, to mar or save,
For a strong girl sure grows a woman pure
To make men good and brave.

We British ne'er shall kiss the rod,
Come our foes on land or sea,
If our women be true to themselves and to God—
Oh! great shall our Britain be!

This shall you do for Britain,
This, girls, may each one give,
Fearless and free, pure shall you be,
Give her the life you live.

So make you great our Britain.
Girls, there is much to do.
You can if you will make her greater still,
It lies my girl with you."

The above poem has been quoted on this page before but I want our new readers to be familiar with it, because I believe when a problem of vital importance comes up for quick decision, familiarity with "What will you do for Britain?" will influence the decision.

No Banquet for Her

There is a group of girls in this city and in every other city that cannot enjoy a mother's and daughter's banquet. I had a group of twenty-one of these girls in my home one afternoon this spring—lovely girls they were and everyone without a mother's protection and guidance.

Girls with mothers can never realize the hungry loneliness of a girl who has no mother to love her.

How patient and lovely every one of us should be to these girls! They do appreciate so much any little kindness shown them. Sometimes I watch from my window a girl who goes out from my door and I think how little attention we give these young girls who need us so much.

Little sisters of sorrow they are.

Chairman of the Kind People

A little girl went about one day wearing a heart shaped paper pinned on her dress like a badge. Her face beamed with a light that shone from a joy that comes only from the mind.

The next day her mother picked up the heart-shaped paper and read these words; "Chairman of the Kind People." All day long she had the imaginative distinction of promoting this organization.

It was born in the heart of a little child and a big troubled world needs it. Every night she adds this prayer in her own words:

"God make everybody in the world happy—make everybody kind to everybody else and make everybody who is sick, well.

The Girl of To-day

The other day some women were discussing the girl of today. "They do not appreciate anything," said one.

"They are so ungrateful," said another. "They are too frivolous for any good," said another.

But emphasis was particularly made on their ingratitude.

After they left the room I thought seriously, because I am very deeply in love with the average girl of to-day.

Are they not appreciative?

I can think of only one type of girl guilty of ingratitude.

She is the spoiled, pampered girl who has every wish or most of her wishes granted. She lives in a home where plenty of help is employed and has no responsibility. Everywhere she goes—whether at social affairs or elsewhere, she expects the same attention.

What about her mother, the mother of to-day?

She has learned to dance during the past five or six years. She plays too much bridge, she leads the pace and sets the ideal for the girl.

Is the girl to blame?

But I do not consider this type of girl as the average girl of to-day. A far greater number are busy, active ambitious girls who are stronger physically, keener mentally and purer spiritually than ever before. They have a harder battle to fight than most of us realize.

Ungrateful? Well, you do not know her. I do. She shares her earnings, her talents of helpfulness, and her fine expression of appreciation most generously. She is splendid through and through.



Making His Mark

I shall choose the biggest tree,
That grows the tallest over me,
And stretches out his arms so wide
For birds to nest and squirrels to hide.
Then with my jack-knife, for a lark,
Cut my initials on the bark.

On this next tree, two hearts are cut,
With initials too; I know them! but
My goodness! I can hardly think
A man was such a foolish gink.
I'll never be a woman's beau,
Or walk around with girls, I know;
But just grow old and tall and fine,
Like this old tree I've marked as mine.

And maybe in ten years or so,
There'll be a dozen children go
Running and playing in this park,
And find this name upon the bark.
They'll jump and shout, "Look here!
Oh! Joy!

Our grandpa cut that, when a boy."
But 'course the funny part will be,
Those children's grandpa will be me!

Margaret Minaker.

God's Messenger

She was a gay little, May little, sixteen year old,

Her eyes bright with laughter, hair spun of gold,

Her dimples played peek-a-boo, fun danced on her lips,

Her gaze fraught with romance of Argosy ships.

Down the steps she tripped three at a time;

Laughed with the sound of silvery chime, Laughed for the fun of it, the pure joy of May,

The joy of existence, of youth and of play. Her lips parted wide, showed the teeth that were pearls,

Back flung her head with a ripple of curls. And the sound that came forth was so merry and glad,

So rippling, appealing, whole-hearted, unsad.

That Timmy, the cabby, who had just chanced by

Stop't cursing that day and smiled at the sky,

He smiled at his horse and he smiled at his fare

And the fare saw the smile and he, too, took a share

For he smiled to his servant who passed it right on

To her invalid mother consumed with the "con."

The mother at the window smiled down the street,

A newsy then caught it and showed all his teeth.

He smiled down the man-hole at the laborers, there,

Who lifted their faces and smiled in the air, Jim, the conductor of the elevator train

Caught the smile on its flight and he did not disdain

To grin ear-to-ear-ly down the crowded main.

Where a gay little, May little, sixteen year old

Got the smile on its round and, Lo and Behold!

Her lips parted wide, showed the teeth that were pearls

Back flung her head with a ripple of curls. And the sound that came forth was so merry and glad,

So rippling, appealing, whole-hearted, unsad

That it brought Sun and gladness where gloom held its sway,

In the hearts of the many she influenced that day.

Which all goes to show that when God would spread joy

He gets a gay little, May little, happy Tom Boy.

I.B.

Everyday Experiences

"FAIR or FOUL," I'm going to pass my examinations, exclaimed a girl of sixteen. An hour later she copied from her text book under her desk while her class mates, who had spent hours of hard study in preparation, thought, "What's the use?"

Do not be discouraged. Later in life everybody learns that "Honesty is the best Policy."

She phoned me she was out of work and I promised to meet her at a certain time and go with her to the employment bureau. But she did not meet me at the appointed time—which probably explains why she is out of work.

The Welcome Club

THEY gather every Thursday evening in the club room of the Y. W. C. A.—these busy girls of today—and they appear to justify their name for they welcome one another and the stranger. Some of them have been in this country only a few days, others are visiting members and there are the faithful girls who carry on, but all gather about the two long tables with the pleased "at home" feeling that is such a blessing in a girl's life. The leader—Mrs. MacKay—sits at the head of the table and is a real hostess to every one of the girls. At the left the Secretary—Miss McElheran—honors and is honored by the girls. There is a feeling of good fellowship and pleasure prevalent and the invited guest leaves with a kindly blessing.

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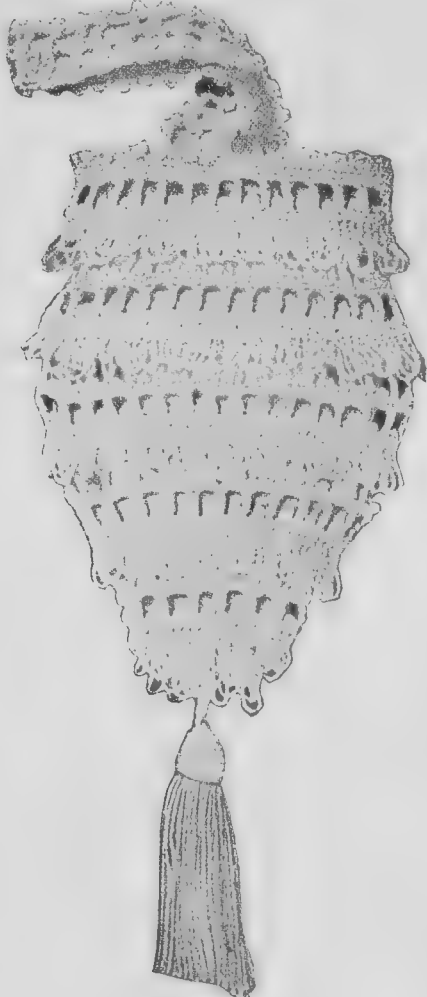
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Fancy Crocheted Bag

Cotton, size 3; 1 ball taupe, 1 ball rose



Crocheted Bag

1st Row.—Rose, ch. 13, 3 s.c. in second ch., 1 s.c. in each of next ten chs., 3 s.c. in next ch., 10 s.c. in foundation ch., join with sl.st. in first st.

2nd Row.—3 s.c. in center of three s.c. of previous row, 1 s.c. in each of next 12 sts., 3 s.c. in next st., 1 s.c. in each of next 12 sts., join.

3rd Row.—Insert hook in first st., around third finger of left hand draw down cotton to form loop, cotton over needle, finish s.c. (this forms fringe), repeat around row, join.

4th Row.—3 s.c. in first st., 1 s.c. in each of next 15 sts., 3 s.c. in next st.,

15 s.c., join.

5th Row.—1 row of fringe like third row, join and turn.

6th Row.—Taupe, 3 s.c. in first st., 1 p., 1 s.c. in each of next three sts., 1 p., 3 s.c. in next three sts., 1 p., repeat until 7 p. are worked 3 s.c. in center st., finish other half, join.

7th Row.—Ch. 8, 1 tr.c. in center st. between two p., *ch. 3, 1 tr.c. in center st. between next two p., repeat from * around, join to fifth ch.

8th Row.—2 s.c. in first space, *1 p., 2 s.c. in same space, 1 s.c. in tr.c., 2 s.c. in next space, repeat from * around (14 p. around), join.

9th Row.—Ch. 9, 1 tr.c. in center st. between p., *ch. 4, 1 tr.c. in center between next p., repeat from * around, join and turn.

10th Row.—Rose, 4 s.c. in first space, 1 s.c. into tr.c., repeat around, join.

11th and 12th Rows.—1 s.c. in each st. around.

13 Row 1 row of fringe like 5th.

14th Row.—Taupe, 3 s.c., 1 p., 3 s.c., 1 p., repeat around (23 p.), join.

15th Row.—Ch. 3' 1 tr. c. between p., *ch. 3, 1 tr. c. between p., repeat from * join to fifth ch.

16th Row.—2 s.c. in first space, *p., 2 s.c. in same space, 1 s.c. in tr.c., 2 s.c. in next space repeat from * asterisk around.

17th Row.—Repeat 15th row, join and turn.

18th Row.—Rose, 3 s.c. in space, *1 s.c. in tr.c., 3 s.c. in next space, repeat from *.

19th and 20th Rows.—1 s.c. in each st. around.

21st Row.—1 row of fringe, join and turn.

22nd Row.—Taupe 3 s.c. 1 pt., s.c. 1 p., repeat (30 p.) around.

23rd Row.—Repeat 15th row.

24th Row.—Repeat 16th row.

25th Row.—Repeat 15th row, join and turn.

26th Row.—Rose, 3 s.c. in each space, join.

27th and 28th Rows.—1 s.c. in each st.

29th Row.—1 row of fringe, join and turn.

30th Row.—Taupe, sk. 1 st., 1 s.c. in each of next three sts., 1 p., sk. 1 st., 1 s.c. in each of next three sts., 1 p., sk. 1 st., 1 s.c. in each of next three sts., *1 p., 1 s.c. in each of next three sts., repeat from * six times more, then sk. 1 st. after each of next 5 p., again work 3 s.c. 1 p. without skipping st. nine times, sk. 1 st., 3 s.c., 1 p., sk. 1 st., 3 s.c., 1 p., sk. 1 st., join (27 p. around).

31st Row.—Ch. 8, *1 tr. c. between p., ch. 2, 1 tr. c. between p., repeat from * asterisk join to fifth st.

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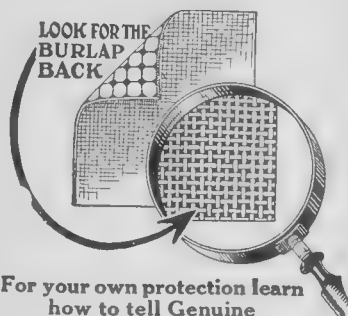
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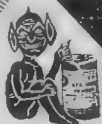
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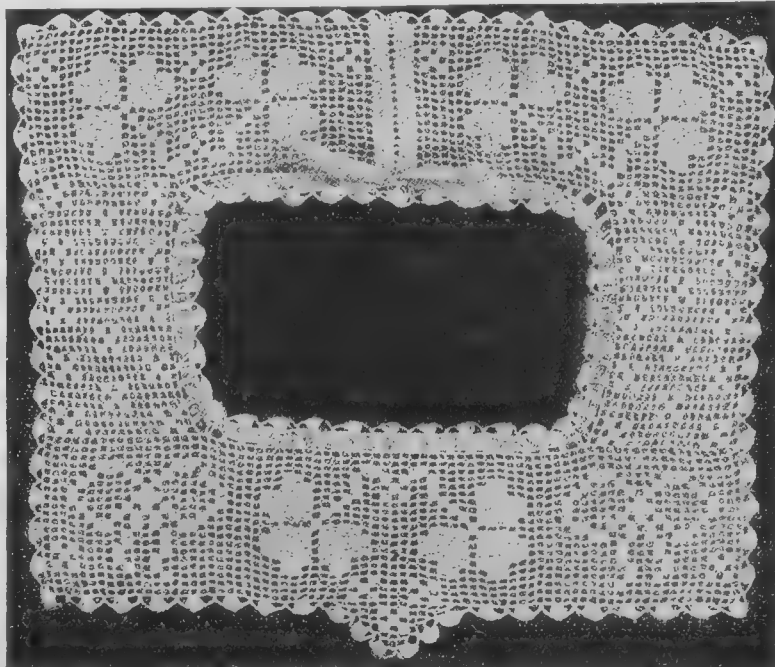
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Square yoke for child's dress. Instructions on following page.

32nd Row.—1 s.c. in first space, *1 p., 1 s.c. in same space 1 s.c. tr. c. 1 s.c. in next space, repeat from * around.

33rd Row.—Repeat 31st row, join and turn.

34th Row.—Rose, 3 s.c. in each space around.

35th and 36th Rows.—1 s.c. in each st.

37th Row.—1 row of fringe, join and turn.

38th Row.—Taupe, 3 s.c., 1 p., 3 s.c. 1 p., repeat around.

39th Row.—Repeat 31st Row.

40th Row.—3 s.c. in each space around.

41st Row.—1 s.c. in each st.

42nd Row.—3 s.c., 1 p., 3 s.c., 1 p.

Strap

Ch. 16, turn, sk. 11, 1 tr. c. in next ch., 1 p., ch. 3, sk. 3, 1 tr. c., turn, ch. 8, 1 tr. c. in center tr. c., 1 p., ch. 3, sk. 3 ch., 1 tr. c. in fourth ch., turn, repeat for 28 rows. Along sides work 3 s.c. in space, 1 p., 3 s.c. in next space, 1 p., join to bag.

Tassel

Around cardboard 4 inches long wind cotton 75 times cut, tie in center Ch. 3, join 6 s.c. in ring, 2 s.c. in each st., 2 s.c. in every other st., three rows of 18 s.c. Slip over tassel, attach tassel to bag with 4 chs.

This bag is lined with Rose color silk.

a double between next 2 triple trebles, chain 3; repeat around neck to other corner of back; then after working the last group of double trebles, chain 2, fasten between same 2 triple trebles, *chain 3, miss 1 space down the opening, 5 double trebles in next, chain 3, miss 1 space, a double in next, repeat from * down the opening and continue the edge entirely around the edge of yoke; at the point make a group in 1st of 3 spaces, chain 3, a double in next, chain 3, a group in next.

Thread ribbon under and over the groups of triple trebles.

For lace to match, make a chain of 53 stitches, turn.

1. Miss 7, 16 trebles in next 16 stitches, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 6 spaces turn.

2. Seven spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 16 trebles, 1 space, turn.

Follow working pattern.

For the edge: Turn, at end of last scallop a double in space, chain 3, 5 double trebles in next, chain 3, fasten in next space, a group in next (outside) space, chain 3, fasten in next, chain 3, a group in 1st of 3 spaces, at bottom of scallop, chain 3, fasten in next, group in next. and continue the length.

How to Make Good Tea



Scald out a crockery tea pot and while it is warm put in one teaspoonful of Salada for every two cups. Pour on freshly boiled water, and let it remain not less than five nor more than seven minutes—the result will be the most delicious tea you ever tasted.

There is only one right way
—and the best tea to use is

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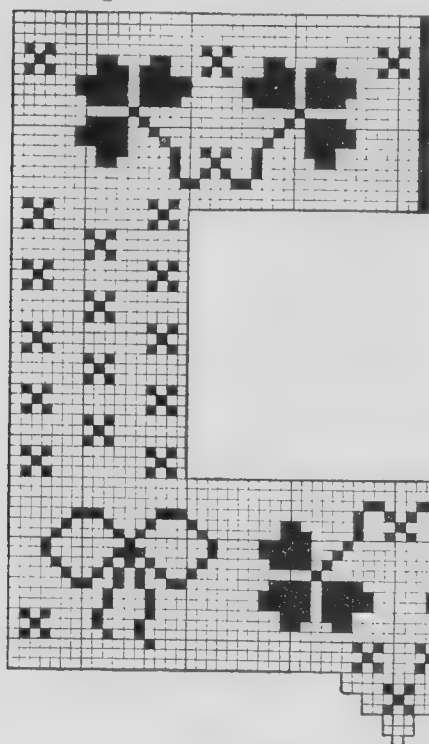
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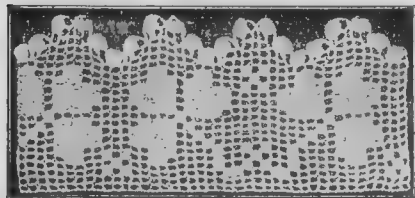
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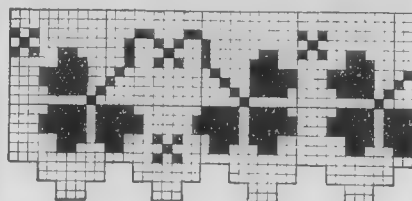
Working pattern for child's yoke.

Charming Square Yoke

FOR a charming little square yoke, bowknot-and-shamrock pattern, use No. 100 crochet-thread and a No. 14 hook. The yoke measures nine inches across the chest, is three inches wide at front point, and two and one-half inches at the narrower parts, including edge and beading. Make a chain of 62 stitches, for front, turn.



Lace to match yoke.



Working pattern lace to match yoke.

1. A treble in 8th stitch, 18 more spaces, turn.
2. Thirteen spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.
3. Four spaces, 4 trebles, 14 spaces, turn.

Follow block pattern.

For the beading: Two triple trebles (chain 5 for 1st) in space at upper corner of back, chain 3, miss 1 row of trebles, 2 triple trebles in top of next row, * chain 3, miss 1 space, 2 triple trebles in next, repeat around neck, ending at other corner of back as begun.

2. Five double trebles (chain 4 for 1st) between 2 triple trebles, chain 3,

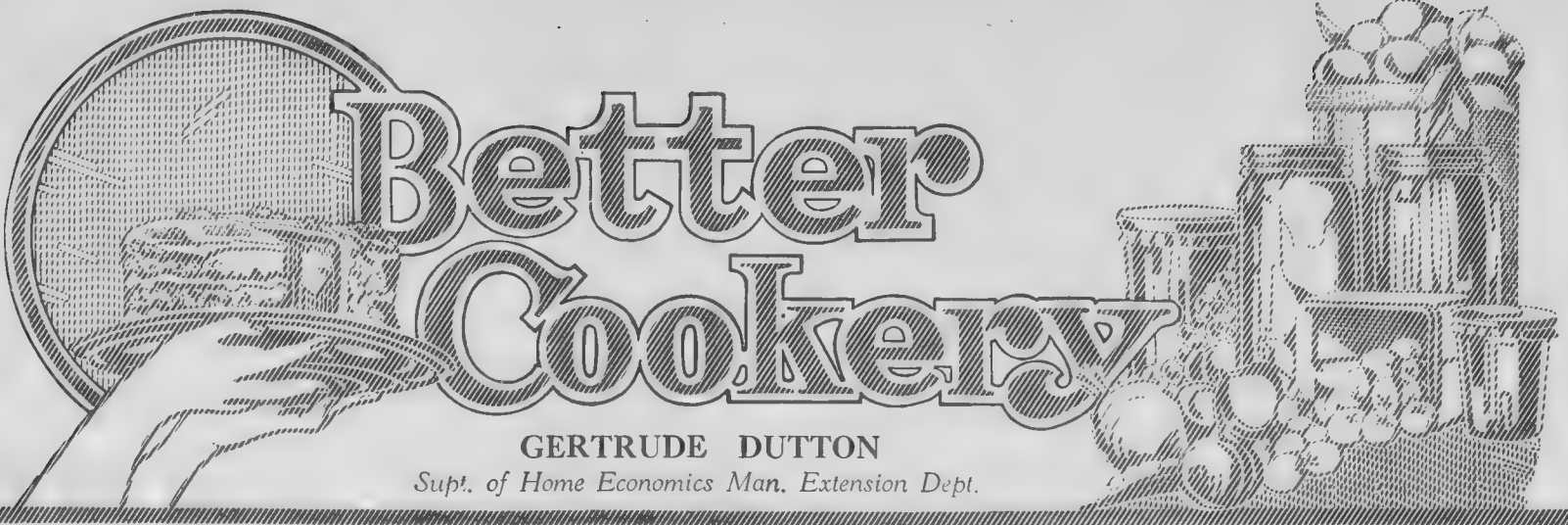
washed and his socks darned. But it isn't enough.

Get out with him at his work for a little while each day. Stroll with him about the place in the dusk. Talk over this improvement or that work. Your heart will find a new content, and your life take on new pleasure, for being pals with your husband is a joy indeed

"Whom does the baby favor?" inquired the friend of the family solicitously.

"Nobody," said Jimmie, who had been reading the war news. "He's neutral."

We are in receipt of a letter from a subscriber asking for patterns of tatting. We have some on hand which we will be pleased to forward if she will kindly send her name and address, to the editor of this page.



THE BRIDE'S NEW KITCHEN

JUNE weddings lead our thoughts to the new home to be furnished. Not the least important part of it is the kitchen, workshop of the home. Or perhaps some older home maker is planning to remodel her kitchen. Efficient work cannot be accomplished without satisfactory tools. No woman should be expected to provide a true home without adequate equipment. The hours of the every one of the 365 days in every year which some woman spends in the kitchen should be happy ones, not wearisome drudgery as they often are.

The present day custom of house planning is to make the kitchen as small as possible in order to save steps. If it is large, the wise woman will so group her furnishings as to have them eliminate long walking spaces—all equipment used in preparing and serving food and washing dishes will be grouped together. Another corner may be devoted to laundry purposes. If the room is dark and gloomy, one or two new windows may be cut. If they are placed horizontally, the wall space beneath may be utilized for tables or cupboards. The color of the walls and woodwork is determined by the exposure of the room. If no sunlight comes in through the window, cream, yellow or tan is a good choice for the walls. In a brighter room it might be cool grey or green. Wall board or plaster, calomined or painted, are satisfactory. Varnished paper which may be washed is excellent. Ordinary wall paper is the poorest of all wall coverings, as it absorbs odors, and is loosened by steam which is inevitable where cooking is done. The floor should be easy to keep clean. Plain, uncovered boards cause an endless amount of scrubbing. Hardwood is slippery and rather uncomfortable for the feet. Linoleum of a good grade is the best of all if one can afford it. It is sanitary, easily cleaned, looks well, is reasonably soft to stand on, there is a possibility of dishes not breaking when they fall on it, and with reasonable care it lasts for years. Any cracks in the floor should first be filled, and the linoleum laid by the dealer who sells it. If the floor is very uneven, the difficulty may be overcome by putting a sack of bran all over it, under the linoleum. If the floor is to be left bare, it should be either painted or stained.

In selecting kitchen equipment, several points are worth thinking about.

1. What is the cost of up-keep? In a very small family, an electric dishwasher might require more money and effort to use, than would be saved in washing so few dishes by hand.
2. Is extra effort spent in using the article? A meat chopper may do the work of chopping food in a very short time, but it may take three times as long to wash as another kind would.
3. What about the handles? Will they get too hot to touch? Bails with wooden parts fall over and burn.
4. It is easy to handle? An article may be durable, easy to clean and have several other advantages, but may be so heavy that one can scarcely lift it.
5. Is the lip in the right place?

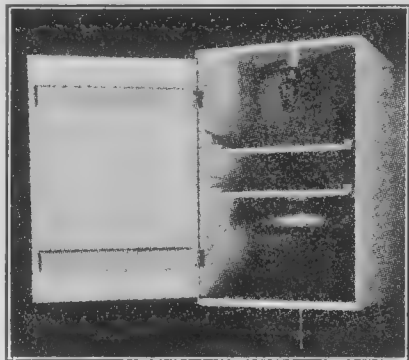
6. Is it easy to clean? Cracks, corners, sharp edges, complicated parts are a great trouble.

7. Is the material adapted to its purpose?

8. Is it a fuel saver?

9. Will you use it often enough to warrant the expenditure of money on it or to make worth giving it storage space if you have limited room?

THE most essential piece of kitchen equipment is the stove. If a range is chosen, it is well to select one having a minimum of ornamentation



Sponge Box showing how shelves should be placed

to clean. There are a number of satisfactory coal oil stoves on the market which are such a boon in hot weather, and may be used where electricity and gas are not available for cooking. Whatever kind of stove is chosen, one with a high rather than a low oven will save considerable stooping. A fireless cooker saves a large amount of fuel.

A kitchen cabinet is almost as essential to a housekeeper as the work bench is to a carpenter. With it she can sit comfortably at her work with everything within reach. Near it there should be a stool of the correct height.

Much discomfort is caused by working surfaces being too low; bending over a low table causes many a sore back. Blocks or casters may be put under each leg.

In the summer time when a fire is not continuously in the range, the housekeeper who bakes her own bread often finds it difficult to keep the sponge warm enough. A bread raiser made from a packing box will solve the difficulty. A box 26 by 20 by 20 inches is a suitable size. A shelf of strips of wood is placed about 10 inches from the bottom of the box, resting on cleats fastened to the sides of the box. About 4 inches from this shelf a second one is placed. A sheet of galvanized iron is placed beneath the lower shelf, to prevent scorching it and to distribute the heat evenly. The door is hinged, and fastened with a latch, or hook and staple. Several small holes are bored in the top and sides of the box to promote circulation of air. A thermometer may be inserted through a cork in one of the holes in the top of the box. To prevent fire, the entire box should be lined with tin or asbestos. A small, inexpensive lamp is lighted and placed on the floor of the box. A shallow pan of water placed on the lower shelf keeps the air moist. The bowl of

sponge or pans of dough are placed on the upper shelf. The temperature in the box is varied by lowering or raising the flame of the lamp, or by using cold or warm water in the pan.

Perhaps the housekeeper begrudges no other time spent in housework so much as that required by dish washing. A dish drainer may be made by using a broad pan and a rack made by bending soft number 12 or 14 wire with a pair of pliers. The dishes are washed, then stacked in the racks and scalded with clean hot water—no towels are necessary.

A wheeled tray saves countless steps. If we cannot afford a tea cart at least we can put ball-bearing casters on a small table, which will answer the same purpose.

Among the smaller kitchen articles, there are a great many which will lighten the labor of housework. Of first importance are suitable knives. Many a woman goes through life struggling with inadequate dull knives when 2 or 3 dollars would buy her a good sharp knife for cutting meats and other foods, a bread knife, one or two paring knives and a spatula. A small grindstone fastened to a shelf will insure a sharp edge whenever it is necessary.



Home-Made Kitchen Cabinet

A woodbox on legs saves needless stooping. If it is furnished with casters to be wheeled to the door, a small boy can fill it without bringing so much dirt into the kitchen. A long-handled dustpan saves bending. A scrubbing chariot on casters saves sore knees when scrubbing. In selecting a mop, one provided with a wringer will give satisfaction.

A bread mixer, egg-beater and food chopper have proven to be genuine labor savers.

Every housekeeper should have a sufficient number of cooking utensils of a size suitable for her family.

For some purposes, iron is desirable.

A good grade of enamelware is satisfactory for a number of articles, but for the majority of the utensils it is well to buy aluminum as one's means will permit. It is light, easily kept clean and durable.

DURING recent years, oven glassware known as Pyrex-ware has come into very general use. It is extremely sanitary and has the big advantage of enabling one to serve the food in the dish in which it was cooked, as the glass dishes are so attractive.

If electricity is not available, a gasoline iron saves a large amount of fuel, as well as labor. Every household should have a washing machine, run by a motor if possible. An ideal towards which every country home should work is for running water in the house.

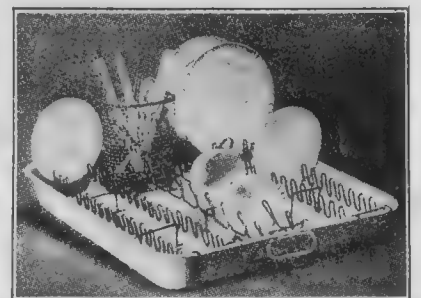
In a kitchen large enough for it, there should be a rest corner with a comfortable chair, and a shelf for receipt books and the new magazine.

Head Cheese

Cut a hog's head into four pieces. Remove the brain, ears, snout and eyes. Cut off the fattest parts for lard. Put the lean and bony parts to soak overnight in cold water in order to extract the blood and dirt. When the head is cleaned put it over the fire to boil, using water enough to cover it. Boil until the meat separates readily from the bone. Then remove it from the fire and pick out all of the bones. Drain off the liquid, saving a part of it for future use. Chop the meat up finely with a chopping knife. Return it to the kettle and pour on enough of the liquid to cover the meat. Let it boil slowly for fifteen minutes to half an hour. Season to taste with salt and pepper just before removing it from the fire. Turn it into a shallow pan or dish. Cover with a piece of cheese cloth and put on a board with a weight to make it solid. When cold it should be sliced thinly and served without further cooking.

Scrapple

This article of food is made just as head cheese is until the bones are removed and the meat chopped, when the



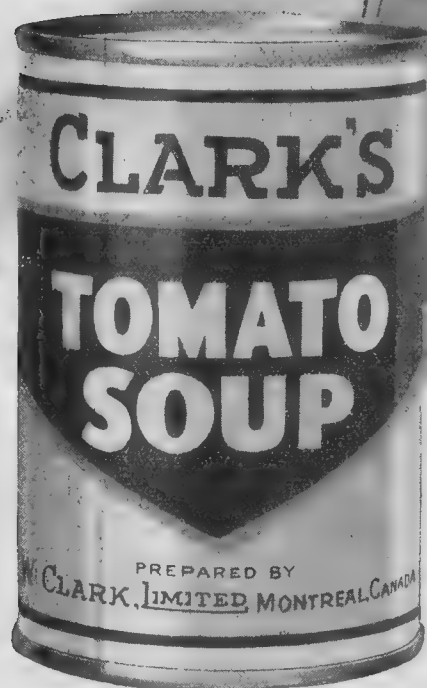
A Dish Drainer which may be easily made

liquid is added and the dish returned to the stove to boil. Corn meal is then stirred in until the contents are as thick as cornmeal mush. Stir it constantly for the first fifteen minutes. Then set it back on the stove to boil slowly for an hour. When it is done pour it into a shallow dish to mold. When cold it is sliced thin and fried.

Pickled Pig's Feet

Soak the pig's feet for twelve hours in cold water. Scrape them clean and remove the toes. Boil until soft; four

Continued on Page 48.



CLARK'S SOUPS

Thirteen delicious distinctive "Clark" Soups—

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BETTER COOKERY

Continued from page 46

Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

June's Alaska Surprise

(Something entirely new)

IN writing these "talks" I have tried not to use superfluous adjectives, but for this month's new dessert it seems there is nothing that will quite describe it except to tell you that it is the best and most unusual dessert of the season.

You will find it easy to make and the favorable comments that will be made when it is served (either when you are entertaining or as a treat for the family), will please you. Its appearance is unique and its flavor delicious. Here is the recipe:

ALASKA SURPRISE CHOCOLATE MIXTURE

1½ envelopes Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water 1 teaspoonful vanilla
1 quart milk Few grains salt
3 squares unsweetened chocolate 1 cup sugar.
Soak gelatine in cold water ten minutes. Melt chocolate, add sugar. Scald milk; add the soaked gelatine and when dissolved, the chocolate mixture and salt. Then add flavoring. Turn into melon mold, or square bread pan first dipped in cold water and chill.

CREAM FILLING

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water ½ cup sugar
1 pint heavy cream 1 teaspoonful vanilla
1 cup scalded milk

Soak gelatine in cold water ten minutes and dissolve in hot milk; then add sugar. Set bowl containing mixture in pan of cold water and stir until mixture begins to thicken. Add cream, beaten until stiff, and flavoring.

When chocolate mixture is very firm, remove enough of the center to make room for the Cream Filling, leaving walls about three-fourths inch thick. Fill with the cream mixture and replace chocolate mixture over the top. Chill. Fruit may be molded in the cream filling if desired.

NOTE—Either one of the above recipes may be used as a dessert alone. Chocolate ice cream may be used in place of the chocolate mixture in which to mold the cream filling.

FREE

If you wish other recipes to serve when you entertain, as well as for every-day home meals, send for my free booklets "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." Just enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

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Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use

Contains Lemon Flavoring. No lemons required

to five hours will usually be required. Salt them when partially done. Pack them in a stone jar and cover them with hot, spiced vinegar. They are served cold, or split and fried in a batter made of eggs, flour, milk, and butter.

Sausage

Pork sausage should be made only from clean, fresh pork. To each 3 pounds of lean pork add 1 pound of fat. As the pork usually used for sausage is the shoulder, neck, and lean trimmings, the sausage is quite likely to be too fat unless part of the fat is removed and used for lard. Mix the fat and lean meat together in chopping. When a rotary cutter is used it is best to cut the meat twice. After it is cut the first time spread it out thinly and season. One ounce of pure, fine salt, one-half ounce of ground black pepper, and one-half ounce of pure leaf sage, rubbed fine, to each 4 pounds of meat, will suit the taste of most persons. The seasoning should be sprinkled thinly over the cut meat, the meat again run through the cutter to mix seasoning thoroughly. This method will give a more even mixing of the spices than can be obtained by working it with the hands. For immediate use the sausage may be packed away in stone jars or crocks, to be sliced for frying. Many people stuff it into casings made from the small intestines of the hog. When this is done the intestines must be turned inside out and carefully cleaned.

Casings for sausage can be bought for about 3 cents a pound. At this price it will hardly pay to bother cleaning them for home use, and the bought casings are more uniform in size and strength and will usually give better satisfaction. A good substitute for casings may be had in narrow muslin bags. These, when filled, should be 2½ or 3 inches in diameter and 18 to 24 inches long. Stuff the sausage in tightly by hand and hang in a cool place. If the sausage is to be kept for some time, melted lard should be rubbed over the outside of the bag. This excludes the air. Sausage may be kept for some time in a large jar if a thin coat of lard is put over the top.

Mixed sausage may be made from a mixture of pork and beef in almost any proportion. It is the custom on many farms to kill three or four hogs and a beef during the winter for the year's supply of meat. When this plan is followed a nice supply of sausage can be made from the trimmings. Sausage should not contain too much fat. A good proportion is 2 pounds of lean pork, 1 pound of fat pork, and 1 pound of lean beef. Chop together fine and season the same as pork sausage. Pack in jars, muslin bags, or casings. Many people prefer this to clear pork sausage, as it is not so fat.

Bologna Sausage

To each 10 pounds of lean beef use 1 pound of fat pork, or bacon if preferred. Chop finely and season with 1 oz. of salt to each 4 pounds of meat, 1 ounce of the best black pepper (ground, pure) to each six pounds meat, and a little ground beef coriander. Stuff into casings called "middles" or beef "rounds". If stuffed into middles, make the sausages 10 or 12 inches long, and allow them to hang straight. If stuffed into rounds make them 12 to 15 inches long, and tie the ends together so as to form rings. Smoke for ten or twelve hours. Cook in boiling water until the sausages float. Dry on clean hay or straw in the sun, and hang away in a cool place until wanted.

Baked Tongue

Put a fresh tongue in a kettle, cover with boiling, salted water, and let cook slowly two hours. While hot remove tongue from water and take off skin. Slice a small onion and brown in one tablespoonful of butter: add

three tablespoonfuls of butter and celery, cut in small pieces: stir until well blended, then turn into a double roasting pan; upon these place the tongue, garnish with a sprig of parsley, and pour over all about five cups of water in which the tongue was cooked. Cover close and let bake in a slow oven two hours.

Chicken Jelly

Chicken, 1 portion
Gelatine, ½ oz.
Pepper and salt to taste.

Strip the meat from the bones of a chicken and mince very finely, stew the bones and with the stock from them make the jelly by dissolving ½ oz. of gelatine in a pint of it. Stir in the minced chicken, season with pepper and salt, pour into a wet mould and set aside until jellied. Serve with thin bread and butter or buttered biscuits.

Peppermint Bull's Eyes.

Ingredients: Three pounds of granulated sugar, three ounces of butter, one pint of water, one desert-spoonful of peppermint essence, four tablespoonfuls of glucose. Put sugar, water, and glucose into a saucepan and boil all together till it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Add the butter a small slice at a time, and continue boiling until it is quite brittle when a little is tested in water. Well grease a marble slab with butter, pour the mixture on to it, sprinkle the peppermint essence over this, and fold the edges over. You can do this with two knives. When it is cool enough for you to handle, throw it on to a candy hook and pull it until it is quite white. Cut it in small pieces with scissors, and put on a grease-proof paper until cold. Store in tins.

Turkish Delight.

Ingredients: One ounce of gelatine, teacupful of cold water, one pound of loaf sugar, juice of one lemon, teaspoonful of essence of roses. Put water, lemon-juice, gelatine, essence of roses, and sugar into a saucepan and stir until dissolved. Boil seven minutes; take scum off and pour mixture into a greased tin. When set, work from tin with icing sugar.

Chocolate Creams.

Ingredients: Three ounces of best arrowroot, one pound of white sugar, chocolate and essence of almonds or vanilla, half a pint of water. Mix the arrowroot with the water smoothly, put into a lined saucepan, add the sugar, and boil for ten minutes, stirring all the while; then take it off the fire and stir till it begins to cool. Flavour with the essence of vanilla or almonds, and roll into small balls; melt some chocolate, roll each ball into this and lay on a buttered slab to cool.

Barley Sugar.

To every pound of sugar allow half a pint of water and the white of an egg. Put the sugar into a saucepan with the water, and when the sugar is dissolved set it over a moderate fire, adding the well-beaten egg before the mixture gets warm, and stir it well together. When it boils, remove scum and keep it boiling until the syrup looks perfectly clear. Strain through a fine sieve and put back into the saucepan, boil it again until brittle when a little is dropped into cold water. Add a few drops of essence of lemon, and let it stand for a minute or two. Have ready a large dish rubbed over with salad oil, pour the sugar on it, and cut into strips with a pair of scissors. Then twist the strips and it is ready for storing away in a very dry place.

White Paint Cleaner.

This is the very best cleaner I know for white paint. Boil some onions until quite tender. Strain off the water and add to a pint of water, a tablespoonful of best soft soap, or soap jelly. Use this warm to clean the paint, which comes up white and glossy like new. The onions make a nice supper dish if you put them in a pie dish with a good sprinkle of pepper and salt, pour over a white sauce made with milk, cornflower, and a little margarine, then give a sprinkling of grated cheese on top, and put in a hot oven to brown.



Serve it in Tea or Coffee

CARNATION Milk is the secret of many a famous cup of tea or coffee. Adds a flavor you can not get any other way. Makes wonderful cocoa and is delicious as a milk drink—add water and serve ice cold. Carnation is rich cows' milk with part of the water removed, sealed in the containers and sterilized. It is pure and safe and convenient. Buy it from your grocer in tall (16 oz.) cans or by the case of 48 cans. Write for Recipe Book.

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Carnation Cocoa—4 teaspoonfuls cocoa, 6 teaspoonfuls sugar, 3 cups boiling water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, ½ teaspoonful salt. Mix cocoa and sugar in a cup. Have water boiling. Heat cocoa pot by allowing hot water to stand in it for a few minutes. Heat Carnation Milk by standing cup of Carnation Milk in a basin of hot water for five minutes or more. Pour a little boiling water into cup of cocoa and sugar to dissolve them. Pour into cocoa pot, add remainder of water, boiling hot, then the hot Carnation Milk and salt. Serve at once. Makes five cups.

Carnation as a Drink—For drinking purposes, use one part Carnation mixed with an equal portion of cold water, or two parts Carnation to three parts of water—according to taste. Ice and stir well. Always mix Carnation Milk and water thoroughly.

Write for our new Cook Book giving 100 tested recipes. Sent free from the Carnation Milk Products Co., Limited, Aylmer, Ont.

Home Doctor.

Congestion of the Liver.

HYPERAEMIA of the liver is another name for congestion of the liver. When the blood, instead of flowing through and on as it should, becomes dammed up in any part of the body, the result is an unhealthy state of congestion. Most of us know how it feels when it happens in the brain and produces an uncomfortable headache, or when it happens in the eye and causes inflammation.

While digestion is going on there is a natural and temporary increase of blood in the liver. There are many ways by which this healthy hyperaemia can be turned into the pathological or dangerous type. One very common way is the over-eating of spiced or stimulating foods, especially in the case of delicate persons or of those who do not take enough exercise. The blood rushes to the liver and stays there after its job is done, or because it finds itself unequal to the task. The result is that the normal congestion of digestion becomes permanent. That happens also when a person takes alcohol in excess.

In very hot climates many persons have attacks of congestion of the liver—especially visitors from the temperate zones. A chill, or a sudden checking of the perspiration, often brings on an attack, and persons who live in malarious regions are especially liable to the trouble. Hyperaemia of the liver is a disorder of middle life and it is most likely to occur in the autumn.

The chief symptoms are pain in the region of the liver combined with a sense of weight and fullness, a general feeling of illness, a heavily coated yellow tongue, thirst, loss of appetite, some fever, and often vertigo. The patient grows sallow, the whites of his eyes become yellowish, and he experiences a slight general jaundice. An attack usually subsides in about two or three weeks, although the liver may remain enlarged for some time.

The treatment depends upon the cause. The patient must avoid rich foods, spices and condiments, and if he has led a sedentary life he should exercise in the open air. A change of air is often beneficial. The medical treatment is a matter for the physician in charge.

Tender Feet

IT is not always easy to determine the cause of tender and burning feet, or, even if the cause is known, to relieve them. Some very evident causes are ill-fitting shoes,—either too small or too large,—coarse stockings, insufficient bathing and gout. The last in the list especially may cause great discomfort; the feet burn and are tender; sometimes they itch or sting, and the shoes irritate them severely; the soles especially are tender even standing causes pain, and walking is almost impossible.

Examining the feet in those cases often gives no clue to the cause of the distress. Sometimes the skin is reddish and scaly, and in rare cases a few hard points the size of a pinhead may be felt in the sole of the foot. Those are accumulation of urates such as occur more frequently in the hands or in the ears.

Another most distressing condition is excessive perspiration of the feet. That varies from a state in which the stockings are a little damp when taken off to one which they are constantly sopping wet. The foot is also liable to suffer, with other parts of the body, from eczema and other skin eruptions, some of which are painful, others of which are merely annoying.

In many cases much can be done to remedy these foot ills but in other cases nothing seems to give permanent relief. When the feet are gouty, the treatment is chiefly constitutional—the adopting of measures, both medical and dietetic, that physicians recommend for gout in general. Local applications may also be of service. One simple treatment that often relieves the burning is to rub the feet with a smooth piece of paraffin or with camphor ice; another is to bathe the feet in cold water.

When the feet are tired, some benefit may be derived from a hot foot bath, but it should be followed by stepping into a basin of cold water for a minute

or two. The foot bath sometimes gives better results if it contains a quantity of Epsom salts in solution. For sweating feet, bathing in cold alum solution and a plentiful dusting of powder into the clean stockings is excellent treatment. Powder that has been used with success in the European armies consists of three parts of salicylic acid, ten parts of starch and eighty-seven parts of powdered soapstone.

If nothing gives relief, the sufferer must go to a dermatologist and remain under his oversight until he discovers the proper treatment.

Hay Fever

FOR many years hay fever was one of the most baffling diseases that the physician was called on to deal with—although, to tell the truth, sufferers did not often call on him to treat it, for they had learned by bitter experience that he was powerless to help them. He sometimes could suggest a treatment that would give some relief, but usually the only thing for the sufferers to do was to seek some place where the disease did not prevail.

Many theories were proposed to explain hay fever, but they failed to survive to the test of experiment. It was generally believed by many sufferers and doctors alike, however, that the disease was in some way connected with the summer vegetation—as witness the names hay fever, rose cold, peach cold, and so forth; yet it seemed strange that in some places where victims of the disease escaped an attack, vegetation was rank, and in other places, as at the seashore and in cities, where vegetation was scarce, the attacks were severe. It was also puzzling that in certain places persons escaped a visitation while others suffered terribly.

The latest theory, which so far serves to explain all those apparent contradictions, is that the cause of the disease is not vegetation in general, but only certain forms of vegetation; that only the pollen of the offending plants excites the symptoms; and, finally, that different pollens affect different persons in different ways—a pollen that causes the trouble in some persons may have no effect upon others.

Why is it that the mass of mankind can inhale with impunity certain pollen grains that cause such misery to some persons is difficult to explain; physicians say that it is owing to an idiosyncrasy—just as some persons cannot eat strawberries or shell fish or eggs without suffering asthma or a skin eruption.

Physicians now succeed in preventing hay fever by injecting a very minute quantity, a homeopathic dose indeed, of an extract of the offending pollen—a treatment that establishes a bodily resistance against the action of the pollen. By inoculating the patient with small doses of one pollen extract after another and watching to see whether any reaction occurs, they determine what pollen or pollens are at fault. Whenever a reaction follows it signifies that the person is susceptible to that pollen and must be vaccinated against it.

The Salivary Secretion

THE saliva has a double function: it keeps the interior of the mouth moist and aids the digestion. Without its moistening action,—as we see sometimes in disease when the secretion of saliva is arrested, the tongue, lips and cheeks would become boardlike and almost immovable; the taking of foods, even liquids would be virtually impossible, and attempted speech would be unintelligible.

Its digestive function is perhaps less indispensable, yet it is extremely important. The saliva moistens the food, and in concert with mastication brings it into a semiliquid state fit for swallowing; this moistening process also brings out the flavor in many food substances, and the flavor, when agreeable, stimulates the nerves and promotes the secretion of gastric juice—which is ready in sufficient quantity to begin its

Continued on page 53



Ingersoll
Cream Cheese

"Spreads like butter"

THE richness, the purity, the flavor always measure up to the "Ingersoll" high standard.

"Can be used in a hundred different ways"

21



A TEA YOU'LL ENJOY

In ½ and 1 pound cartons

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PURITY FLOUR

"More Bread and Better Bread"

Once You Introduce Purity Flour into Your Kitchen You will

Use it in all Your Baking

Ask your Grocer for a bag of the New "High Patent" Purity Flour



36

- Clean Milk From Clean Cows -

Increased Demand For Milk and Cream

—can be created by the use of a clean, pure product, properly treated, rightly handled and delivered satisfactorily to the consumer. This is the only kind of service given by the City Dairy Ltd. You are assured of a steady market all the year round for all you can produce if you—

SHIP YOUR MILK AND CREAM TO
CITY DAIRY LTD.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

James M. Carruthers,
President and General Manager

James H. Hillhouse,
Secretary-Treasurer

Cleanly Treated for the Consumer

OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS—PATTERNS

The season of warm sunny days is close at hand, bringing with it new and pretty things in apparel and its accessories.

Colorful chiffons, crepes and gingham, also other wash fabrics are in the market, and the stores are showing daily new versions of prevailing styles.

Not many tailored suits are shown, but the mannish type of sports coats are receiving much attention. Tweeds and homespuns lead among materials employed for coats of this class, as well as for two and three piece costumes.

Skirts are now in proper length for street wear when 10 or 12 inches from the ground. Uneven hem lines are still in vogue. Tunics, draperies and cascades are used to relieve silhouettes that are otherwise straight and slender. Skirts for evening gowns are much longer.

Much could be written about sleeves, since they are the principal motif in gown or blouse. Length seems an important point in sleeves, though afternoon, dinner and evening gowns are practically sleeveless.

Crepe continues to be the foundation of all dresses, in combination with kasha, velette, eponge and the other rough surfaced weaves.

Some smart "wrap" skirts are shown in wool basket check in jade and white, and orange and white. Other skirts in this style are of fringed homespun.

Tan and navy eponge in a block pattern with fringed hem makes a smart sports skirt.

A very attractive, skirt, cut to form deep scallops at the foot is of navy tricotine; the scallops and seams are piped with red flammell.

Knitted fabrics are much in vogue for every kind of garment from cape to hat.

A smart sports suit is shown, made of yellow and white checked jersey. Collar and cuffs and the string belt are trimmed with white silk braid.

A cape of jade green wool jersey is piped with red wool.

A sports dress of white Canton Crepe is bordered on skirt and sleeves with red crepe, and has a decoration on the white of rows of red beads.

White and green crepe de chine combine well for sports wear.

A summer frock of brown organdy is made with a panel tunic, cut in petal shape, and has a "bib" and underskirt of check brown and white gingham.

A blue and white checked gingham blouse is trimmed with bias folds of white organdy.

A dress of black crepe faille is smart with embroidery in black and gray.

A jacket suit of dark blue repp, is made in blouse effect and faced with crossbar linen in white with embroidery in colors.

An over blouse of copper colored georgette is embroidered in black silk floss.

A plain tailored suit of tan covert cloth, has a 2 piece straight skirt and the coat with box lines trimmed with applied bands of self material.

A suit of beige color repp shows applied trimming of brown cloth.

The separate blouse enjoys great popularity at present in its several versions.

The "tie-on" surplice blouse as well as the "tie-on" in slip over style are fashionable, as well as youthful and becoming. The costume blouse with peasant sleeve is new, and is shown with many pleasing features.

Childrens fashions are as ever interesting and pleasing.

For girls of two to six years, dainty little frocks of organdy in both plain and dotted effects are shown, in straight and yoke styles. Organdy is a general favorite and may be combined with other material.



Hollins

DAY & NIGHT WEAR

Trade Mark Reg'd
The Mark of Fine Merchandise

For that smart tailored waist—
that separate sport skirt—

"Viyella"
or
"Clydella"

Unshrinkable Flannels

will give the utmost service and satisfaction. These soft, lovely fabrics come in various weights and in many beautiful shades and stripings.

Insist on seeing the name "Viyella" or "Clydella" on the selvedge.

On sale at all high class stores.

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**Takes 10 Years
From the Age**

Graying hair ages a young face and makes you seem middle aged, even when it is premature. Restore it to its original natural color and look 10 years younger. This is simple, sure



and easy, no risk of the streaked, discolored, freakish hair which is worse than gray. Nothing to wash or rub off.

Mail coupon for free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Be sure to state exactly the natural color of your hair. Better, enclose a lock in your letter. Test as directed on single lock and abide by results. Then get full sized bottle at druggist or direct.

Mary T. Goldman, 1496 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul Minn.
Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is jet black..... black or dark brown..... medium brown..... light brown, drab or auburn.....

Name.....

Address.....

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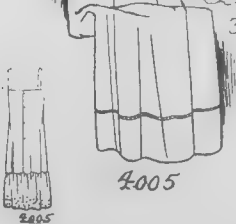
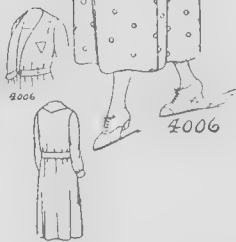


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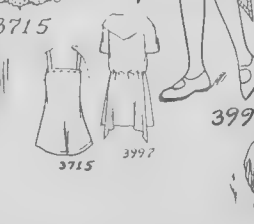
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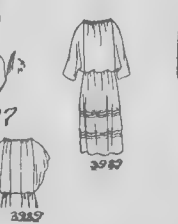
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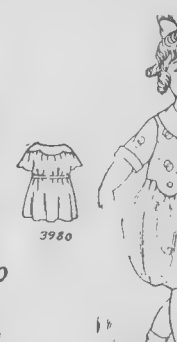
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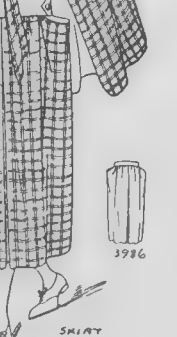
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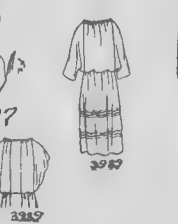
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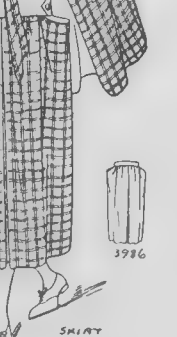
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A Neat and Practical "Apron Frock". 4003. It will take but a few moments to adjust this trim and comfortable garment. One could make it of figured percale with a finish of rick rack—or feather edge—braid. The closing is at the side under the facing. In black sateen with cretonne for trimming, or in crepe in a pretty shade of yellow with bands of white, it makes a smart "tea" frock.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36. Medium, 38-40. Large, 42-44. Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock For Mother's Girl. 3997. White organdy, voile crepe or batiste is attractive for this model. The tunic portions may be omitted. Lace, banding, lattice work and embroidery are good for trimming.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. A 10 year size requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Summer Frock. 3989. Here is a model especially attractive for slender, youthful figures. The new Swiss organies, voiles and tissues are smart and suitable for this design. It is nice too for embroidered crepe and pongee.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16 18 and 20 years. A 16 year size requires 5 yards of 36 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular, Comfortable Dress Style for the Growing Girl. Pattern 3753 is here attractively illustrated. The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14, and 16 years. A 14 year size requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material for the Dress and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32 inch material for the gümpe. Figured gabardine is here combined with crepe de chine. Satin and serge, tricolette and organdy, silk and twill may be combined for this design.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A very Popular "Combination". 3978-3993-3986. Cape suits are much in vogue this season in cloth, linen, silk and also in pongee and gingham. In this illustration we have a Smart Blouse style Pattern 3978, a new and practical Skirt, Pattern 3986 and a very pleasing youthful Cape Pattern 3993. "Kiltie" plaid suiting was used for cape and skirt, and Canton crepe for the blouse.

The blouse is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. The Cape is cut in 4 Sizes: 14, and 16 years for Misses, and Medium, (38-40 bust); Large (42-44 bust) for Ladies. The skirt is cut in 6 Sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33 and 35 inches waist measure. Cape and Skirt will require 6 yards of 40 inch material for a Medium size. The width of the skirt at the foot with plaits extended is about 2 yards.

Three separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A New Version of a Popular Garment. 4005. Every woman's wardrobe should boast of one or more slips such as this design portrays. Satin, silk, crepe, crepe de chine, and linen are very appropriate for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27 inch material. For flouncing as illustrated $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 15 inches wide will be required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Undergarment. Pattern 3715 was used to make this style. It is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material.

Lace, embroidery, edging or hemstitching will make a pretty finish.

A Pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Play Garment. Pattern 3693 employed for this design. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. A 4 year size requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27 inch material.

Seersucker, gingham, drill, poplin, repp, line, percale, kindergarten cloth, gabardine and serge may be used for this style.

A Pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Serviceable Popular Style. Pattern 3653 was used for this model. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4 year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 27 inch material.

Gingham with linen or organdy, chambrey and percale combined, pongee, repp, poplin and crash are good for this model. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Jaunty Summer Costume. 3829-3985. For warm weather this style is very attractive. The blouse 3829 may be of crepe, voile or pongee, and the skirt 3985, of sports woollen, of gingham, print or cretonne.

The pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material. The Skirt is cut in 7 Sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure. The Skirt will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is about 2 yards.

Two separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15 for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Smart Frock. 3988. A very new and attractive version of the one-piece dress is 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch here portrayed. The outstanding loop effect at the waistline is youthful and becoming. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. This is a good model for linen, ratine or eponge.

The pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is about 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Style Prominent For School Wear. 3996. This model will meet with the school girls' approval. It may be worn with "knickers" or bloomers, and in bloused or straight effect. The facings, collar and cuffs may be of contrasting material. One may have the sleeve in wrist, or short length.

The design is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical House Dress. 4006. She who chooses this model for her work dress, will find every work day brighter because of the comfort and convenience which this style reflects. Dotted percale, and white linene are here combined.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: $3\frac{1}{4}$, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is about 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Comfortable Frock. 3980. In dotted Swiss, challie, chintz or cretonne this style is ever attractive. The development is simple, and the dress will launder easily. Comfortable pockets are inserted under dainty flaps.

The pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 5 years. A 3 year size will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Summer Frock. 4000. The ripple of tiny ruffles on this dainty frock is not its only attractive feature. The surplice closing and comfortable sleeves are very inviting, and will please any young girl who likes attractive clothes. Dotted Swiss and organdy are here combined.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material. This style will be pretty in the new prints and tissue gingham.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Meeting

The air is sharp and full of flying sleet,
Deep lies the mud on pavement and on street,
Dark is the sky with clouds of leaden hue,
The winds blow chill freezing the marrow

through.
Weary and cold tired travellers pass along
The city streets, a shivering careworn throng,
Now the great clock insistent drones the hour,
Darker and darker yet the storm clouds lower.

In the Embankment Gardens dank trees shiver,
Down with the tide boats pass along the river,
I leave my work and trudge off through the mire,

My heart aglow with manifold desire,
I seem the only soul in all the place,
Wearing a happy and smiling face,
And whence this joy and inward bliss I own,

In midst of dreary wastes of brick and stone?

Just this, that waiting for me is a girl
With radiant eyes and feelings in a whirl,
And well she knows my love, my heart is given

To her alone, and she is all my heaven.
We meet; her glorious eyes look into mine,
The city lamps as arcs of fairy shine,
A warmth pervades my breast, and melodies
Sound in my ears, as birds in summer skies.

In the clear air pipe songs of sweetest praise
While pass the golden hours of shining days.

Ah, Love, in this rapt moment in our bliss,
Sealed in the passionate utterance of a kiss,
The sudden pavements turn to streets of jasper,
The frowning skies change as by magic whisper,
Forgotten is the cold and beating rain,
All the wild night's despair and sordid pain,
We only know we love, and feel that life
Holding this joy is worth its wearing strife,
Worth all the frets and perils of the day,
While you and I can walk the self-same way.

S. J. Looker.

Mothers!

There is no soap that could be better, purer or safer for your children than

Winsome

THE tender, delicate skin of your child needs the bland, pure Winsome lather.

The skin of your growing boy or girl needs vigorous cleansing with a soap of absolute purity. In Winsome you get a toilet soap of which the Vinolia Laboratories are justly proud. In purity and high quality of materials this dainty WHITE Soap has never been surpassed.



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Canadian water and climatic conditions were studied for years and Winsome, the first real Canadian toilet soap was created in Canada.

Ask for Winsome at your druggist's or store.

VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED
Soapmakers to H. M. the King
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FLEXIBILITY

Flexibility of your corset is essential to poise and charm, whether in the evening gown, the afternoon frock or the street costume.

Corseted the P.C. way assures not only absolute comfort, but also an air of fashionable poise and dignity. P.C. Corsets make for figure improvement.

Ask your dealer for P.C.'s. They are the utmost in value, style, comfort and service.

Front lace, back lace,
white and flesh

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Write for booklet showing the new styles fitted on living models

"P.C. Corsets"
RUST PROOF
GUARANTEED



A great thing to have on ice at home

Bottled
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

MADE IN CANADA
The Coca-Cola Company
Winnipeg - Montreal
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CORRESPONDENCE

Again—The Good Looking Editor

Dear Editor and Readers,—My last letter to the Correspondence Page was not printed, but as you see I have survived the incident, only to realize that I cannot resist this happy circle any longer, and will therefore trust my pen with the responsibility of writing a short note.

I am always eager to read the W.H.M. My first, but not last attraction is the Correspondence Page. I wish to remark that I think the editor does not want us to see a real picture of himself on account of his being too good looking, although regarding his looks, I'll admit that he could not possibly keep those beautifiers while conducting this page, and my sincerest hope is that he has, at least preserved one, in remembrance of days gone by.

Doubtless, everyone rejoices in the thought of Spring, the loveliest season, for it is then that you can amply admire the wonderful work of nature. I long for the return of the birds and their songs, also to watch the golden sunset and see this beautiful world of ours in its spring glory. I have a favourite spot around here, where I go by myself every spring, to dream and build castles in Spain.

Do any of you ever make a wish at sight of the first crow seen in the Spring? I never fail to do so, and always keep my mind well stocked with wishes in case the crow may be flying.

"Night Hawk" you have my sympathy in your cooking problems and I wish you every success in the future. "Star" I hope your sunny farm continues to prosper.

I fear I should not have entrusted this letter to my pen for it has made this a lengthy letter instead of a short note as I intended, so wishing you all, good luck, I shall finish.

Frenchy.

"22" Please Write.

Dear Editor and Readers,—Have just finished reading the many interesting letters in our March W.H.M. I always turn to the Correspondence page first.

This is my second letter to your wonderful circle and I was highly delighted to see my first letter had escaped the W.P.B. and hope this one has the same good fortune.

On reading "Just 22's" letter I felt rather flattered. I wonder are we supposed to thank him for the compliment given us country girls. I like country dances very much but have never driven thirty miles to one. I agree with "Reddy" when she says she would rather have the country any day. I have never been in the city a great deal, but one gets a very true idea of what it is like from reading.

Spring is close at hand now. The snow is nearly all melted around here and the roads are badly broken up. We have had enough winter and I think most of us will welcome Spring any day.

I wish the readers the best of luck and hoping to hear from any of the readers especially "Just 22", I will sign myself

Bud.

The Joys of the Sugar Bush.

Dear Editor and Readers,—I think the Correspondence Page is the most interesting part of the magazine, although I like the stories, fancy work, etc. I think it is much nicer to learn about the different parts of the country by reading the different letters.

There are not many amusements here except an occasional dance and I don't go to them as I don't like dancing, so I get rather lonesome sometimes.

Have any of you readers been in a sugar bush. My brother and I are running one this year. We have about one hundred trees. We get a good deal of pleasure out of it, although it is very hard work. We have great fun here in the summertime fishing, hunting, and riding horse back.

I think "Just 22" is mistaken if he thinks the city girls are the only ones whose faces are not washable.

I would like to hear from some of the readers who are fond of out door life. With best wishes to everyone,

Katrinka.

Yes, Quite Like Him.

Dear Editor and Readers,—This is my first letter to the W.H.M. I enjoy reading the stories, but best of all like reading the Correspondence page.

I live on the farm, and have done so nearly all my life. I have not got tired of it yet, and have not wished to live in the city. I came to Canada nearly eight years ago, and I think it is a grand old place. I live in southern Saskatchewan, near Wood Mountains. There are no trees down here, only a little brush.

We live 22 miles from the nearest town, and 6 miles from the nearest post-office. I ride horseback when I go for the mail. I go to dances sometimes and nearly always have a good time. I have many acquaintances here, but would like to have someone to correspond with.

The editor's picture in the February issue was pretty good. I have been wondering if it is really like him. It says above the picture that he has no hair because of the responsibilities of taking care of all the letters. Poor editor, he must have hard work with all of them.

"Slim," I hope you have success in getting a girl to write to you.

I read "Prairie Girl's" letter, and thought it was just great. I help my father put in the grain in the Spring, and like to ride horseback. I ride more in the summer than in the winter, as it is too cold to go out much in the winter. We have great fun sleigh-riding and skating, but the ponds were so covered up with snow this winter that we could not skate much.

I will close now, hoping to hear from some of the readers of the W.H.M., girl or boy.

Blossom.

Two Hayseeds Take Issue With Mr. Percival

Dear Editor and Readers,

We have read and enjoyed many letters which have appeared on this page, and it is because of a letter written by one, Percival, which appeared in the April issue of this magazine that we are venturing to write in order to express our own particular views concerning the discussion on city life versus country life.

We object strenuously to Percival's ideas of the country. It is quite evident that he has spent little or none of his time there. On the contrary we are farmer's daughters and having spent considerable time in the cities, we feel that we are in a position to judge between city life and country life.

Percival remarks that the beautiful smoke arising from the factories on a frosty morning is prettier than any old hay-seed sunset. We find ourselves somewhat at a loss to determine the exact meaning of the adjective "hayseed," but we suppose that an old hayseed sunset is a sunset which country people are foolish enough to admire. If they are foolish in their admiration, so also was Shelley when he tried to express in his poetry the deep emotions which thrilled his soul on beholding a beautiful sunset. We have never yet read poetry dealing with the beautiful smoke arising from factories, and our own experiences have taught us that smoke is a grimy drawback to city life. True, we are always very much impressed when we think of the wonderful inventions of mankind, but they are all artificial and must take second place in comparison with the majestic mountain ranges, the rushing rivers and the rolling prairie with their wealth of plant life—the creations of God.

Percival states that physical culture is taken up much more in the city than in the country. Perhaps so. During our public and high school life we were never in a gymnasium and yet we are perfectly healthy. Speaking generally, we do not need the training the gymnasium affords, for on the farm we have enough exercise to keep us physically sound. For instance, if we wish to visit a neighbor who lives a short distance away, we cannot board a street car as city people can and invariably do, rather than walk. We are in the open air a great deal and eat plain, wholesome food.

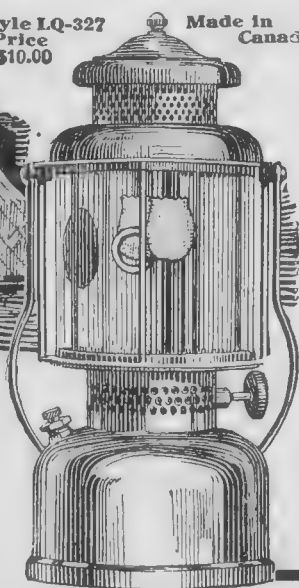
We think if Percival were to tear the film of city smoke from his eyes then live in the country for a time, he would agree with Shakespeare who said:

"And this our life exempt from public haunt,

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,



Style LQ-327
Price \$10.00
Made in Canada



Take This Lantern With You!

Enjoy the finest kind of light—and plenty of it—while camping or touring this summer. Take along a

Coleman Quick-Lite

"The Sunshine of the Night"

300 candle power of pure white brilliance—more light than 20 old-style oil lanterns. Cost to use less than 2 cents a night. Rain Proof and Bug Proof. Lights with matches. Makes and burns own gas from common motor gasoline.

Stands rough handling. Clean. Safe. Always dependable. No daily filling or cleaning necessary. Hundreds of dealers throughout the Dominion sell Quick-Lite lamps and lanterns. If yours don't, write direct to us and we will see that you are supplied.

THE COLEMAN LAMP CO., Ltd.

360 COLEMAN BUILDING

TORONTO, CANADA

Sermons in stones and good in every thing."

In conclusion we wish to assure Percival that no harm is meant in our criticism of his views concerning the life we live, for as he says "tastes differ," and therefore opinions must differ also.

Two Hayseeds.

Mr. Percival in Trouble Again

Dear Editor and Members,

Just finished reading the letters in the last W.H.M. and simply cannot refrain from making a reply to Percival. You speak of physical culture being taught in city schools much more than in the country. That may be, but the city children need it taught to them more thoroughly than those of the country. I am certain I can show you more healthy, sturdy country lads and lasses than you can find in the cities. Take men, for instance. In most cities the large majority are small, thin men, or otherwise too stout, why, because they are cooped up in offices or factories all day and who can retain a strong system when they cannot get the right amount of fresh air and exercise. Remember I say fresh air. "Smoke from the factories arising on a frosty morning prettier than a hay-seed sunset." I should like to have you out here to see our "hay-seed sunsets." Why, one can see the workings of God in them. True, you city people can look at your sky-scrapers, big factories, mills, etc., with a feeling of pride and the thought, "we made all this," but the

finest paper I read. I would like to get letters from F.W.L. and Star. I leave my address with the editor.

Slim too.

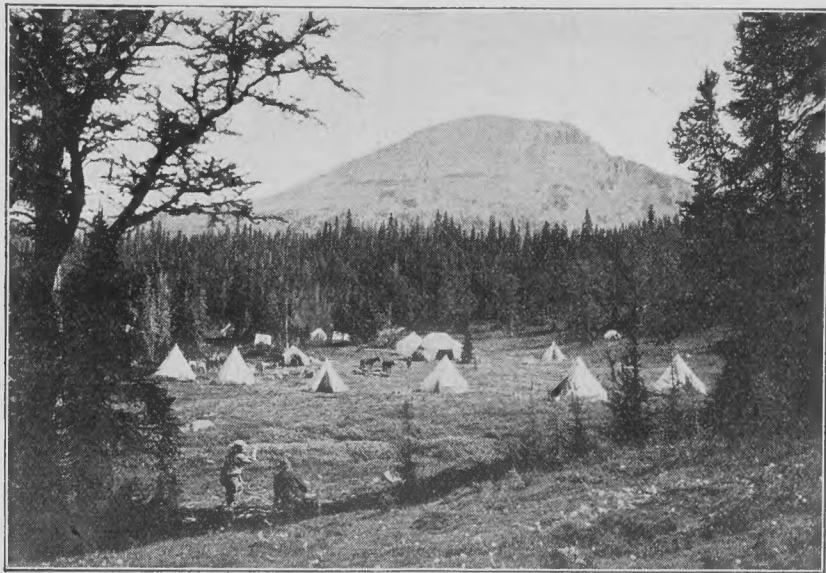
The "Jig" is Up

Dear Editor and Readers,

I have been a long and silent reader of your page, but a letter written by Percival has stirred up my "ginger."

Now Percival says our country children are not taught the importance of health. I think he is badly mistaken there because in all our country schools children are taught to take care of their health. I don't think teaching the city children about the importance of health is of any good if they continue to stay in the city.

Percival talks about the wonderful scenery in the city—the great manufacturing plants and the smoke coming from the chimneys. Now, I think that would be very tiresome scenery as it is always the same while out in the country the scenery changes with the seasons. It is most beautiful to watch the fields of grain turn from green to golden and then when it is cut great fields of stooks. I think the reason he does not think very much of our sunsets is that he never has seen one. If he would only come out in the country and watch the sunset, he would be convinced that no city scenery could equal it. Percival should come out to the country when the grain is all ripe and see the binders with horse and tractors cutting it and also the great herds of cattle, sheep, colts, etc.



Sunshine Camp—Canadian Alpine Journal.

country folks have their fields of beautiful waving grain, their endless miles of great rolling prairies or their beautiful forests and winding streams, and I am sure its a grand and more solemn feeling to say, God made the country.

I have lived in the city and I can say, Percival, wash some of the city dust or smoke out of your eyes and we country folk can show you something too.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears;

To me the meanest flower that grows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.—Wordsworth.

No offence meant Percival. I had to have my say.

Prairie Sunset.

A Chance for Slim

Dear Editor and Readers;

This is my second letter to the Correspondence Page, but the first one must have found its way to the W.P.B. However, I am having another try and maybe I will have better luck this time.

I noticed a letter from Slim. He need not think he is the only tall one on the mat, for I am five feet eleven, age 22 years. I am fond of dancing and working outdoors. I live in the Porcupine Reserve and think this will be a great country in a few years. I am a Soldier's Daughter and like country life fine. It beats the city. I would like to get a letter from Slim and if he ever visits the Porcupine, we would try and give him a good time, especially around hunting season, as I have three brothers and they are good hunters.

I must close now, but not before saying that The Western Home Monthly is the

I hope if Aloha Oe goes to the city she will not be disappointed with the scenery that Percival has been talking about. Would like some correspondence.

Country Lad.

Home Doctor

Continued from page 49

digestive action as soon as the food reaches the stomach.

The saliva also possesses a digestive function of its own; it changes the starch of the food into sugar—the first step in preparing it to be assimilated and converted into force within the body. That function is, however, a less vital one, since if the saliva fails to perform it the pancreatic juice digests the starches. In order to insure that desirable action in the mouth, it is necessary to masticate starchy foods very thoroughly; only by that means can we make it possible for the saliva to reach every part of the mass and keep in contact with it for a long enough time to produce its effect. Once the saliva is thoroughly mixed with the food, it will continue its digestive action for a considerable time in the stomach. It acts in that way only on cooked starches and not on meat.

In man there are three sets of glands that secrete saliva: the parotid, the submaxillary and the sublingual. To our sorrow many of us know the location of the parotid glands, just blow the ear; it is their swelling that causes the exquisite pain in the mumps. The composition of the saliva from these several glands varies considerably, but the mixed secretion is a clear opalescent fluid, of alkaline reaction, without odor or taste.



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Lux is sold only in sealed packets—dust-proof!

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Money cheerfully refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Price \$1.00 postpaid.
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The Western Home Monthly



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

SOMETHING TO LEARN

June

June overhead!

All the birds know it, for swift they have
Sped Northward, and now they are singing
like mad;
June is full-tide for them, June makes
them glad.
Hark, the bright choruses greeting the
day—
Sorrow, away!

Richard Burton

Where the bee sucks there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the
bough!

Shakespeare.

Ring-ting! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose, flowing in the
spring!
The stooping bows above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the elm tree for our King!

O-no! I wish I were a robin,
A robin or a little wren everywhere to go;
Through forest, field or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing!

Wm. Allingham

SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT

There once was a girl of New York.
Whose body was lighter than cork;
She had to be fed
For six weeks, upon lead
Before she went out for a walk.

There once was a man who said "How
Shall I manage to carry my cow?"
For if I should ask it
To get in my basket,
'Twould make such a "terrible row."

There was an old man who said "Do
Tell me how I'm to add two and two?
I'm not very sure
That it doesn't make four—
But I fear that is almost too few."

Four Years of Dirt

A RESIDENT of New York, who was
visiting one of the new oil fields of
Texas, came across a small youngster
playing in the dooryard of a disgracefully
dirty and dilapidated house. The child,
scarcely recognizable as such because of
a very generous application of Texas soil,
answered his salutation with a grin.

"How old are you?" asked the New
Yorker.

"Four."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the man. "I
didn't know anyone could get so dirty in
four years!"

SOMETHING TO READ

Stopping a Grizzly

EVERYTHING about the little power
plant was running so smoothly that
Edwin Green took out a book and sat
down by an open window. It was the
first warm day after a hard winter in the
Rockies, and Green became so deeply
interested in his book that he did not
notice the sound of slow, heavy breathing
outside.

When he looked up he saw a huge
grizzly bear standing at the window.
Fortunately, the window was barred
and the door closed; but Green was so
surprised that it took him several minutes
to realize that he was not in immediate
danger.

The affair soon took on the aspect of a
siege. The bear seemed greatly infuriated
when Green tried to frighten him away by
throwing things at him or by making a
noise. At the end of an hour Green
began to be worried.

His friend Egerton would return soon,
and Egerton carried no gun. Moreover,
he would come from behind the power
house and would not see the bear until
he was right on it. Green could not
warn him, since there was no opening
of any kind in the back of the building.

Finally, he hit on a plan. Although
the house was built of brick and concrete,
the bars of the windows were entirely
embedded in wood. That would serve
as an insulator. One of the electric
wires leading from a terminal of one of
the transformers he connected with the
bars of the window; the other wire he
grounded.

The next time the bear appeared at
the window Green seized a bamboo
fishing pole and began to poke him with it.
The animal let out a roar and, rising on
his hind legs, brought both of his front
feet down on the iron bars. There
was not a sound, not a whimper. For
the fraction of a second every muscle
in the bear's body was tense. Then his
muscles relaxed, and he fell limp to the
ground. Such a current would have been
too much for any grizzly.

SOMETHING SENT IN

IT is too bad that so many of our
eager members get the W.H.M.
so late in the month that their letters and
stories are nearly always late for the
next month. To-day I received some
very nice verses too late for May, but
you will enjoy them so I am going to
print them for you. And I must tell
you that Eugene Cameron whose motto
was the popular one to head the page is
the proud possessor of an Eversharp
pencil which he may now use to win
more prizes. You do not always
know what you will win for sometimes
an extra effort wins an extra prize.

March 31, 1922.

Ruthilda,
Sask., Age 12.

Dear Editor,

I am sending the poem for May. I'm
sorry I did not get a prize last time, but
I'm going to try again.

I'll vote for the first proverb. "In reading
there is knowledge".

Yours truly,

Ruth Harris.

Song of May

May's a month of great delight,
Birds are gay and flowers are bright.
For both sun and breeze are warm
And but rarely comes a storm.
Emperor moths are seen about,
Pretty mayflies, too, come out,
All good boys and girls agree,
'Tis the time for revelry.

Over all the countryside
Father-birds trill songs of pride,
For, where bluebells toll the hour
And the varied hawthorn flower,
Where the apple-trees disclose
Dainty blossoms, cream and rose
'Mong the cliffs, on moorland ground,
Nests of baby-birds abound.

Wishing

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do:
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true;
Rid your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thoughts be clean and high.
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?
Well, suppose you make a start
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrapbook of your heart.
Do not waste one page on folly;
Live to learn, and learn to live,
If you want to give men knowledge,
You must get it, ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way;
For the pleasures of the many
May be oftimes traced to one,
As the hand that plants an acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

R. Peterson,
Meacham, Sask.

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36 C.P.R. Bldg., Portage Avenue, WINNIPEG

Hazelridge,
Man.,
April 25, 1922.

Bobby Burke,
Dear Sir,

In the March number of the Western Home Monthly, which we have just started to get, is a competition in the Cosy Corner, voting for a new motto. I would like to vote for No. 9. I am sending in this verse for the second competition.

Yours respectfully,
Florence J. G. Millidge.

Verse for Competition

They say that the very darkest clouds
Are lined with silver bright and fair.
Though how they know I do not see.
And neither do I really care.
It's good to believe, and so I try.
To believe, 'tis true with all my might.
That nothing is so seeming dark.
But has a hidden side that's bright

Thornton W. Burgess.

Hodgeville, Sask.,
March 23, 1922.

Dear Sirs,

A am sending in a verse for the March competition.

Shall we not through good and ill
Cleave to one another still?
Britain's myriad voices call
Sons, be welded each and all
Into one Imperial whole
One with Britons heart and soul,
One life, one flag, one fleet, one Throne
Britains hold your own.—Tennyson.

Laura Gross.

prize winner will appear in November number. There will be a fountain pen for the best essay.

Watch the insects—What kinds have you seen? What are they like? How do they live? What use are they? What harm do they do? Keep an insect diary and there will be a prize of a Brownie No. 2, Camera for the best essay on insects you have observed. Keep your eyes open. **Watch and write.**

Something to do during the summer months! Learn about nature.
Something to win, a Fountain Pen or a Camera.

and

A Gold Button of the W.H.M. C.C.
Send in all essays before September 10th.
Date your diary and keep it neat.

The Cooking School Diploma

I HAVE just received a diploma from the cooking school!" announced the young wife to her husband one evening as they sat down to supper.

"Have you?" he replied without much show of interest.

"Well, aren't you glad I have been enrolled as a competent cook?" asked the disappointed wife. "Just see, I have prepared this whole dinner! I gave especial attention to that dish there. Guess what it is."

The husband was at the moment trying to chew a particularly tough piece of the contents of the dish. Observing his puzzled look, the wife repeated, "Guess what it is."

"I don't know," replied the husband uncertainly. "Is it the diploma?"



The Kidneys

The office man and the outdoor worker suffer alike from derangements of the kidneys.

Backaches and headaches are among the symptoms. In some cases Bright's disease soon develops, others suffer from high blood pressure until hardening of the arteries sets in.

In order to forestall painful and fatal diseases prompt action should be taken at the first sign of trouble.

Mr. A. D. MacKinnon, Kirkwood, Inverness county, N.S., writes:

"I can highly recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to all suffering from weak kidneys. I suffered from kidney disease for a long time. I may also say that for three years I was nearly always troubled with headaches, and no treatment seemed to do more than afford temporary relief. I was finally told of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and after using a few boxes was completely relieved. I have also used Dr. Chase's Ointment with the best results, and never fail to recommend these wonderful remedies."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.



Midsummer Discussion

Insight 1

If we but saw the things we see,
Insect, flower, and swaying tree;
If, through our seeing, we might know
The sky, the earth, the deeps below.

2

Our eyes would catch, now dull and dim,
A vision wonderful of Him
Through whom and to whom all things are,
From flitting bird to flaming star.

3

So, may the sun become the known;
Our vision, sight to insight grown;
Our joy, each common day that brings
God's presence near in common things.

John Taylor Shaw,

Sent by Agda L. Meyer,
Wrightville, Sask. (Age 17 years).

SOMETHING TO DO FOR THE SUMMER

Watch the birds—What kinds come to your neighborhood? Where do they build? What are their nests like? What do they eat? Keep a bird diary and send it in to reach the Corner before September 10th and the name of the

SOME CANDY RECIPES YOU MAY TRY

Excellent Russian Toffee

Ingredients: One tin of condensed milk, half a pound of loaf sugar, two ounces of butter, two good tablespoons of treacle, two tablespoons of cold water, a few drops of vanilla flavouring. Melt the butter in a saucepan and add all ingredients except milk. When the sugar has dissolved, take the saucepan off the fire and stir in the milk. Replace over the fire and boil again for twenty minutes, stirring all the time. Pour into a butter tin, and when nearly cold mark into squares with a knife, and cut with scissors.

Peppermint Creams.

Take half a pound of icing sugar, see that it is perfectly dry, and rub it through a hair sieve. Then mix well into six drops of essence of peppermint and just enough cream or white of egg to make a stiff paste. The mixture should be dry enough to leave the sides of the bowl clean. Now turn on to a lightly sugared slab and knead thoroughly. Spread over the slab about half an inch thick, with a broad knife or rolling-pin. Two days in a cool place should harden the cream, then cut into cubes or squares, and store in a tin.

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sell a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Defeated

Continued from page 17

note Mike had given her, read it and then disappeared through the swing doors. Dillon followed closely and examined the list of occupants. Under the letter O, on the third floor, O'Brien, the detective had his offices. Dillon took particular note of O'Brien's office and hastened to his own room, packed his valise and left the country.

TWO weeks had passed since Lucy left for Vancouver and Mike had received no mail, though one morning, Rawlson, who had got a letter from his creditors handed it to Mike. It was a notification that in default of payment due the day previous to the mailing of the letter, they, the creditors, would give him the usual thirty days' grace in which to meet the obligation.

Leaving the office Mike saw Dillon's satellites behind a stump, holding a parlane. Their conversation, however, was inaudible, so he passed on into the woods.

When he reached the landing, the hook-tender was walking to and fro, having just finished splicing the main line, and threatening annihilation to the man who had cut the cable, if he should find who had done it. Mike called him to one side and showed him the note. He was for throwing everything up, right then.

"See here!" said Mike, "if we can finish that boom this week, with what little money I've got on hand, we can meet the payment."

"We can get our part in," replied the hook-tender, "if they'll leave the track alone."

"I'll undertake to keep the track clear," assured Mike.

During the next few days logs rolled into the bay at a record speed, and towards the end of the week the boom was completed, waiting for the tug boat.

Mike rejoiced that evening, for, under the circumstances, the feat had seemed impossible. The mortgage could now be removed and there would be a little money left to distribute among the crew. The crisis was over and from now on he could devote his attention to reconstruction. He hummed a tune as he made fast the boom-sticks. And for the first time during the week he relaxed his vigilance and surrendered to the much needed sleep.

When he woke the following morning, feeling refreshed and jubilant, he strolled towards the secluded bay where he had tied the boom, but on arriving at the opening, he stood, bewildered, for a moment, then he clenched both hands and swore fluently. The work of a month had vanished during the night.

He did not descend to the bay but ran towards the men's sleeping quarters. He was in search of Dillon's satellites; but when he reached the rooms, his disappointment was complete, for they had gone with the logs.

Dashing to the hook-tender's room he pulled him out of bed.

"Hurry up and dress," ordered Mike.

A few minutes later both men ran to the wharf only to find that the gasoline launch had been taken.

Mike and the hook-tender looked at each other, understanding all.

The crew was informed of the happening, and a sorry lot they looked. All they could do now was to disband and on the next boat go to Vancouver, where they could ship to some more profitable job.

Mike was silent as he paced the wharf, wishing that he might learn where to find Dillon and his satellites, and then he would be satisfied to pay the penalty for what he might do to them.

Each day was a week, and each night a month. But at last the boat arrived. The running of the tide made it hard to draw close to the wharf, a delay which irritated the men, for, while they could not assign a reason for it, they anticipated some news. Eventually the stern of the boat was drawn to the wharf and a gangway hoisted, then came ashore.

Mike was leaning against the railing on the wharf, thinking of Lucy, but not expecting her. She saw him, dropped her satchel and ran to him.

At the sound of her voice he straightened, and though surprised, he smiled in gladness as he took her hands and held them tight.

"We've won! We've won, Mike!" she repeated.

"I followed your instructions and got a detective, who traced the first two booms of logs to the States. The government agents seized them for fraudulent export. On board the tug-boat that pulled away your last boom was a detective. He forced the captain, while yet in the Canadian waters, to tow the boom to Victoria. Aren't you glad?" she demanded of Mike who had no signs of appreciation.

"Yes. Yes. So glad that I can't even thank you!" replied Mike, drawing her into his arms, impulsively.

The men cheered him. Then he put up his hand for silence.

"Men," he announced, "we'll all get our money as soon as we can straighten things out."

"And what of our bargain, Lucy?"

Lucy looked up at him shyly, and nodded her acceptance.

"Though we're defeated, three cheers for Mike and his helpmate!" shouted the hook-tender.

The Turning Point

Continued from page 15

"Don't you think," he began with an effort to come back to earth, "that I should find a little place for us to stay till we've settled about the future?"

"I've settled that already," she said. "We're going back to the ranch, and I'm going to help you make a success of it."

"Oh," he cried, kissing her, "it will be Heaven to try it again with you. I wish I could take you now."

"Only four days more," she encouraged, "and then I can come."

That was Wednesday evening. Thursday evening he was halted in the corridor by one of the night nurses with whom he was very friendly.

"Mr. Richards," she said with an anxious look on her face, "have you seen the advertisement in the paper for the recovery of Miss Larcoss?" The young man shot her an apprehensive glance. "They're suspecting your wife," she continued, while she searched his face for his secret. "It's Miss Crawford, the day nurse who is trying a bit of amateur detective work. The woman would do anything for money."

"Miss Brown," the young man confided reluctantly, "It's only too true. And the worst of it is we're not married yet." Then he briefly related his story while she listened with sympathetic amazement.

"You ought to get your wife away at once, Mr. Richards," she suggested. "That woman is likely to act quickly."

"I'll take her with me now," he said.

"But," she broke in, "Aileen will have to be disguised if she is to get past the office, for I know they'll stop her if they see her."

"What shall we do then?" he asked appealingly.

"I'll get her a gentleman's suit that'll just fit her. She can wear it till she gets away safely then you can send it back to me."

"Be quick then Miss Brown" he ordered "and I'll go in and warn her."

The girl was buried behind the pages of a book pretending to read when Eric hurriedly entered and announced, "Aileen, dear, we must get you out of this place at once. One of the nurses suspects you of being Miss Larcoss and has gone to warn your father. Miss Brown is bringing some clothes for you. Get into them quickly and we'll get away before they can stop us."

Dropping her book to the floor, she sprang to her feet and throwing her arm around his neck cried, "Oh, Eric dear, don't let them get me!"

Just then Miss Brown entered and Eric strolled out into the hall. Fifteen minutes later, Aileen left the hospital as a very neatly dressed young man. Some distance behind her, Eric followed with calm indifference till he caught up with her on the street. There they hailed a taxi and disappeared into the twilight—out into the old world which to them would henceforth be the new.

The Blood Feud

Continued from page 13

mons and taking whatever consequences would come.

On came the slender uniformed figure, and my friends, I can say no more. Now—even now—forgive an old man's tears—leave me—but no, the story is not finished.

Cutting my bonds the cruel devils made off and left me with my friend, who had laid down his life for his friend. The cold April evening came down and the white lights in the north flickered across the sky. Over me swung the great stars pointing to where Louis Riel was, and far away I heard the wolves howl. I carried Arrow and made a resting place for him in some trees.

Then back north I rode towards Louis Riel, finding him anxious and foreboding.

"What news, Henri Chatelaine?"

"We failed," said I.

His face lightened. "Oh, the good God be thanked. Ever since you left I have heard terrible stories of Desmond and O'Donnell and have repented much."

I handed the scalp lock of Arrow to Louis Riel. "A good man," said I.

"What is it? In God's name what means it," said he hysterically. I told him and the sobs came from him.

"Where are the two?"

"In the States by now," said I.

"It will be a blood trail. I will send this scalp lock to the Crowfoot in token of what a Blackfoot will do for a friend. You failed Henri," and he covered his face with his hands. "But it is the hand of destiny. Gabriel Dumont says 'fight' but Henri I would stop bloodshed—but alas, I cannot stop now what I began."

This my friends is the tale I told the Hawk in the Police Station.

He looked at me strangely.

"My father told me something of this," said he.

"The Chief Crowfoot told him," said I.

"WELL" sergeant I will find bail for this gentleman, and dispose of the case in the morning—"

As I left and was getting into the cab the sergeant pushed a package in my pocket.

"This is on a doctor's prescription."

This my friends is a story of the '85 and its consequences reached into many countries before the vengeful Blackfoot in the Mide Society caught the two villains who had slain the Arrow.

Our First Canadian Poet

IN THE preface of Isabella Valancy

Crawford's poems Mr. Garvin says: "she illumined with imagination, emotion and originality the noblest and most profound thoughts of her time, and wove them with the skill of an artist into divine melodies. And in Ethelwyn Wetherald's introduction to the same book she says of Canada's first woman poet: "She was affluent in the possession of a high heart, an intrepid spirit, and that unfailing joy in the music and beauty of nature to which so many of us are mole blind and stone deaf."

Her life was full of difficulties. In a few years nine brothers and sisters died. Her father was a physician with a small practice and after his death Miss Crawford and her mother moved to Toronto where they lived in humble lodgings over a small corner grocery store. With her pen she tried to earn a living. Yet, as Ethelwyn Wetherald says in her introduction, Miss Crawford "craved nothing of life but its finer gifts. She found in the ecstasy of expression at the full height of her nature a compensation that turned all outward trials into details not worth speaking of. Her poetry is as if she spoke to us face to face."

Familiarity with the biography of Isabella Valancy Crawford would be an inspiration to any discouraged girl, and the memorizing of some of her poems would strengthen her mind and ambition and power of appreciation.

Miss Crawford lived from 1850 to 1887 and she left to Canada a legacy of literary wealth that is the soul of courage, sincerity and beauty—faith, hope and charity. I think every young woman should be familiar with her poem "Canada to England," because it expresses such appreciation, patriotic devotion and loyalty.

Canada to England

Gone are the days, old Warrior of the Seas,

When thine armed head, bent low to catch my voice,
Caught but the plaintiff sighings of my woods,
And the wild roar of rock-dividing streams,
And the loud bellow of my cataracts,
Bridged with the seven splendours of the bow.

When Nature was a Samson yet unshorn,

Filling the land with solitary might,
Or as the Angel of the Apocalypse,
One foot upon the primeval bowered land,
One foot upon the white mane of the sea,

My voice but faintly swelled the ebb and flow.

Of the wild tides and storms that beat upon

The rocky girdle,—loud shrieking from the Ind

Ambrosial-breathing furies; from the North

Thundering with Arctic bellows, groans of seas

Rising from tombs of ice disrupted by

The magic kisses of the wide-eyed sun.

The times have won a change. Nature no more

Lords it alone and binds the lonely land

A serf to tongueless solitudes; but Nature's self

Is led, glad captive, in light fetters rich

As music-sounding silver can adorn; And man has forged them, and our silent God

Behind His flaming worlds smiles on the deed.

"Man hath dominion"—words or primal might;

"Man hath dominion"—thus the words of God.

If destiny is writ on night's dusk

scroll,

Then youngest stars are dropping from the hand

Of the Creator, sowing on the sky

My name in seeds of light. Ages will watch

Those seeds expand to suns, such as the tree

Bears on its boughs, which grows in Paradise.

How sounds my voice, my warrior kinsman, now?

Sounds it not like to thine in lusty youth—

A world possessing shout of busy men, Veined with the clang of trumpets and the noise

Of those who make them ready for the strife,

And in the making ready bruise its head?

Sounds it not like to thine—the whispering vine.

The robe of summer rustling thro' the fields,

The lowing of the cattle in the meads, The sound of Commerce, and the music—set

Flame-brightened step of Art in stately halls—

All the infinite of notes which chord The diapason of a Nation's voice?

My infants' tongues lisp word for word with thine;

We worship, wed, and die, and God is named

That way ye name Him,—strong bond between

Two mighty lands when as one mingled cry,

As of one voice, Jehovah turns to hear

The bonds between us are no subtle links,

Of subtle minds binding in close embrace,

Half-struggling for release, two alien lands,

But God's own seal of kindred, which to burst

Were but to dash His benediction from

Our brows. "Who loveth not his kin, Whose face and voice are his, how shall he love

God whom he hath not seen."